

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1918

THE GERMAN PRESS AND GERMAN OPINION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

I

ATTEMPTS to gauge the public opinion of Germany from its newspapers lead to but qualified conclusions. Though the press of that country probably mirrors the views of the people more accurately than many Americans imagine, it is by no means an infallible index of popular sentiment. The government censors military facts, discourages unauthorized discussions of military measures, enforces courtesy usages in references to persons in high authority, and publishes a mass of what is known in Germany as *tendenz* literature, which is intended to shape the opinion of readers and to maintain national morale. Nevertheless, the Berlin papers attacked the Prussian food administration last winter quite as savagely as any American papers attacked the mistakes of the War Department. Peace policies, economic measures, political reforms, and social movements are argued with vehemence and abundant citation of facts.

These facts are sometimes of a kind to encourage Germany's enemies. The Czechs are accused of disloyalty and charged with deserting *en masse*; an attempt of wealthy men to stipulate for food favors in return for loan subscriptions receives comment; soldiers

at the front are said to be refused furloughs unless they subscribe to the war-loans; the immense profits of automobile-makers and other manufacturers of military supplies are criticized, and comparisons are made to prove that the United States has succeeded better than Germany in checking the extortions of government contractors. Writers of standing publish sweeping condemnations of the bribery and other official corruption that has made enormous headway in the public service, on account of the temptations of war-speculation and the great changes of personnel forced upon the government by war-conditions.

Depressing statistics find their way abundantly into the newspapers. A well-known authority publishes figures showing that two million fewer babies were born in the German Empire during the first forty months of war than during the last forty months of peace; precise data are given of the high mortality caused among the civilian population by deficient nourishment; statistics are printed indicating that the amount of land under cultivation in the Empire has decreased ten per cent since 1913; the breakdown of the railway system is ventilated by interviews with complaining shippers and manufacturers; and budget deficits and in-

secure financial policies are discussed and attacked with the greatest freedom.

While the official accounts of military events issued by Germany's enemies are given equal publicity with those of its own higher command, oddly distorted descriptions of American conditions are occasionally printed. Let it be remarked in passing that the war has made no change in the minor place that American news holds in European newspapers. Only occasionally does a telegram repeated from the United States find a corner among current items. The single exception to this rule is that the President's messages on the war receive extended editorial comment. But, to return to current news from America, *Vorwärts*, which is sufficiently international in its sympathies to be awake to items of foreign interest, recently enumerated Texas among the Spanish-American countries that had been commercially and financially subjugated by the United States in the course of the war! On the other hand, the German papers printed correctly Secretary Baker's testimony before Congress as to the present and prospective strength of our army at home and abroad.

When the American press blunders as to German conditions, these errors are featured as evidences of our provincialism. All Americans, from President Wilson down, are assumed to be hopelessly ignorant of European conditions. Many will recall a dispatch widely printed in our country, to the effect that the President's January message was to be distributed over hostile territory by Allied airmen, and that the German government threatened reprisals upon aviators captured while thus engaged. The newspapers of the Central Powers headlined these dispatches with sarcastic comments upon American ignorance and prejudice. The truth is, that the message

was immediately printed in the *Reichsanzeiger*, which is the official gazette of the Imperial government, and was widely reprinted and commented upon in Germany.

II

But while the newspapers of the Central Powers discuss questions of domestic and foreign policy, and describe home-conditions, with the same apparent freedom as in times of peace, nevertheless, the restraint that characterizes the press of every country at war is reinforced in Germany by the type of docility that hears a master's voice. That voice is often transmitted through the mouth of a banker rather than of an official; for high finance and big industry control most organs of public opinion. This is an especially serious evil at present; for the press of Germany is coming under the control of militarists, — annexationists and indemnity advocates, — who have invested part of their enormous war-profits in newspapers in order to promote war. Thus the Krupp group, which has long had important press organs in Germany, has now extended its holdings in Berlin, where it controls the formerly liberal *Lokal-Anzeiger*, shapes the policy of the Bremen *Weser Zeitung* and the *Düsseldorfer General-Anzeiger*, and still more recently has begun to annex the press of Austria-Hungary. Its agents are reported to dictate the policy of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, a semi-official newspaper subsidized by the Austrian government; to have bought a newspaper at Prague in order to fight the Czechs; and to have purchased smaller newspapers in Austrian provincial towns.

These multimillionaire war industrialists are also extending their press influence by liberal advertising in small country weeklies and professional and trade papers. Thus, a small pe-

riodical, read almost exclusively by poultrymen or beekeepers, or by the members of a local coöperative society, will have full-page advertisements of aeroplanes, cannon, and munitions; and such insertions are reported to be paid for at more than ordinary rates. Naturally, the same papers complete their obligations to their financial benefactors by printing propaganda material designed to foster the war-spirit and to encourage the German people to hold out for a 'strong peace' of conquest and tribute.

Unrecorded influences have changed the policy of the most important Social-Democratic newspapers. Not only *Vorwärts*, whose forced conversion to a programme acceptable to the government is well known, but also the *Bremen Bürger Zeitung* and the *Braunschweiger Volksfreund* have recently passed from candid opposition to the tempered friendliness of unembarrassing criticism. Last autumn *Die Neue Zeit*, a weekly which for thirty-six years has represented the pure orthodoxy of Karl Marx in Germany, printed an article by Eduard Bernstein, one of the pioneers of Social Democracy, discreetly indorsing the President's reply to the Pope's peace note. In this article Bernstein reviewed the historical precedents for foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of another nation, and justified such intervention in the interests of democracy on abstract Social-Democratic principles. The succeeding issues of *Die Neue Zeit* have appeared under auspices more agreeable to the government.

During the January strike the authorities impartially suspended Radical and Conservative newspapers which commented too freely on that occurrence. At the time of the Crown-Council crisis in Berlin in the same month, when the militarists defeated the advocates of a moderate peace policy

and forced an aggressive campaign against Russia, the press was officially cautioned not to discuss the situation in a too illuminating or critical manner.

The strike suspensions caused active opposition to the censorship in the Reichstag; and during the debate the charge was made by members of all Liberal and Radical groups that the government was using its authority over the press to favor the circulation of Pan-German literature. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* thus summarized the sentiment of the majority parties:—

'So long as censorship is considered indispensable, it should be limited to purely military matters. Above all, it should keep its fingers out of other things and cease its attempts to gag the organs of public opinion. Otherwise its effect is to discredit the press both at home and abroad, and to raise doubts as to the latter's independence. Confidence in the press is too important an asset for Germany to sacrifice to the blunders of censors.'

However, the control exercised by the German government over this field of public influence is more than negative. Not only is there an inspired press, but some writing in nearly every newspaper is inspired. This *tendenz* literature characterizes editorial and news-writing in peace as well as in war, and may play no more part in shaping sentiment to-day than it did before hostilities began. Able writers, many of whom carry the authority of high academic positions, conduct these press campaigns. Science and sophistry have been closely allied in Germany since the former became the handmaid of governmental opportunism. Yet it would be unjust to say that all writing for political ends is so controlled as to lack spontaneity and candor. The German mind, especially the academic mind, is easily moulded to officially *planmässig* forms, and intellectual docility supple-

ments the political docility of the German character.

To give our enemies their due, academic freedom has defenders in high places. Professor Foerster retains his chair at the University of Munich, although he speaks and writes actively against the war, and in a way most unpalatable to official Germany. He asserts that America and England are fighting primarily to abolish war, and that they are inspired by an 'ethical-democratic' idealism incredible to Germans blinded by 'war romance.' He insists that the Entente refuses to accept Germany's proffers of peace because it 'lacks convincing moral guaranties' of Germany's sincerity; and that the entire civilized world believes that 'the whole history of Prussia has nourished the superstition that methods of force lead to national greatness. The success of these methods has burned its way deeply into the German soul, creating a romantic faith in the sword and slaughter, which can be shattered only by the hard lesson of military disaster.'

The bitter attacks that such charges naturally arouse have not sufficed to drive Foerster from his professorship at Munich University; and during a recent campaign against him in the Bavarian Parliament, the Minister of Education refused to endorse measures to that end, since no just complaint had been made against his work as a teacher.

Professor Bonn, who was in the United States until we declared war against Germany, has published articles in the Munich newspapers interpreting sympathetically America's attitude toward the war. He also has been assailed by the bellicose press of his country, but no suggestion has been made that he be deprived of the high academic position that he holds.

Courageous men can speak out in Germany quite as freely, perhaps, as

elsewhere. But this does not affect the fact that official influences and court favor mould academic opinion and teaching, and that, as a rule, the intellectual leaders march the goose-step as obediently as Prussian grenadiers.

III

During the first months of the war, all Germany, except a numerically negligible group of Radicals under Liebknecht, and a still smaller circle of English sympathizers in high position, united in what it believed to be a defensive struggle against premeditated attack.

Pre-war issues therefore lost significance. They had divided the Reichstag into several fractions, ranging from reactionary Junkers to radical Socialists. Thus parties became for the moment traditional forms unrelated to current questions, and their leaders agreed to drop political differences. This was the 'civic peace,' which lasted until a new issue divided Germany into two camps — and that issue was the policy and purpose of the war itself.

How soon the sober and thinking people began to recover from their original war-madness, and to view the conflict objectively, is hard to determine. Naturally some acquired a new attitude sooner than others. Neutral sentiment began to modify German opinion through International Socialist conferences, and the Vatican's influence made itself felt among the Clericals. The glorification and cult of war — so far as it existed — was but a passing phase of sentiment. Doubt as to Germany's entire guiltlessness of precipitating this horror on Europe began to arise — and probably has been considerably increased by Prince Lichnowsky's revelations. Truth is gradually penetrating Germany, and self-criticism promises to make rapid headway when it gets

started. Nevertheless, questions relating to the origin of the war will not change the attitude of the German people toward its present prosecution or its eventual conclusion.

War-weariness now weighs upon the people. Numerous small but significant incidents suggest how public sentiment has changed since the days described by the author of *Christine*. At the Leipzig fair this spring children no longer wanted tin soldiers and war toys: their interest had turned to building-blocks, carts, and games. A Berlin educator tells us: 'The inspiring patriotism and spirit of voluntary service, which at the beginning of the war revealed itself in its fairest aspect among our school-children, has disappeared. Everywhere we hear lamentations over the increasing distaste shown by our youth for military things. Patriotism no longer inspires them even to collect articles needed by the war office. They must be encouraged by rewards to make these collections.'

Another influence that has destroyed the glamour of war is its disintegrating effect upon public and private morals. The Prussian Minister of Justice states that more than half a million persons have been sentenced in that kingdom for violating war-regulations, — especially for illegal trading, — and that more than a quarter of a million persons have been committed to jail or prison for these offenses. Bribery is said to be rife in the public service. The burglary-insurance companies of Berlin report that more than 300 house-breakings into insured premises alone occur in that city daily. Burglars do not hesitate to commit murder to avoid detection. Many of the criminals are deserters from the army, desperate men with little regard for human life, and accustomed to using weapons.

The Prussian state railways, though they have limited their liability to the

utmost, were forced to pay 57,000,000 marks last year for lost or stolen articles, as compared with about 4,000,000 marks in times of peace. The imperial parcel-post expenses for the same item have risen from 100,000 marks to considerably over 3,000,000 marks during the war. Juvenile crime has more than doubled; and a surprising number of murders are committed by young men. Lawlessness is encouraged by lax home discipline, inadequate police protection, and the great demand for merchandise, which makes it easy for burglars to dispose of their loot, 'and no questions asked.' Sanitation, formerly the pride of German cities, is perforce neglected. In Leipzig recently 7,000 cesspools were officially reported to be overflowing for want of attention; and conditions in Hamburg were somewhat similar.

Peace sentiment in Germany has a geographical aspect, a class or vocational aspect, and moreover a certain periodicity — seasons when it rises or declines. It is fairly certain that this sentiment is stronger in Austria-Hungary, in South Germany, in the industrial districts of the Rhine country and Saxony, and in the larger cities, than in the Agrarian-Conservative fastnesses of Prussia and Brandenburg. Wage-earners and the middle classes — who are said to have become radical-minded during the war — want immediate peace; and certain banking and conservative commercial circles support them in this desire. The captains of industry, who are making enormous profits from government contracts, and the great landlords, who are fattening their purses while city consumers grow lean, want war to the limit. Small farmers, who have made their little profit out of the food-crisis, and who, as 'self-suppliers,' have fed themselves better than the city population, are not so urgent for peace. The *ignis fatuus* of

a huge indemnity from England and America is held before them, as the only alternative to a heavy direct levy on property, to reduce the unendurable burden of the war-debt.

During the long lightless and heatless nights of a German winter, when food runs low and the death-rate of the civil population runs high; when the overburdened and dilapidated railways refuse to deliver coal and raw materials, and factories close down; when there is more or less enforced idleness both at home and at the front, the discomfort of war becomes almost beyond endurance for the poorer population, and the demand for immediate peace becomes insistent. Such a crisis was reached last January, when thousands of workers throughout Austria and Germany laid down their tools as a political demonstration against the war.

These periods of discouragement are followed by periods of pro-war reaction, when peace sentiment declines, — at least in appearance; for its public expression almost ceases, — and under the stimulus of military success the people are inspired with fantastic hopes of what is to be attained by holding out a little longer. We should cherish no illusions as to Germany's sober belief in its military invincibility, its absolute confidence in its army leaders, and its assumption that any peace will be dictated by its own political needs, and not by the demands of its enemies. There is no peace sentiment of submission in Germany as yet. The ground is not even prepared for sowing the seed for that crop. The advocates of peace in that country do not go beyond the policy of granting terms to the Allies that will place Germany in the light of a beneficent dispenser of bounty, instead of a stern demander of the last pound of flesh.

Just where the balance stands between these qualified pacifists and the

ultra-militarists is a matter of conjecture. We know only that in every recent mid-term election for the Reichstag, in districts at all doubtful, the peace candidates have won and the militarists have been defeated. These campaigns have been fought bitterly upon the direct issue of the war. Last February, at Coblenz, where the Centre party is in control and is dominated by the pro-war wing of that organization, and where the whole influence of the clergy was exerted in favor of the regular nominee, a bolting 'Erzberger,' or peace, candidate of the same party carried the election. In the fifth Saxon district, which has been Conservative or Anti-Semite almost from the beginning of the Empire, a Social-Democrat has just been elected. On the other hand, the Independent Socialists, who are radical opponents of the war-policy, — and the only outright and consistent pacifists in German politics, — seem to be losing ground to the Government Socialists.

Meanwhile the Pan-Germans, who are an organized body of war propagandists financed liberally by munitions-millionaires and great landlords, are as active as they seem to be unpopular. Their doctrines are said, in their own home, to account for the hatred of Germany which has flamed up in all parts of the civilized world since the war began; and they are at the same time the most influential and the best-hated group of agitators in the Empire. Even a pro-war newspaper has recently admitted that 'It is only necessary to say "Pan-German" to produce the same effect as waving a red flag before a bull. The most reasonable proposition falls into disrepute as soon as some demagogue brands it "Pan-German."'

The recent meetings of this party have been pretty regularly broken up by mobs in some parts of Germany. When the police appeared to quell re-

cent disorders of this kind at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, they were greeted with cries of 'Down with Hindenburg! Down with the Kaiser! Hurrah for the Republic! We want no kings and kaisers!' This incident was reported in the press.

Naturally the significance of all this depends upon what the peace party wants. That question takes us outside the peace conditions which are discussed in the speeches of presidents, premiers, and chancellors, before international audiences.

The masses in Europe — and most of all in the Central Powers — have come to view the war as but an episode in a larger movement. Americans are too remote to realize the intimate, personal, continuing effect of the war upon the common people of Europe. We do not see how prominent other issues than winning battles have become for them. These greater issues are rapidly assuming more influence than the war itself in determining the alignment of German political opinion.

We have a vague mental view — some second-hand picture caught cloudily from telegraphic dispatches and special articles — of what has occurred in tortured and transforming Russia. The Germans know the story by word of mouth, from thousands of returning prisoners and from communication across the lines. In Austria repatriated prisoners are mentally quarantined for a period — placed under sufficient restraint to prevent their spreading revolutionary influence. Germany does not anticipate a Russian revolution within its own borders: the masses of German workers have been more deterred, perhaps, than attracted by what has occurred in the neighboring country. But the common people of Europe have been permanently influenced by the inspiration and tragedy of Russia's experiences. Last January, when the

regular Social-Democratic politicians tried to moderate the Austrian strikers, they were hooted down in the Vienna mass meetings by cries of 'Speak Russian!' The Bolsheviki have thousands upon thousands of active sympathizers in the Central Powers, who view the recent harsh peace forced upon Russia, and Germany's armed intervention in behalf of the propertied classes in Finland and the Ukraine, as a defeat of class-interests as dear to them as a national victory. However, these Radicals are by no means the only dissenters from the cult of militant patriotism in Germany and Austria.

Doctor Dernberg, who a year or two ago tried so assiduously and unsuccessfully to cultivate American friendship for the Teuton cause, has recently toured Germany in a pro-Liberal campaign. The most quoted phrase of his speeches is, 'Wherever you find an annexationist and a big-indemnity man, there you find a reactionary in domestic politics.'

It is a significant phase of the war-ferment that Prussia, Saxony, Brunswick, and Hungary are simultaneously discussing franchise reforms; and perhaps equally significant that Liberal ministers who advocate these reforms are falling during the wave of reaction, guided from high political circles, which has accompanied the spring offensive on the West. Women are appealing for the vote more vigorously than before. Indeed, how can Germany, while preaching the self-determination of nations, while professing to temper its annexation programme in Russia by an appeal to all the voters of the border nationalities, and while conducting a separatist campaign in Flanders under the pretext of liberalizing the institutions of Belgium, deny to its people at home the rights that it advocates for the people it is trying to subjugate? Even the most docile German

is wide awake to such inconsistency as this. The common people are demanding larger influence in the government, because the war has given government policies unprecedented personal interest for the private man.

Because the masses of Germany are in the eyes of the militarists liberal and peace-loving; and because they probably at heart desire to be just to other nations, the Conservatives and peace-by-force advocates of that country are opposing desperately measures that would give the common people greater control than at present of the policies which the government shall pursue.

So much for the alignment on political reforms. Even more significant is the alignment on social policies.

During the war Germany and Austria have brought production and distribution under official control to an extent never anticipated except in the dreams of Government Socialists. We are seeing something of the same tendency in this country; but in Germany the interference of the bureaucrat in private business — whether for weal or woe — surpasses anything that modern society has attempted elsewhere. In many respects Germany has become an Inca state.

Now the question arises, shall this government control be continued, and perhaps increased, during the period of reconstruction, — that is, for an indefinite time ahead, — or shall *ante-bellum* conditions be restored as soon as the peace treaty is signed? The position of the Social-Democrats, who form the most numerous political party in Germany, is clear. They wish to nationalize production permanently. But they have been reinforced by an important and powerful ally. This unanticipated aid comes from the bureaucracy of Germany — one of the most influential and efficient bureaucracies in the world. When the government once

gets hold of the steering-wheel, it does not like to let go.

German officialdom has two arguments to support its case. One of these is that German commerce and industry cannot be restored to prosperity on a competitive basis. Great economies, to be secured only by unified and regulated production, by non-competitive buying of raw materials, by systematic adjustment of internal and foreign transportation to industrial needs, will be required to enable Germany to overcome the great handicaps in international trade resulting from its present destitution of raw materials, its huge losses of capital, its reduced labor-power, and its inflated currency and unfavorable exchange.

The second argument is that the burden of the public debt can be carried only through an enormous increase in public revenue, which ordinary taxation cannot supply. The only practicable way of obtaining this income is to monopolize the main industries of Germany, so that all labor will be made to contribute directly to the treasury. That is to say, the government would cover into its coffers practically all profits from mining, manufacturing, and wholesale trade, after allowing existing capital a moderate interest. Even part of the capital may be confiscated by a direct levy on property to reduce the principal of the public debt.

These are not fanciful proposals. They are matters of sober discussion. The measures suggested are advocated by men of such prominence as Walther Rathenau, President of the General Electric Company and head of the War Raw-Materials Board, whose recent book, *Die Neue Wirtschaft*, is perhaps the most debated recent publication in Germany. Rathenau believes in subjecting the whole industrial organization — mines, manufacturing plants, railways and canals, and distributing

agencies — to the same sort of centralized efficiency control which is being introduced under the Taylor system into single plants. He would relate these industries to each other in an organic whole, eliminating all less productive plants, all unnecessary transportation, all expensive advertising, all other unneeded costs of distribution — in a word, he would make the state the sole captain of industry in Germany.

Such questions as these are absorbing more attention than the war itself in the newspapers of the Central Powers. They have become, in a certain sense, the main war-issue.

Naturally such proposals encounter opposition. The Hansa League, and the great industrial organizations of the Rhine country, are stimulated, not only to defend the old system of industry, but to advocate more urgently annexations and indemnities, which might relieve the public treasury of its cravings for private profits. One reason why the Social-Democrats want to stop the war is in order to get to work on this social revolution. One motive of the Conservatives for prolonging the war is to postpone this day of reckoning as long as possible, and to secure a gambler's stake of territory and tribute that will make the economic reconstitution of Germany unnecessary.

However, annexations present difficulties. Austria-Hungary has been exposed to decentralizing influences throughout the war. The self-determination of nations is working havoc with old Hapsburg policies. The idea of a federal state is emerging as a possible solution of this difficulty. Germany sees too many nationalist and separatist troubles ahead, if it pursues an expansionist policy in the Baltic provinces and Poland, to enter such a path without misgivings. The collapse of Russia has brought immense military and economic relief to the

Central Powers. They will in due time receive from that country bread for their tables, labor for their factories, and many needed raw materials for their looms and furnaces. They will acquire markets that may revivify their silent machinery and stir an active current in trade-channels now stopped or sluggish. But they are reaping a crop of political controversies, of new international jealousies between Germany and Austria, and of social-revolutionary propaganda of unmeasured possibilities, from the same fields that grow the cattle, wheat, and rye they covet.

The self-determination of nations, equal universal suffrage, the nationalization of great fields of production and distribution, are all interwoven with war-policies, and are gradually dividing the German people into two great camps, whose internal tension may possibly become greater than the tension between Germany and its present enemies. In fact, even among the militarists contradictory forces are at work. Some Conservatives see in an agreement with England and America — countries supposed to be wedded to the protection of vested interests — possible rescue from the radical movement at home.

How can all these conflicting interests, this surging up of the molten lava of a new social and political formation through the crust of traditions and precedents, be measured and confined within a formula? It is impossible. The immediate ending of the war may be conventional and commonplace — viewed merely in its external aspects; or it may be quite different from the ending of any other war. But, in any event, the German press reveals the present military struggle as but an episode in something bigger — though what that something bigger is, neither the people of that country, nor our allies, are as yet able to forecast.

THE BOLSHEVIKS AT HOME

BY MADAME EMMA PONAFIGDINE

[The following letters, so vividly expressive of the conditions amid which they are written, give an unvarnished picture of what life has become in the country districts of Russia under Bolshevik rule. The writer is an American lady who many years ago married a distinguished Russian diplomat. This gentleman, the 'Peter' of the letters, on reaching the age-limit in the service, retired, after more than forty years of active diplomacy in the Far East, and shortly before the war, settled down to the management of his vast estate, seven thousand acres or more, which had been in the family since the times of Peter the Great. Physical misfortunes came upon him, grave bodily disability, and, before the period described in these letters, total blindness. Alec, George, and Oka, frequently mentioned, are sons of the house, Oka being still at the University when the first letters were written.]

BORTNIKI, July 9, 1917

MY DEAR CARRIE,—

I want so often to write, but there is so much one wishes to say and cannot, that I don't have much heart for writing. If this state of things keeps on most of us will be candidates for mild types of insane asylums. I sometimes feel that something will snap and the nerves give way. How Peter stands it! For several nights we have had the most excited pow-wows until eleven and twelve o'clock, in poor Peter's bedroom, with peasants.

Finally, seeing matters were getting too complicated for our local committee to handle, I went to town and had an interview, where I felt myself as in the coils of a boa-constrictor. Still, I was advised to send for them in case matters became acute.

A few days ago I telegraphed, and yesterday (Sunday) as I was sitting by the window reading to Peter at seven o'clock in the morning, I saw two men coming up from the landing, one of whom I recognized as one of the central committee. I hurriedly dressed Peter and led him out into the big room. The

city man had come in answer to my telegram and had arranged that members of the two committees interested in our harvest fields meet him here; also about fifty peasants.

If you could have heard and seen what we went through from then until 2.30 P.M., when they left!

Our neighbors were violent, menacing, and brutal; the city man quiet, polite, and tried to prevent excesses; but the result is the same — all our fields, except as much hay as will carry us through the winter, by *their* estimate, taken — the price fixed, but the money confiscated, 'as all the burden of the war falls on the peasants, the gentry cannot be permitted to get any profit.'

The fields left for our own use were valued, and *we* must pay the same rent for our own land. Then they claimed we had more horses than we needed and they have the right to confiscate the extra ones, *gratis*.

When we told the use to which each horse was put and proved that in the winter and ploughing season we found we had not enough, every peasant present, though all knew the fact, and most

had worked for us, when fifteen to eighteen horses a day worked, swore that never were more than six horses harnessed in Bortniki.

I turned to one and another by name, and said, 'Have you a conscience and a God? Answer me truly if, the year around, fifteen to eighteen are not too few?'

And they all in chorus replied, 'She lies, she lies; they never use more than six; take them from her!'

And not a man was there whose wounds, or those of his household, or horse or cow, I had not treated, and whom we had not helped, sick or poor, and given boards for coffins, or timber to help build, if a fire came.

The whole day was a nightmare. Such a noise, one could hardly hear, and one never knew when the noise might not change to worse. I gave Peter brandy, etc., repeatedly, and he talked quietly, when from time to time the chief came to him; but Oka and I kept the mob in the other side of the house. We are forbidden to sell more cattle, and they have n't left us enough to feed them. Horses I think we can sell, but *we* won't get the money. Altogether, we and all our kind are being hunted like rats; education is for nothing. New spelling is ordered so that our chiefs won't be illiterate. Schools like Oka's, and of fine arts, and girls' boarding schools, are turned into syphilitic hospitals; and the worst of all is the army.

Just now we thank God on our knees that that disgrace is being removed from our boys. An advance is being carried out. I don't know if you will ever get this. I have had nothing from you for very long. Last night Peter slept very little, but is better to-day than I feared. Oka is reading to him as I write. Our reader has gone. Oka and I are alone, and we have a new intendant. That complicates matters.

BORTNIKI, August 11, 1917

I keep writing, though I get nothing and do not know if you have received the letters and cards I have sent you. The post is suffering now like every other department of our poor country. Alec in Petrograd is two to three weeks without word from us, and I write two to three times a week. His letters are often twenty days on the way. George's come very quickly and regularly of late, thank God! But he, poor fellow, in addition to miseries untold, gets nothing from us. He has had but one letter in one and a half months! We are very anxious about him, for officers are being mown down by friend and foe alike — 'thousands and thousands,' as is officially admitted.

He just wrote under fire after two hundred versts marching, foot-sore and dirty; for since his leave (he was here the first of June for seventeen days), he has not once slept under a shelter of any kind and rains are almost constant.

Last week I had a telegram to go to town to the local Civil Commissariat Department.

As I could not get away that day, we sent Oka. They demanded that we gather in and thresh our rye as soon as possible, and give all we can for seed, offering a price far less than it cost us to raise it.

When a protest was made, the reply, very politely couched, was, 'If you give it voluntarily we pay four roubles [the price peasants are selling for is eight to ten roubles]; if not we shall requisition(!) it at 2.60 roubles.'

We asked for more prisoners to push the work, and they told Oka they had just sent a supply for our parish and there were three that we could have. Oka returned on the Salegar and reported, and Peter sent him and me in the motor across the lake by our church, where they said the prisoners were. As we hoped to be gone only a couple of

hours, we left Peter alone with a maid who can read very simple stories (we are without anyone and are hunting again for someone to read to Peter), and started with Nika Tolstoi, who was to stay by the motor while we went ashore.

On arriving, we found a mistake had been made and that the prisoners were in a village five versts inland. One we found in the village indicated, but were told that the other was several versts farther, and we went on.

In the village, they told us he was in the fields; then they said he was in the woods, and a girl volunteered to go for him. So we sat down on a doorstep and rested.

Finally, getting our two Germans, we started for the long walk back in the twilight. They have been in Russia two weeks and speak only German.

One is a barber, the other a Berlin shopkeeper. Poor recommendations for farm work!

Oka and I had a lot of fun over our position — escorts for two prisoners!

It was after eleven at night when we reached home, and, of course, found Peter worried, as these days one never knows what may happen.

Early this morning I watched our Berlin shopkeeper using 'moral suasion' to make a horse go. It seems he had never had reins in his hands, and the horse, of course, was quick to discover it and struck work.

The poor fellow tried patting and coaxing in German, which the horse did not understand. Even pushing and pulling. He not only did not beat him, but, whenever he got up courage enough to strike him with the reins, he carefully patted the spot he had hurt! It was one of the funniest sights I ever saw, and I stood and laughed unseen for some time before I went to his rescue — the big, spectacled, helpless fellow!

Alec has been promoted and has very responsible and hard work. The pay is better, so he can get on, he writes. Before, with all his care (for he is a most unselfish, economical fellow), he could not make ends meet, even with but one meal a day.

I keep sending him rye-rusks to have with his tea, evenings and mornings. He gets bread and soup at mid-day. In cities it is worse than in the country, where so far we have enough rye flour and dairy produce. Everything is given by cards: two pounds of cereal and fifty of wheat flour are given per month, to children under five, and to invalids.

This month, when I went with a physician's certificate to get the above for Peter, I was refused, as 'half the country come with certificates,' though they knew me personally and were aware of Peter's state. In every way the present 'freedom and equality' is far more one-sided than ever. The only classes that have no protection, and that no one raises a voice to justify, are landowners and officers. Mill-hands and day-laborers are demanding from twenty to thirty roubles, even more, a day, and eight hours' work, and Sunday and one other day off. Officers who have to dress well and are in hourly danger and peril get, in George's position, two hundred roubles a month. We are all in rags, for not a yard of material can we get. I had put off needed replenishing till cheaper times, and now can get nothing.

We heard that shoes had come to Ostashkov, but by the time we went, every pair was sold. Those costing in times of peace ten to twelve roubles selling for 160 roubles! Eggs that at this season should be 17 kopecks for ten are now two and a half and three roubles. Everything in proportion, except when we wish to sell.

In many places the peasants won't let the squires sell an egg, or a pound of butter. Anarchy reigns everywhere,

and I do not see where help can come from for years. All our class would leave if they could, but they cannot. They are not allowed to take money with them nor transfer abroad their capital.

Peter keeps up the greatest interest in everything, but is heart-broken. He *will* have the papers read to him, though he often sobs when we read.

Day after to-morrow I am going to town, to try to get some help from our committee in the way of giving us legal prices, etc., but do not hope for much. Anyway I won't give in lying down. I shall keep on my feet as long as I can. It must be much easier to fall fighting than eating out one's heart.

I can stand all our woes if only the army would again be what it was, and bring this war to the glorious end we might have seen had not the army got out of hand.

Sometimes I feel as if I *must* go myself and join the brave women regiments; but even if I were free, they would say I was too old, but I am *not*! Was there ever a time when the world was so full of heartache? Millions of hearts bursting! Truly the last days must be at hand.

October 5, 1917

I have not had a word from you for many months; but the post is now celebrating in the universal anarchy, and letters, if they come at all, are long in doing so. I do not know if you have received the many cards and several letters I have sent since the changes here. Anyway I write again, to try to get a word through while I can; for later, when 'Tommy comes marching home,' our real personal troubles will begin.

Just here I was called by a peasant, who said there was a gathering in a near village and they asked me to be present. I at once drove there and found five vil-

lages assembled. The old people are very polite, but the young ones and all soldiers quite ignored me. They said they were waiting for an instructor, who would come and explain. We waited over an hour, and then saw a tall young soldier with the ribbon of St. George (given only for personal bravery in battle) in his buttonhole. He greeted the peasants, giving me a cold stare, and proceeded to explain that the next day all were to gather to vote for our new parish zemnestrá; that is, to take the place of the former form of government and of the present committees, etc. There should be four lists of candidates, — peasants, clergy, shop-keepers, etc., and nobles, — but in our parish only two lists are given — peasants and mixed. In the latter the clergy dominate, 'and of course you don't wish to vote for the clergy.' 'No, no, we have had enough of them. We are mad to vote for abolishing them,' etc. He explained that everyone must vote for the peasant list — simply write down No. 4, or make four crosses.

The next day I drove to the third village from here, where in the school-house was the place appointed, at nine o'clock. Counting on the tardiness of the people, I arrived at ten, and waited till 11.30, when they began to gather. Outwardly everyone was very polite, even addressing me as 'Your Excellency,' and never once as 'Comrade,' though all titles are officially demolished.

When formalities began, the secretary, a red-headed man with an inimitable drawl, began rolling a cigarette, first turning to me and asking my permission to smoke. Knowing the price of tobacco and the difficulty in getting it at all, I laughed and said, 'Certainly, smoke while you can.' As soon as he began to puff, several voices raised a protest against smoking during the meeting; but my old red-hair drawled,

'Her Excellency gives her permission and I don't want any remarks from you.' And in spite of further caustic criticism he stuck to his cigarette.

As I came home, I kept thinking of the complex character of the seemingly simple peasant. Everyone of those to-day polite, smiling neighbors, who are threatening us, have been the means of our ruin; for Bortniki is ruined. Their whole herd this moment, as I write, are in our fields, destroying our next year's rye and clover. They openly say they will rifle our granaries and house. Our timber, which is sold, and we had hoped would have been out during the summer, and payment made every two weeks, is still standing, the buyers being afraid to work; so we cannot get a cent that way.

The absolute anarchy and lawlessness is awful. One of Oka's classmates was here this summer. His father, an admiral, a very genial, kindly chief, loved by all, was brutally murdered in his bed, simply because he was an officer. His ears and nose were cut off, and eyes gauged out, while alive. I could tell you many such instances, the victims of which we knew personally. This is my great dread for our boys; if it is God's will that they be killed in battle doing their duty, it is one thing; but to be butchered would be worse to bear.

My brother-in-law Neil has just had his house cleared of silver and all valuables, in a way reminding one of the times of Robin Hood. He was alone in the house, reading his paper, late one afternoon, and did not hear that seven horsemen rode up to the door and were in the room. As he looked up, the leader came forward, saying, 'Are you Mr. Ponafidine? Charmed to make your acquaintance. Don't get excited, I beg of you; we can pass a pleasant half hour together while my lads relieve your house of all valuables. I see you have a piano; that is good, we won't be dull.'

And drawing up an arm-chair, he seated himself beside poor Neil, who, I fancy, was hardly in a state to enjoy the music, though he says it was brilliant. I forgot to say that they were all armed. After a time, which Neil estimates as 'hours,' the other men came back, saying that 'all was done.' The leader rose to go, and then reseating himself, said, 'I'll play you a farewell march'; at the end of which, he shook hands very cordially and left. The same thing was done in three adjoining estates.

Yesterday I heard there was lentil flour in our coöperative shop, and at once went there. They give us five pounds on each member's book. I know how to cook lentils, but we never saw the flour and I am experimenting. We had a kind of gruel of it last night which, though not very palatable, must be nourishing and that is all we look for these days. Fish and rye bread are all we have in abundance. Potatoes failed all about us. Few got back the seed. Cabbage the same. I have about two bushels each of beets and carrots, and a keg of sour cabbage — my whole vegetable supply for the winter. Potatoes I give out by weight. If we are not molested, we won't starve; but I have no hope of being able to keep what we have, or our few cows. So far we have milk and butter for ourselves, but none to sell. Nothing cuts me so much as the destruction of the dairy. I worked so hard to get it as near perfect as possible, and could support the family now had I back my cows. Butter, that was sold before the war for fifteen to sixteen roubles a pood, I could now sell for 220 roubles.

Poor George suffers so, for he hears seldom from us and from Vera, and knows of our dangers. Alec hears more regularly from us. He is in many respects better off than George, but suffers more from want of food. One

pound of rye bread a day, soup at noon, tea without sugar mostly, no milk or butter. Oka is in Petrograd. We are waiting to hear his fate.

I am not hiding anything, as we cannot move Peter. I think the best hope of saving his life is to give up everything, asking them to spare him. I have been putting up curtains, etc., and getting the house ready for winter as usual. I had no heart for it, but decided it was best — better for us and though Peter can't see, I like to have him feel that all is neat and pretty around him, and he asks to know just how each room looks. Also, I don't want the servants to think we anticipate anything. It is so hard now with the people. I am losing things steadily, linen, etc.; my overshoes taken and, I know, by my maid, who has lived with me for years; and overshoes are not to be had for money now. One cannot keep everything locked. I think I must have fighting blood in my veins, for I feel like fighting for our rights; and when the time comes, I feel I *must* go down, revolver in hand; but I keep trying to prepare myself to be patient and tactful for Peter's sake, to try to save him. One comfort is that, if the worst comes, his heart won't endure protracted suffering, and it will soon be over.

The boys have your address, and I have told them if they survive us, to let you know if anything happens to me. I write you all this so that, if the letter gets through, you will know how we are situated, and if the crash comes, will understand as much as I can write. I also want to tell you, dear Carrie, how much I love you and how much your and Mell's love has been and is to me. Peter is very brave. We both send you and all your family our best love, and may God bless you for all you have been to us! Perhaps better days will come. I wonder will you receive this!

November 2, 1917

I have written you a number of cards and letters, but though I thanked you in words, you do not know how we thank you for the help you sent, for it is what we are living on, and Peter's pension; but that, as prices now go, is a very tiny drop in the bucket. I wrote you we had (in June) sold a part of the woods, receiving 10,000 roubles as guaranty money; but a clause in the contract makes us obliged in one month's time to return the money if timber operations are stopped; so we have placed the money in the bank and, however great our need, dare not touch it.

We have sent Oka off on a delicate and dangerous mission. Feeling that there is little hope of escaping looting, we must try to get our silver in a place of comparative safety. You remember our beautiful Persian service; then your Father and Mother Clement's wedding-gifts to us; a service for twelve given us on our silver wedding anniversary by Peter's brothers and sisters; also all that I have in the way of jewelry, we have sent to Moscow, to be stored in the government bank. One of our nephews, a young navy officer who has been visiting us, went with Oka, so that they could by turns keep watch all the time. It is costing us a lot to do it, but we feel it is a good investment if successful.

Then we are trying to hide as we can some flour and the cereals we have, oat-meal and buckwheat, our main support now, for bread-riots must soon begin, and if we can save a little, it is something. I never could have imagined such a state as our great country is in. Sending Oka to Moscow, we supplied him with rye bread, oat-cakes, and butter. He just returned from Petrograd, where he had to go; and he and his classmate lived in the latter's house, empty, the family being on three estates. The boys lived for the five days

on the bread and cold meat I gave them, for they could get nothing in Petrograd except at impossible prices in restaurants.

In Ostashkov most of the shops are closed, and the remainder have a big display of empty shelves, and to save strength and time, hang out notices on the doors and windows: 'We have no buttons, no yeast, no wool, no manufactured goods,' etc., etc. Of course, all groceries, flour, etc., you get by cards: five pounds of flour a month, one of sugar, and sometimes tea and matches. Cereals, rice, macaroni, candles, we have not seen for over a year; and we, who have our own rye flour so far, get no white flour, of course. Prices are fabulous. Rye flour that was 1 rouble 20 kopecks a pood is 45, butter from 19 to 250. Shoes (if one is lucky enough to find any), that used to cost 12 to 15 roubles, are 150 to 200. Not a yard of any stuff can we get, and it takes the greatest ingenuity to dress ourselves and the seven prisoners. For instance, I am footing winter socks for them with some light felt Caucasian hats I had, and we 'patch' instead of 'darn' stockings, etc.

If we could look upon the war as the limit of our troubles! But it will be the beginning of the end, when they come home to take the land and divide the spoil. If you only knew what the boys are enduring! I look upon the Russian officer with the deepest admiration and sympathy. Living on the meagrest pay, they are, as the papers constantly say, the only class in Russia that has not struck for higher pay. They face enemies on all sides; for the German agents have succeeded in filling the soldiers with hatred for, and distrust of, their officers, and the lives of the latter are a hell. I wake nights with a hard physical heartache, thinking of George and Alec. Poor little Vera is going bravely through these days,

anxious every day for George and for us here and her own approaching confinement. Still, she is safer than she could be here, and is with her own family. I write to George four times a week, and he has been six weeks at a time without word of us, and when he knows our danger. I never write the boys any but cheerful letters, and keep back all I can; but they read the newspapers and understand what is going on.

A few nights ago, three soldiers came here and said they were going to search our house. The Intendant could do nothing with them, and they began to be threatening; so Oka and I went out to face them. Mrs. Roper used to say that Oka was the most dignified creature that she ever knew. Well, the dignity with which he spoke to them actually cowed them, and it ended in his giving each a cigarette, and they wished us good-night and went off quite peacefully. I was so amused that I forgot all possible danger and chuckled.

November 2

The peasants in our county raised a very large sum of money, and sent agents south to try to get several carloads of flour, as our crops in this part of the country were almost complete failures and few have bread beyond November, and the five pounds a month they get on the card-system is, of course, nothing. This morning I had a talk with one of those who had gone to make the purchase. He had been as far south as Kazan, and found rye, but could not get permission to take it out of the government of Kazan; and so they returned empty-handed. This was our last hope, for now famine will stare us in the face.

All the peasants are well supplied with money. The war has so raised the price of labor that the peasants and working class get far more than

for brain-work. Factory hands, even street-sweepers, are demanding and getting anywhere from 200 roubles a month and up; while officers get 175 or 200, as Alec has. The artificially cultivated (on German money) class-hatred is our greatest menace. The most constantly repeated phrase is, 'If we kill off all the bourgeoisie, we shall have peace, and bread, and then we can ourselves govern the country.' I have talked calmly and quietly with soldiers, who say it must be done. Even the 'bourgeoisie' — landowners, capitalists, even priests, who are for some reason included — who have been kind cannot be permitted to live. 'We must root them all out, even children knee-high.'

In the far east and in the Caucasus, it is not so bad as it is here. I cannot believe we shall see better days for a long time, and the best we can hope for is to escape with our lives, but, of course, quite ruined.

I wish I could write more freely. I think of you so often and so tenderly. Friends are the greatest comfort these days, and the knowledge that there are those who love us and think of us even at a distance is an immense help. How Peter keeps up as he does is a wonder. We, who are well are quite unstrung. It has been said, and I think with considerable truth, that there is not a perfectly normal person in the country. Nerves are strained, and no one, even the richest, gets the accustomed nourishment. Personally, I feel the absence of sugar most. We always, in the East, had so much in the form of fruit, that one's organism evidently demands it, for I have such a craving for something sweet — anything. Our apples were stolen while green, or we should have had a good supply for the winter; but that is a minor trouble.

This is such a long letter. I fear it may not get through, but our censor is too busy these days to go through let-

ters and I never write anything about the war.

BORTNIKI, November 6, 1917

I want to write you of the last two days. It will give you some idea of the volcano upon which we live. Last evening two soldiers were here until late. They came to inform us that our woods are no longer ours: that, if we need to cut a tree, we must get permission and prove that we need it. In the meantime they brought us a paper, authorizing peasants of one village only to cut 80 trees for timber and 85 cubes of wood. A cube now costs 300 roubles, so you can see how much we could get if allowed to sell; and this is only for one village!

Then this morning early I had to go on important business to the post. I hated going and leaving Peter without Oka, but had to do so. When I came back I found poor Peter trembling in every limb, and almost unable to speak until I doctored him, and the yard full of women with bags. It seems a report had been spread that we have been selling flour and sending it in boats by night. The peasants about are greatly excited, and went over to our local committee and warned them that they would loot us and burn us out.

The committee sent three members, three soldiers, and two soldiers from our neighboring village to examine the charges. As soon as Peter was calm I went out to the barns where they were weighing our grain. I told them that I was deeply cut that such a false charge should be laid to us; that since the orders given us, we had faithfully kept from selling a pound; and they were at liberty to search the place as the people said we had hidden grain.

I myself went everywhere with them, showing them every place from attics to cellars, insisting on opening trunks, etc. When they went through our empty

cellar and store-room, and saw the lack of everything, they were amazed.

After weighing all our provisions and calculating how much we would need (at three pounds of cereals a day for 22 persons and one pound of bread a day), they declared we could spare nothing; but the women raised such a terrible row and were so menacing, that the whole delegation came in to consult with us.

They had begun by being very reserved, if not hostile, in their bearing toward us. The leader said to me when he had gone through a part of the buildings, 'I almost believe you speak the truth!' At the last he stood up for me bravely, and privately advised me to try and send away what valuables we have, as he doubted if we could escape looting at the least. It was finally decided to take 12 poods to the next village, and there have it decided who was in need; for many who came to-day have bread.

When the women were told that 12 poods would be given them now, their spokeswoman said, 'I tell you now, in the presence of the lady, when this flour is gone we will come to her again and ask her to give her supply willingly. If she does, we won't touch her; but if she does not do it willingly, we will take it and kill them all, and burn down the whole place.' In vain the men argued, explaining that, even if hunger drove them to take food, it would not justify them in murdering and burning, nor would it give them bread. Nothing would move them.

The delegation came back to me and said, 'What will you do?'

I replied: 'As you represent our authority and government, it is my place to put the question to you, and ask you what we can do.'

They all laughed and shrugged their shoulders. When the committee left us, in a very friendly spirit, it was with

little comfort and with no encouragement.

It is now seven o'clock in the evening; all is quiet, Peter is undressed, and his old man is reading to him the papers, which are full of accounts of horrors; yet he will read every word.

We shall have supper in a few moments, and I am ready for it, as I have had nothing since my morning coffee, as I could not eat my dinner when they were here. Would you like to know our war menu? We had for dinner a gruel of oat flour and a soufflé of squash. To-night we have tea, and potatoes boiled in milk.

Did I write you that, after being without anyone all summer nearly, we found a most eccentric old bachelor, a retired colonel, a tramp by nature, and 'a jack-of-all-trades and master of none'—a queer, interesting character, a friend of brother K's. He has been with us for six weeks, but is running away, partly because he cannot stand it without white bread and tobacco, and partly because he is afraid here; so he is going to the Caucasus. If Oka is here this winter, I won't need anyone so much, for Oka can write; but he won't have time for reading, as he must study. We read to Peter all the time, to keep his mind occupied.

We are being overrun with wolves, and a seventeen-year-old girl was eaten near Pakrowsky. I had a letter from George yesterday, dated ten days ago, saying he was 'alive and well.' In his last seven days in the reserve, he had shot a wild boar and a wild goat in addition to small game. It is not only an immense help in their very meagre mess, but the sport is the one thing he has to take him out of himself and his surroundings.

We had a telegram that Oka had arrived safely in Moscow with the silver, and we expect him home to-morrow.

Bread-riots one can pardon, for to

see one's children without bread can easily upset all one's morals as to rights of personal property, etc. We have now, according to this month's report, 770,000 in the government of Tver who have no bread and are dependent upon the miserable pittance of five pounds a month. About us there are many such; and what aggravates the case is the almost failure of our potato and vegetable crops. If we were just ourselves, I would risk sharing our last pound; but we are 22 souls in Bortniki, among them refugees and prisoners who must be fed; and we are on such short rations, as it is, that it goes to my heart. They often go out to work lazily, and say they are so 'empty.' It seems cruel when a woman comes and begs me for 'only three pounds for the children.' I would gladly give it, but dare not. Even the soldiers to-day warned me not to, for if we give to one we shall immediately have so many that our whole supply won't go around, and we shall be accused of partiality, with bad results; so one does not know what to do.

November 8

I must finish this, to go to-morrow. I drove to the steamer to-day to meet Oka, but he did not come. I go about as usual, quite alone, driving or walking, and so far have had no trouble. To-day one of the women who screamed the loudest at me yesterday, brought her sick child to me, with many low bows and sweet words, as they know so well how to use them, when they ask for a favor. I did what I could for the baby, and neither of us alluded to the past. Peter slept well last night, though he was so excited yesterday; but it is only with bromide that he can sleep.

For some time I have been in the habit of going out at dusk and making the rounds of all our hay-barns in the

fields; but now I am a little afraid of the wolves, going alone. When Oka is back, we can go together. It is a comfort in one way when the boys are here, and yet I am relieved when they are not, for I am afraid of their resenting bad treatment of us and only perishing themselves without helping us, especially George. He would never stand calmly by and hear what they say to us, though he bears worse for himself.

BORTNIKI, November 18, 1917

Since my last to you, great events have taken place. How great and of what shadings we know not, for our last newspaper was of October 26 (old style) and to-day is November 4. The telegraph is not working, and we only get many conflicting rumors of great bloodshed in Petrograd and Moscow; and Alec and Oka are there. Oka telegraphed that he would leave Moscow a week ago to-day. The same day, we hear, civil war broke out in Moscow, and no trains leave. Eight days in succession I drove to the steamer to meet Oka, and then gave it up. The first day I did not go, George came unexpectedly, *via* Kiev. You could imagine what it was to see him; and now, when I lie awake nights, it is such a comfort to feel he is sleeping over my head, and not somewhere in cold, wet trenches and perhaps lying stark and still 'somewhere in Austria.'

He came unexpectedly to Kiev the evening of the day his little girl was born. The baby, though small, is well and strong. George seems most of all impressed with its finger- and toe-nails and that 'it isn't as disgusting as small babies generally are.' He divides his time between us, poor fellow; but so much of his meagre leave is swallowed up by the long journey, that it only gives him nine days with each of us. We appreciate so much his coming, and Vera wishing him to, though I know it

was very hard for both of them. With events rushing as they are, we feel that we must profit by every moment together. If I leave the room, George asks me as he used to when small, 'Mamma, are you coming back soon?' It seems as if I *cannot* let him go again!

November 20.

We are still in uncertainty. Great fighting is going on in Moscow, and no trains leave. How it fares with Oka we do not know.

Alec got a few lines to us. He was alive nine days ago, but under fire. In the meantime, famine is approaching, for no food-supplies are coming in. In many of our villages there is flour only for two weeks. If you could see how we spend our evenings! In the *fluegel* we have cut a trap-door to the shallow cellar under the floor, and in pitch darkness George and I carry things down there. We have put there clothing, copper utensils, albums (at Peter's special request), extra samovars, etc. The *fluegel*, being brick, won't burn so easily, and perhaps we can save something.

One of the most cynical episodes of these dark days is the placard just over the bridge in Finland, where some thirty officers were drowned, prodded under water with bayonets when they rose to the surface of the river. The placard reads, 'Swimming-school for officers'!! Are comments needed? Do you wonder that wives and mothers of officers find the nights very long?

It is a moment that tries one's faith. Why does God allow such horrors as the world has lived through the past four years? I feel so frozen, I cannot get any comfort. Strange to say, I feel no personal fear. It is not bravery, I think, but callousness. The days pass with less strain. It is the nights, and I am getting worn out for want of sleep.

Snow has fallen, and soon we shall be cut off for a time from the city. George

insists on my having everything at hand to leave; but where can one go? No one is allowed to leave the country with money, and Peter cannot be taken far, anyway. The whole country lives in a nervous, waiting, expectant frame of mind, that makes all minor interests and troubles forgotten. The one impulse that grows and deepens is the class hatred, fostered and fed by the clever Germans.

BORTNIKI, November 24, 1917

I imagine you have known through the Associated Press more of what has been going on in our poor tortured country than we have. For ten days we have been without post and telegrams, but rumors, of course, came through of very alarming character, and Alec was in Petrograd and Oka in Moscow! You can realize how anxious we were. Here, too, the people were more and more nervous, sullen and menacing.

It was on one of our worst days that George walked in, and we felt that God had not quite forsaken us. He was gaunt, thin, but of good courage. The day before he left, as unexpectedly, Alec came in, looking like Lazarus raised from the dead! He had lived through the horrors of arrest, nearly been lynched, as so many of our poor officers have been. His soldiers and chauffeurs stood up for him, and he had to order them to keep from violence. It is a long and complicated story, and that he was liberated was a marvel.

He said the prospect of execution lost all its horror in the face of lynching. His colonel told him, when he was released, that he better go home for a time.

We saw dear George off yesterday, and to-day Oka came, having been through real war. Trench cannonade in Moscow turned the whole city into a war camp. Oka had his turn in night

sentinel work. He tried to leave when it first began, but the cabby took him from street to street, where they were turned back. He dared not try to get through on foot, as he would have lost his money. He placed our silver in the government treasury, on the eve of the day when all deposits were stopped for want of room. We feel very thankful to God that all our boys are safe in spite of the risks they have been in.

The political outlook is very dark but still worse is the spectre of famine. Some of our neighbors have bought a little flour for 43 roubles a pood (normal price 70 to 80 kopecks!) in a neighboring state, smuggling it over the border, for selling grain from one state to another is forbidden. If help does not come soon from the United States or somewhere, I see nothing but death before us all. Even if they don't rob us we cannot hold out longer than the last of April. Those who have no flour get it from the government's supply (four pounds a month just now here), as there is no legitimate private sale of flour or grain. In Petrograd Alec, for a long time, has lived on $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of bread for two days! At noon, soup of such old salt beef that they put mustard and pepper in to hide the smell! Aside from soup they have a mush of some cereal, and the cereal again for supper; of course, without milk, butter or sugar. And this is the officers' mess!

The memory of the two famines we lived through in Urumia haunt me still, and when I think of seeing the same things here, it makes me shudder. It seems sometimes as if God had cast us off, or that the last days are at hand when 'the living shall envy the dead.' What the next days will bring forth, none can tell. This *coup d'état* has been the final push, plunging us into anarchy.

Our new commander-in-chief, an en-sign(!), says in an order of the day that

he will 'bring the country to peace over the dead body of the officers,' as they are trying to persuade the soldiers to be true to the provisional government.

We pray for a strong united government, of whatever party it may be, before the demobilization of our millions, who will come back like locusts. George saw something of an army in retreat, and says he will never forget it. The excesses were very great, and we must expect the same thing when they come back if there is not a stronger hand at home than we now have. The whole country is tired of this reign of terror and lawlessness.

We managed to sell our bull the other day; but the butcher was mobbed, and for a while it looked as though he would lose the meat. The peasants were very abusive and menacing toward me, saying that everything belongs to them now. We sold the bull at half-price as meat goes, and one-quarter of what I could have received formerly at any stud farm.

December 1

Since writing, the curtain has fallen on what I think is next to the last act in the agrarian drama.

Early one morning, our local committee and two witnesses from the village nearest us came, announcing that they had heard I had sold a bull, a cow, and three horses, and asked on what grounds I had done so. I told them we had not enough fodder for the winter; also, the cow was the Tolstois'.

They announced that we had no right to sell anything, and showed us a paper, fruit of the last *coup d'état*, saying that the estate passes into the hands of the committee. The peasants are ordered to watch us, to see that nothing is taken out of the estate; and they proceeded to write down all our property.

We had been for two days negotiating the sale of a young blood-mare that

I had brought up and broken myself. She followed me like a dog, even into the woods and fields, never going beyond my voice. She is a very fast trotter, and we hoped to sell her well before we were officially forbidden to do so.

While I went out with these people with the books to verify everything, — live stock, farm implements, etc., — the buyer came in the back door to Oka, and said he would get the mare off if we wished. It was our last chance of raising a cent on the place, and Peter and Oka sold her for 750 roubles, the man taking advantage of our position.

When we went to the stables and saw Mushka's stall empty, I at once suspected what had happened, but did not know what to say. The first thing, they asked to see her, for she is famous round here. I told them I did not know where she was; that yesterday my husband had almost made a bargain, and perhaps she had been sold. They made a good deal of trouble, but we talked them down.

All day the boys and I worked with them and had to sit at dinner and entertain them! They wrote down even our personal effects, to the last table, chair, and bed, which by the laws of Russia are not liable to be seized, even for debt. Then we were made to sign a paper that we would not sell, or take out of the place, a thing. If we leave to-morrow, we cannot take a pillow or quilt! We cannot kill a chicken or calf for our own use, without going to the committee for leave. When we told

them that we may have to diminish still more for want of fodder, they said they would not permit it, but would force us to buy hay. When I said we could not afford it, they smiled and said they would make us find the means. They reproached us very much for having sold horses last year; but we told them we were forced to do it.

When they left in the evening, we were all quite crushed. We are in the position of unpaid intendants who bear the expenses, and of debtors whose property has been seized, and of criminals who are deprived of all rights. We are surrounded by spies, for the woods are teeming with peasants, cutting trees as they wish, and each one has a right to stop and control our work and ask what I have in the sleigh, etc. One cannot stay in the house and get no air, and yet to go out is pain. The woods we sold are being rapidly cut, but the money each two weeks, as we verify material hauled, goes to the committee! They were persuaded to leave us the 10,000 roubles guaranty money we had received, and we are hoping to hold on to it for worse days. One never hears talk of the war or politics, only bread, bread, bread! To-day a pood of flour is 60 roubles.

As the lake freezes and the high passes, I fear that we shall be eaten out of house and home. Yesterday eleven soldiers passed and demanded dinner. To-day I fed three, and as yet few can pass, as the ice is not strong. Yesterday was Peter's sixth-ninth birthday.

A RED INDIAN DAY

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

For hours I seemed to have been squatting coolie-fashion, folded up like a jack-knife in my observation tent. The last look I had taken through a slit in the green denim showed five water-buffalos standing with outstretched muzzles. Their eyes told them nothing, for my tent was to them but a broken tree-stump; their nostrils assured them that a white man was close in front, and hence should be charged and gored. I am more afraid of water-buffalos than of anything else in the world; and so, when I was compelled to ease my aching muscles, I turned as quietly as possible.

‘For the love of Mike, man, are you crazy in the head?’

A shake and a rough voice awoke me. I was curled up in a knot like a sleeping dog, in the centre of a peasant’s bed, with blankets heaped over me; and, judging by my cramped body, I had been in fear of these mental buffalos for a long time. A dinner of half-cooked brussels sprouts, a feverish cold, and a few hours of concentrated sulphurous shell-fumes the previous afternoon, had produced the first dream which had disturbed my sleep for many years. It was bitter cold, and my flickering candle showed the windows feathered with hoar-frost.

As I lay quietly for a few minutes and looked about, I wondered why my dream had not had to do with the lives and tragedies of past years and

centuries which this old room had witnessed. For nearly three hundred years — more than twice as long as we had been a nation — the rafters had looked down on generation after generation. Now the great beams of this peasant’s home were dulled by age and smoke to rich mahogany, and from them, high overhead, hung rows upon rows of dried vegetables. In the place of honor in one corner was a cheap sewing-machine, and back of it, on the wall, a crucifix. One felt that this was a recent innovation, and all the crude things which made this room a home seemed to focus more or less in the direction of the glistening machine.

I climbed several rungs of a vertical ladder and peered into the open attic. It was filled with a mass of half-broken discarded articles. Among the rest I saw two beautiful spinning-wheels and a fine old clock; and I thought of the reversal of position of this humble hut and an opulent New York home: how there the spinning-wheel would achieve a place in the drawing-room, the clock be treasured in some chosen place, while the unlovely modern machine would be relegated to some far-away sewing-room.

I hesitated, then dared, then glowed with the reaction of a douse of two pails of water, and joined my French pilot, who had so rudely interrupted the charge of the buffalos. This old friend had the slang of the world on his tongue-tip, and was master of every feat of *acrobatique aérienne*, and his

tact and sense of humor accomplished the impossible — made one forget in friendship all differences of Latin and Anglo-Saxon. I did not hesitate to narrate my dream to him, for he had seen service in Cochin China and had no false standards of bravery in relation to the terrible cattle of Malaysia.

In the kitchen, which was also the dining-room, I heard the peasant mother pottering about, and knew she was cooking more brussels sprouts. My pilot went behind the house and began to fuss with his tools, and I walked through the misty gloom to where I knew was the top of a little rise, backed by a grove and a brook. For a while the tinkle of water held my attention; then it sank into subconscious hearing. Everything was adrip with the squeezed-out mist, and though it was not yet dawn, the gray shroud seemed to possess a faint luminosity of its own.

I squatted on my heels, my boots sinking deep into the soggy moss, the trench-mud on my puttees liquefying and running slowly down, achieving its final destiny — mud to mud. Like a tiny jack-o'-lantern face, my watch glowed dully, and cheerfully marked two o'clock, having apparently stopped the last time I rolled over on it, while the buffalos were still undecided. It was nearer five, and a gentle breeze moved the streams of mist and sent a shower of drops down my neck from the beech-buds overhead. Some small creature scuttled past, sniffed in my direction, and tore off through the dead grass. A smell of wet wood-smoke came on the gentle breeze, and the odor of new-turned sod. The mist-light strengthened, and dawn came slowly, diluted, as it comes through the rice-paper of Japanese *shoji*.

For a long time the light held and did not increase. It seemed as if the palpable mist were absorbing the day

as fast as it came; and one remembered yellow-ochre days in London, when at high noon one disappeared ten feet away. Here was absolute silence — the mist strained the air clear of vibrations. I could not move — I did not want to; I waited as if for something big, something tremendous, which was about to happen.

Then came to the senses an anticlimax, but to the imagination an awakening, staggering in its contrast and significance. Two sounds broke the stillness, penetrating the fog with difficulty, each subdued, mist-muffled. First a faint, low *kr-krump*. A month later, and it might have been a small frog in a distant pool. Then a soft, liquid gurgle, a virile contralto note — the first vocal call of life to the dawn; a contented hooded crow talking to himself from his roost among the maze of beech-twigs.

The setting seemed perfect: the dawn of a late winter day in France, the voice of the bird and the frog, and the mist-borne fragrance of the freshly turned mould. How happily Burroughs or Sharp could phrase it; how the great god Pan would enjoy it! At last I could keep up the deceit no longer. Let Pan keep his bird and the smell of the mould — that was his: but the low hollow note, the faint *kr-krump*, so brief that it seemed almost a trick of the ear, this was a velvet glove of sound made by no batrachian, and Mars in his most hideous accoutrements strode forth in my imagination and claimed it. At times I have been in a perfect hell of artillery fire, but I know of no instance where the sound of a gun affected me as did this single distant *kr-krump*, miles and miles to the north. Here it came gently, a soft antiphony to the content note of the crow; there it was a volcano of flying steel splinters and hideous fumes, tearing through flesh and wood and mud, destroying

all life, human, animal and plant, demolishing even the inorganic face of nature, the dissipating smoke revealing a landscape comparable only to that on the surface of a dead moon.

The crow called again, clearer this time, less liquid, as if the thinning mist had dried from his throat; and quickly the fog drifted off toward the valley, and now the tinkle of the brook became audible again, and I walked rapidly down to the thatched farm-house.

II

The wind from the thrilling roar of propeller-blades shook the line of drying clothes, and soon after breakfast we were off. Of that day's work and sights I may not write, though Verne himself never dared to image the strangeness of some of them. But in a new plane we set out from a small aerodrome late the same afternoon, headed due northeast.

Few pilots or observers recall memories of engine-trouble with aught but a shudder; but twice I have owed most unusual experiences to poor connections and foul plugs. We had done some sixty miles of straight traveling when the engine began missing in villainous fashion, and we had to descend, picking a grassy meadow, a trifle too rolling, but infinitely better than any of the surrounding ploughed lands. The trouble was more serious than we expected, and I set out to look for a place to spend the night. A second night in a peasant's bed did not appeal to me; but the nearest town was miles away.

A member of the invariable audience, which quickly gathered, offered me the use of his home, and we walked toward the picturesque, age-weathered building, a counterpart of the one in which, on the previous night, I had dreamed of my buffalos. Coming out was an officer,—who the peasant told

me was billeted on him—preparing to step into a waiting automobile. I was about to pass with a perfunctory salute, when I realized that the little god of chance meetings had been at work and had drawn us together,—the officer and me,—who last had met among savage men in a far-distant land. Some red tape was speedily unknotted, an order was interpreted according to the spirit instead of the letter, and I took the place of a second officer in the car.

For a few miles we exchanged histories and had almost reached present chronology, when he signaled to the chauffeur to stop. We drew up just beyond a rustic bridge over a small, slow-flowing brook. He looked at his watch and suggested a ten-minute walk. He was ahead of schedule, and wanted me to enjoy something with him—one of two surprises as he put it. Now and then, as we walked down the slope among the scattered trees, we heard the low *kr-krump* which had come to my ears before dawn. It was a little more distinct and sometimes double, *krum-kr-krump*; but even now, a big frog at the bottom of the hill would have been more effective.

But all other thoughts slipped away as a new sound arose in the darkness, a sound which held for me a thrill as vital as the hint of distant battle, and incomparably more alluring. It rose slowly, a rich mellow ululation which stirred every fibre, and then quavered, descended, and broke off. We stood motionless, listening with all our ears, and again it came, unmistakably, from the depths of the misty woods. My companion smiled at me in triumph. His first surprise had come off promptly, even ahead of time, for it was only now growing dusk. We could see in imagination the drooped tail, the hollow-cheeked muzzle raised skywards—a wolf uttering that cry which of all

sounds is most symbolic of the northern wilderness — *un hurlement plaintif et lugubre*. I could not believe my ears, that here in the heart of France, within sound of the guns at the front, I had heard the voice of a wild wolf. The peasants had reported wolves at several places, the cold and pinch of hunger driving them from distant fastnesses where their race was making its last stand. And now they had become bolder, finding little to oppose them in this depleted country. Lacking accurate knowledge, I had always assumed that in Europe, in these modern times, wolves were restricted to the farthest wilds of Russia and Siberia. To think of them in France was in imagination to repicture mediæval times again.

We walked for a while in the patch of dense woods beyond the valley, but heard no sound of life except the rustle of mice or some small creatures.

As we hummed swiftly northward, toward the distant booming, we discussed the strangeness of this war, the great game of the senses along the front: warfare which varied from the plane-directed shell, whining its way for three score and ten miles through the air, to the direct smash of brass knuckles. There came to mind the calmness of early dawn, and then of the seeming reverse of earthly activity, blocked dug-outs bombed with phosphorus, and terrible slow deaths, which sickened me until I remembered the cause — the untellable Boche tortures which made retaliation the only method of teaching the fallacy of the doctrine of force.

But in all our memories, in all the ghastly experiences which come to one at the front, there is always the leavening high light of comedy. Tragedy and comedy are not two masks: they are more often different points of view, or a slight shifting of values of the same. And usually the possibility of comedy,

the ever-ready butt, lay in the slowness of thought, the lack of humor, of the Boche.

Not far from where we were headed, a raid had been planned some time ago — a local raid, especially for information, so that prisoners were necessary. It was widely known that the Boche had well-equipped listening-posts, which were able to listen in on our own outposts. Hence obvious messages were sent along the lines, to the effect that all activity was at an end for a month or two. One night, about a week before the raid, several score of stink-bombs, mixed with a goodly proportion of poison gas, were shot over by our men. Three days later a similar barrage took place. At the moment of the raid, with every man ready for the jump, a good quantity of stink-bombs, *but no poison gas*, was launched, and when our men reached the Boche trenches, the poor logical inmates were all found firmly incased in their masks, and needed but gathering in. Seldom have I seen a more beautiful instance of the instinctive association of ideas due to precedent! The Boche formula had all logic behind it; all it lacked was appreciation of human nature unlike their own. They argued, —

Stink + gas bombs once,
Stink + gas bombs twice,
Stink + gas bombs thrice!

Unfortunately for them the correct formula was, —

Stink — gas bombs = a comfortable Allied prison.

As we went on, the roads became more muddy and more congested, and we frequently had to crawl along the steep slope far out on one side, clinging with the inner tires to the deep rut which alone kept us from sliding down into the ditch. Batteries of *soixante-quinze*, lorries of food and ammunition, and indeed of everything, from camou-

flagged tree-trunks to rat-traps, passed us, a shaded lantern here and there giving the only light. It was for all the world like a vast ant-hill, the paths of which become crowded as soon as dusk shuts down. Panting horses and steaming motors alternated as motive-power; and while on the surface all seemed confusion, yet one realized that each team, each char-à-banc, each man, had an appointed place and duty. It was the nearest approach to the order existing in Nature with which any of man's efforts has ever impressed me.

We went as near the front as it was safe to take the car, then left it and stumbled on in the darkness, squatting behind broken caissons when star-shells made us feel too conspicuous. Then we passed down a gentle incline, dug in the centre of a field, and walked through what seemed miles of zigzagging communication trenches. A cold drizzle had begun and the walls of the trench became smooth and dripping. Now and then we flattened ourselves against this plastic mud, when ammunition-carriers passed in one direction, or stretcher-bearers swung by in the other, the burdens of the latter lying with clenched teeth, hands fast gripped over those of the bearers — the only human link which bridged this awful gulf between bursting shell and surgeon's ether.

There was something fearfully grotesque in this intimate passing of cases of bullets in one direction and victims in the other. It brought cause and effect more horribly together than is ordinarily the case. Only once do I remember seeing anything more acutely vivid: and that was when, in anticipation of a coming raid, two platoons of poilus were told off to dig a hundred graves in the cemetery of a front-line hospital. Even here the all-saving, unteutonic gift of humor dominated all other moods, and one saw a soldier now and then lie

down laughingly in an unfinished grave, '*pour voir*,' as he said, '*si le tombeau me va!*'

At last, plastered with the creamy lime, I was guided to a little dug-out, where by the light of a bottle-held, oxygen-starved candle, I felt my way to a wooden bunk, and lifted my shoes out of the two inches of water on the floor.

III

Left alone for a while, my mind reverted to the hectic variety of experiences through which I had passed in the last few hours: hurtling through the heavens in the undiluted glare of the winter's sun; listening to the howl of a wolf in a dim, century-haunted forest; now, deep underground, with yards of wooden beams and concrete between me and the volcanic outpouring of tons of steel, which had been falling more or less intermittently — for four years! Surely the space of three hours brought variety enough in the forefront of this misunderstanding of *Kultur* and humanity. It seemed as if I was to run the gamut of strange mythologies: St. Josephine, the patron saint of aviators had let me down gently and turned me over to Assar, the friendly god of unexpected meetings, whence Pan had escorted me further; and now the grim god of war was to keep me company for a while.

Looking about the misshapen dug-out, my thoughts soon reverted to more materialistic things. The most noticeable feature was the atmosphere, which so grudgingly gave its adulterated oxygen to the small flame. I recognized most of the ingredients which reached my nostrils as common to similar human burrows which I had already inhabited. There was old perspiration, and oil, and soiled clothes, stale wine and tobacco, and burned powder, with a hint of boiled cabbage

and brussels sprouts, and the taint of carbon dioxide.

But there was something else, which confused me. It was neither white, Negro, nor Mongolian smell, nor the old familiar odor of crowded Calcutta bazaars which I had recently sniffed in an East Indian café in Paris.

As I sat and wondered, eight men crowded in, and the first glance at their features gave me my answer. They were full-blooded American Indians — Algonkins and Iroquois from Eastern Canada. If I had come upon a squad of Bornean sea-dyaks in the trenches, I could not have been more surprised. One thought of most modern Indians somehow as being bowlegged, pot-bellied fellows, ne'er-do-wells, who at best sold blankets and cheap beadwork. Yet here were eight fine-looking men, rangy, tall, swift of motion, and graceful in their mud-matted khaki. It was astounding beyond words. One of them — a university graduate, as I was told later — observed my ill-concealed surprise, and instantly interpreted it. 'Looks as if we'd climbed out of Cooper, does n't it?' he asked smilingly.

Then my mind went back to surprise number one, — the wolf, — and my mind associated the two, and my reason told me that it was the year 1918, and the dull boom of guns reminded me that I was in the land of France; and then I gave it up as part of the most astounding war of divers weapons, men, and causes which the earth had ever known.

I found that there was a whole platoon of these Indians, officers and men, doing scout-duty at various points, trained to this modern raiding, the self-same manoeuvring which their great-grandfathers had practised against mine.

They were exceedingly quiet fellows, and the officer and I furnished most of the conversation. I learned, however,

that a raid for information was planned and these men were to undertake it. We were packed in rather closely, with our feet on tilted boards and empty boxes, to keep them out of the water. By a misunderstanding they thought that I had eaten dinner on my way to the front; and when they learned that this was not so, I had trouble to prevent their sending over to the mess through an ugly shell-shower which had begun for no reason at all. The larder of the dug-out yielded a weird variety of edible substances, the eating of which did not distract my attention for a moment from my interesting hosts. My only memory of the meal is that there were no brussels sprouts, and that the last course was cold sliced sausage and musty spice-cake, the latter literally unearthed from an ancient Christmas box.

The air got thick with smoke and heavy with Indian smell, and I looked around to fix the scene forever in my mind, and was as happy as Kim wriggling his toes in the mud of the Great Road. The officer produced a bottle of wine from below the water-level in a corner, and now and then the surface of the red liquid in the cups would be troubled. Then the distant roar would come and silence settle down again.

We sat and smoked for a long time, the smoke after a while settling in layers, like cirro-cumulus clouds at sunset. I watched the dark faces, the occasional glint of an eye from half-closed lids, and had relaxed into a half-dream of old Redskin history, when one young chap named Gettus collapsed with his broken chair into the water, and everyone laughed.

By this time I had persuaded the officer to let me play at least a small part in the coming raid. From time to time one of the Indians went outside, and on his last return reported that all was quiet, with the exception of an oc-

casional big shell, regular *arrivés* which came over singly day and night, falling far to the rear. After another hour we all crept outside and found that a few minutes' snow had turned to a misty drizzle, and, joined by a few more men, — all Indians, — we made our way carefully along a narrow communication trench, each man touching the one in front, and our shoulders rubbing off *smears of the clinging mud*. We shuffled as usual through the muddy water, not lifting our feet; and we walked very slowly, for all the world like a ball-and-chain gang — single file. Once I saw a face dimly outlined, staring at us from a lanterned niche in the trench; otherwise I could see no one besides our own party.

As we passed another lantern, and what looked like a hole in the ground but was really the entrance of a second dug-out, word was whispered to chuck coats and everything except trench-knives and grenades into it. I was ordered to keep my coat on, and, possessing no knife, did nothing. Presently the men crept past, going partly under our legs and squeezing by us. I noticed that four had no hats, their black hair glistening in the misty rain, and two had soggy, beaded moccasins on their feet — the single touch that was needed.

I turned at last and followed the man ahead. Several sand-bags had been twisted aside, and all had wriggled out into the gray vacuum of mist beyond. Suddenly the trench looked mighty good to me. One had the same feeling of opening the door of a warm lighted cabin and looking out at an icy, tempestuous sea; only in this instance the ice and tempestuousness were respectively in my feet and heart. My willingness to lag was disregarded by the man who followed me, and who occasionally poked the part of me which happened to be nearest. I had been

carefully coached, and I kept close to the man ahead, who had been detailed to look after me. The officer had vanished in the mist. I went down on all fours and then still flatter, and hunched along sideways like a crab in the shallows, until I felt my cap lifted from my head. The sudden impact of cold air did not tend to compose my feelings, but by reaching out I scratched my finger and found that I was beneath a maze of barbed wire. The realization that it was not the hand of a Boche which had abstracted my cap relieved me, and I caterpillared steadily on through mud and water. I think that my speed and silence impressed my leader, for he increased his undulations. This was no new method of progression for me, for in times past I had crawled many hours through various jungles, like the serpent of Scripture.

At last we came to a depression, and slipped down until our chins rested on the edge, — a shell-crater I suppose, — and here we remained with feet again in water. My man looked asleep, instead of which he was concentrating every sense in front of him. Now and then his head turned very slightly, as a dim fluorescence seemed to fill the air, sufficient to show more plainly his fierce, intent profile. At each star-shell, dim though it was, he pulled me down for an instant deeper into the mud and water, and then, like a couple of tadpoles, we wriggled up to our former position, and resumed our wait.

It seemed as if hours passed; I forgot to look at my watch later, and I shall never know. I determined that if we stayed here for the duration of the war, no movement of mine should distract my companion. The occasional drip of water near me was the only sound. I froze and thawed several times, my feet went to sleep and woke up, and my creases and buttons all wore depressions in me; yet still we remained.

Finally, he grasped my arm and gripped it hard, pointing straight out in front. Not a sound came to my ears except my own blood pounding away, and thereupon we did another batch of waiting.

At last a scrape, a distinct crunch, reached me, and an Indian came, very slowly, trailing low, so that I could just make him out; then a man I had not seen before, crawling on all fours. Close to him were three more Indians, and after them I went, urged enthusiastically from behind by my guide. We crept beneath the barbed wire again, and on into the trench without further incident. Then I realized for the first time that the new man was a German — not the heavy, fat, comic-paper Boche, but a thin-templed, ascetic-looking young man, with deep imprint of spectacles and a near-sighted intensity of glance. He stumbled along the communication trench, and when we stopped and clustered in a lantern-lighted embrasure, one of the Indians drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket and gave them to the prisoner. They went on with a snap, and he stared keenly at us, and the puzzled look came to him, as it had at the smell of these men to me.

The officer appeared and, still in unbroken silence, we went on and on far to the rear. Then I was led to a damp musty bunk and wrapped up in all the blankets I could find. My guide whispered good-night and rolled into another coffin-appearing affair.

I was sound asleep when a most infernal racket began, and, sitting up, I suddenly banged my head against the rough wooden beams overhead. After a minute or two the bombardment redoubled in another direction, and for fifteen minutes plates jingled, the floor-water quivered, and our bunks trembled and shook. Then it died out in a Fourth-of-July crackling.

Early next morning, waiting for my friend the officer, I loafed in the trench, leaning back and looking at the strange sight of blue sky overhead, with a half-dozen Nieuports and Spads swooping and rolling as if they felt the exhilaration of the crisp air in their very canvas skin and spruce bones. Three soldiers — not Indians — were near me, idly looking upward, when suddenly all ducked and doubled over, then looked sheepishly at me and laughed. I saw the cause but did not know enough, or, rather stupidly, knew too much, to follow suit. A house sparrow had flown up and over the parapet and alighted on the heaped sand-bags piled at the back, and its sudden appearance was a close imitation of a hand-thrown grenade. I had had little experience with such missiles, but, from my life-work, I reacted instantly to the sight of the bird and did not give it a second glance. So there was no incentive to flinch, as I certainly should have done had I known what it might have been. To the soldiers experienced in this sunken warfare, the appearance of any object from that direction meant death; to me it was only a male house sparrow still in the veiled winter plumage.

No less instantaneous is the reaction to sound. At one spot the Boches were accustomed to rain shells which came with a peculiar grinding rush. The only safe defense was to drop whatever you had and plump flat down in the deep mud. A friend of mine discovered that his coffee-grinder gave forth an exact imitation of one of these *arrivées*, and thereafter, whenever he felt the need of relaxation, he concealed himself near an opening of his dug-out and at a particularly propitious moment gave his coffee-mill a turn. The effect invariably banished all gloom.

On my way back to the car, my officer told me that three Germans had been killed and the one brought in. I won-

dered how it had been done; I wondered whether and how they ultimately got the ascetic-looking prisoner to give the information desired. But a wind-fallen American cannot expect to have all his wonderments satisfied. I may not tell the division and place, or the wonderful cheats of appearance which these camouflaged Redskins used, but I can safely infer that the delayed bombardment indicated a distinct loss of temper on the part of the Boches, on the discovery of their exterminated outpost.

I had taken a tiny part in what was to me a new phase of the great war, with real Indians of my own continent; and my future thoughts of this race will be of these splendid Iroquois — athletic, wiry, virile, the menace of the German line throughout this whole sector.

But for bodily comfort, and general hygiene and ability to see what is going on in one's environment, commend me to aeroplanes, rather than night-raids in No Man's Land.

A NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

SET among wooded hills and slow-flowing streams, some fifty miles back from the coast, is an old New England farm. One hundred and twenty acres are called for in its deeds, sixty of which are magnificent woodland. Long ago, generations of sons and daughters were born and reared upon this homestead, but the region is thinly populated now. Where, forty years ago, its little district schoolhouses were always filled to capacity, now less than a dozen children are to be found in them. Heavy teams and stout farm-horses furnish the means of travel. At very long intervals, a modest car may be owned by some ambitious individual; and occasionally a big touring car from the coast sweeps over the long hills, waking their echoes with its siren wail as it speeds away to the strange world from which it came. But virtually it is still a land of the horse and wagon.

But the fate which has overtaken so

many New England farms has not befallen this one — at least, not wholly. It is not deserted. One member of its family still remains — a woman who lives alone upon it. Its old buildings are snug and up-standing. The low-eaved dwelling house is kept painted and repaired. Tall hollyhocks and cinnamon roses bloom beside the old stone doorstep. Of the two barns, one is gray and weather-worn by the storms of more than a hundred years, but is still sound and in use; the other, a later structure connected with the house, is snug and comfortable for the creatures which it houses. These are a strong good-looking horse, which the woman bought as a three-year-old and trained and steadied with her own hands, three cows, pigs, and a hundred hens.

Indoors, there is the plain simplicity of the old-fashioned country home — the braided rugs, the soft-cushioned

chairs, the old gothic-faced clock which has been running more than sixty-five years, the Franklin fireplace, flanked by its great box of old-growth birch and rock-maple — burned in lavish and unmeasured abundance; for there are fifteen cords of it piled in the woodshed and many more on the owner's land.

It was a mellow autumn morning when I first saw this spot. The scent of sage and mint and rose-red apples spiced the air. Looking away over steadily sloping fields and pastures, across miles of the wooded river-valley to the far hills beyond, it was a scene of exceeding beauty. Every shade of purple and mauve, of green and dun-rose and blue, lay upon it, with here and there glimpses of the little river, moving its amber waters unhurried toward the sea. Nearer showed rich green squares of late clover, loaded orchards, and the rusty gold of corn-fields; and marking boundaries still, in places, the gray old stone-walls of early New England.

And over all hung the tinted softness of September. I could but think of the old Scotch peasant, whom a traveler had noticed in a bit of the Highlands, standing humbly with bared head, as if in an attitude of devotion. Approaching him at last, the stranger said, 'I did not know, Sandy, but you were at your prayers?' 'No,' answered the old man, 'I will tell you — for forty years I have come here every morning to take off my bonnet to the beauty of the world.'

Now, this woman has lived alone in her house for ten years. Her nearest neighbor is not within call. During these years she has carried on her farm solely herself, literally by her own personal labor and supervision — in fact, practically, much longer, having, for one item alone, done all the machine-work of summer-time and harvest, for twenty-four years, barring one year when she was ill.

For example, in 1916 she raised fifteen tons of hay, all of which she herself mowed and raked by machine, or by hand if the ground was rough. She pitched on all of these loads in the field, and did all the stowing in the barn. The same year she raised seventy-five bushels of oats (four tons of straw). She mowed, raked, and turned all of this grain, ready to haul in, and put in two loads of it alone. She hired a man and a team to put in the rest. She ploughed and harrowed the land and sowed the oats herself in the spring. The year before, she raised seventy-five bushels of potatoes, all of which she dug by hand, picked up, and carried into her cellar alone. Sometimes, if the weather is good and it is desirable for the crops to go in rapidly, she hires a few days' help in the spring planting. But, aside from this, she does it herself. In midsummer, the haying season, her general rule is to hire a man for three or four continuous weeks. Also when land for crops is ploughed — 'broken up' — for the first time, as well as when she is clearing up a bit of new land, with rocks and stumps to be drilled and blasted. This comprises practically all the hired labor employed on the farm proper during the year.

The garden, or where the smaller crops — vegetables, berries, and 'summer green stuff' — are raised, she plants and harvests with special care. Nobody ever touches this but herself. In 1916, the yield from it was over forty-two bushels, consisting of peas, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips, carrots, sweet corn, cultivated blackberries, besides a great heap of squash, pumpkin, and citron. These, with forty-seven bushels of potatoes, sixty bushels of apples, seventy-five bushels of oats, and fifteen tons of hay, comprised her crops for that year. She also made forty gallons of cider for vinegar. The

apple crop some years is over three hundred bushels. Keeping her year's supply of these things, she sells the rest, her nearest market being seventeen miles away.

At first thought, one might very naturally suppose that, with all this physical activity and work, and the great amount of time required for it, occupations related to the mental side of life would be a good deal obscured and subordinated. But this is not the case. Being a graduate of a good normal school, she teaches for more than half of every year in the schools of her town. These terms, which come in the autumn, early winter, and early spring, leave about the right part of the year — spring proper and summer — for her farm-work. If the schools open in mid-September, as they often do, the remainder of the harvesting is sometimes a bit of a problem. But it gets done — usually without help, at most, with but little — on Saturdays, holidays, nights and mornings. When the potato and apple crops are in, however, the rest is an easy matter.

In 1916, she taught thirty weeks, eighteen of them with but one week's vacation. She rose at half-past four in the morning, milked three cows, fed and watered them, fed and cared for her horse and the other stock, got her breakfast, put up her dinner and that of the horse, 'harnessed up,' and drove five miles to her school. She performed the same tasks at night after getting home, and much else — including housework and cooking. She does this in all weathers, allowing a good hour for the trip; for the roads are rough and rocky, and her horse, though a good roader as farm-horses go, weighs eleven hundred, and is a characteristic farm-horse. She has taught more than twenty years.

In addition to this, she has been superintendent of the schools in her

town for fourteen years, which calls for extra driving to visit them, and considerable time to look after them in various ways. She has also been superintendent of Sunday-schools, in all, eighteen years.

One of the vital and most active interests of her life has always been to further the christianizing of her fellow men in all possible and practical ways. Because of this, and because of being in a remote country region, where Sunday services of any sort would often have to be wholly dispensed with if dependent on a regular minister, she has come to be looked to and depended upon, in matters of this sort, and not infrequently, to render the last services for the dead. Earnest and sincere, she has performed these offices with the simplicity and readiness characterizing all her works — in the spirit to be expected from one whose life has taken all its simple sane philosophy from immediate essential conditions: if there was land, it was to be tilled; if there were men, their souls must be saved. It has been with her an intense personal application of the ancient counsel, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'

While this woman is very large and very strong, she is not always immune to the ills of the flesh. Most of them she utterly ignores; but sometimes a vital ailment has laid an importunate hand upon her, turning her unwilling steps aside from the big business of daily life, to seek the physician, and even the city hospital forty miles away.

One further item of her activities must not be overlooked. With two or three months of free time in winter, and with all her fine timber-land, and small lumbering operations the rule round about her, she does her own bit of lumbering each year. She hires a

chopper or two and does the hauling herself. In 1916 (I have chosen this year merely as a sample year, throughout) she hauled over one hundred cords to the landing, unloading and piling it herself. On the trips home at night, she brings a load of firewood, hauling her year's supply at this time.

It might not be an uncommon error to suppose that a life placed in such a setting is necessarily restricted — that there are few outlets leading to larger understandings, to higher thoughts and emotions, and the deeper happiness. But the possibilities in these things must always lie largely within the individual personality. Life is significant and happy much in proportion as it is interesting; and it is interesting exactly in proportion to personal capacity for laying hold upon it — to the finer consciousness of its import and appeal. All this is eminently true and distinctive of this case. Though her feet follow the paths of plain duty and work, and her tasks are often those of homely necessity, yet these things do not constitute the boundaries of her vision or circumscribe her personality. Her spirit answers to the call of beauty in that enchanted land — the changing glory of the purple hills, the blazoned splendors of her autumn wood, the spring's tender blooming in her fruitful fields. She meets the world face to face, where we know it not, — at the break of day, —

When fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star, —

in the peace and calm of wide fields when day is done, silvered under the moon, or wrapped in the velvet darkness of a starless night.

What do we know of that mystic hour when the heart is uplifted on 'the

wings of the morning'; renewed in the virgin glory of summer dawns? The singer of old had known its mystery, when he caught it up out of human experience into that immortal phrase, whose subtle poetry has lingered in the heart of the world three thousand years, and will linger for thousands more. There are sounds which we do not know, which hold the spirit of the seasons incarnate — of spring returned, when, with the falling night, comes the first 'liquid-sweet' chorus from the lowland marsh, or the lonely cadence of the whip-poor-will's voice. To those who hear and understand, who listen with the heart, there is the word of inner meaning in all these things, and the heart's response, of life, contentment, and joy renewed.

And this being the recital of an old-fashioned tale, there follows the right to draw the old-fashioned moral. But the tale is so plain, so strong in its suggestion, that the lesson need hardly be written. To one and all is brought so clear and personal a comprehension of this woman's economic value to her country, that he who runs may read.

And as we ponder — what of ourselves? Are we still troubled with much serving of the old gods — self, home, municipality, with its recurrent problems of welfare, school, church, enterprise, and prospects? Have we made place for the new gods, the strange tutelaries of an unhappy era?

We buy, we consider and devise, but what among the essentials of daily life do we bring forth at first hand from basic sources? In the world's great hour of elemental needs, *what is our value?* Judged by the new gods, which yet are old, are we or are we not, still 'the lilies of the field'?

PARABLES FROM PALÆONTOLOGY

BY KIRTLEY F. MATHER

I

It seems probable that many decades will elapse before the last word will have been said concerning mutations, saltations, germ-plasm, and orthogenesis; but in the meantime it is well established that the Darwinian conception of the survival of the fittest has been a dominant factor in the process of organic evolution. Whatever may have caused new species to originate, there is no doubt that nature has selected for preservation in the struggle for existence those forms of life best adapted to the environmental conditions of time and place. Likewise, it is extremely likely that reams of paper and tons of printers' ink will be devoted to discussions concerning 'Virgin Birth' and resurrection from the dead, before those and kindred subjects will cease to be a fruitful source of controversy. But meanwhile all agree that the keynote of the message brought by the Carpenter of Nazareth was a stirring appeal to demonstrate by conduct that God is the Father of all mankind, to look upon all men with the eyes of a brother, to count it gain to lay down one's life for a friend.

Underneath the ancient warfare between theology and science, lurking in the distrust of the 'higher criticism,' there is an unvoiced, but very real, fear that in the last analysis the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is diametrically opposed to the conception of the brotherhood of man; that evolution according to

Darwin and Devries and Weissmann is the antithesis of Christianity according to Christ and John and Paul. Subconsciously, that fear drives many a man to trust blindly in the second-century dogma that the coming of the Kingdom of God must be in the nature of a catastrophic innovation through the intervention of a supernatural power. And were that fear justified, all of us would be forced to take that same position, if we still wished to view with optimism the future of man's world. How else could the heritage of a score of million years be displaced from human life?

This is why the palæontologist makes bold to lay aside for a moment his fossil shells and petrified bones, and to trespass on the precincts of philosopher and preacher. For, after all, it is the palæontologist who must settle the major problems of evolution and in a sense be responsible for the ethical fruits thereof. He is aided and abetted, to be sure, by the embryologist, the anatomist, and the experimenting biometrician; but it is his knowledge which must eventually bring order out of chaos and make clear the path which we, as well as the remotest of our kindred, have trod. He alone can tell of the past inhabitants of our globe, the myriad ancestral types now represented by much-modified offspring, and the many fruitless side-lines which terminated in the total extinction of whole races of creatures. None other can wave his magic wand over a heap of scattered bones and reconstruct a

monstrous, sluggish, clumsy dinosaur dining daintily on his half-ton of rushes and herbs each day; or, with a few small teeth and a fragment of jaw as a suggestion, model an insignificant, scrawny, little egg-laying mammal from which was destined to spring, not only man himself, but the majority of domestic animals and the long-toothed, sharp-clawed monarchs of the jungle as well.

Most certainly there are boundaries within which even the palæontologist's ambitions must be confined. All of us have our limitations. To explain why the processes of evolution have been as they are; to demonstrate whence came the 'ceaseless urge' of the life-impulse; to suggest the goal toward which it all is tending — these are problems the solutions of which may never be disclosed to him. With Fosdick he must say, 'The more we know about the world, the more mysterious it is.' But simply to tell the facts of life-history, as interpreted from the hieroglyphics inscribed on rock-ledge and gravel-bank, is no mean contribution to man's growing fund of wisdom. Knowledge of the habits which have been formed on the long road traversed by mankind in the past cannot fail to be of assistance in lighting the way which beckons toward the future. Information concerning the pitfalls escaped, the quagmires avoided, the blind lanes detected, and the hillsides climbed, may aid in charting safe passage through the unmapped wilderness which lies before us; because narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, which has led to man, and few are those who have found it.

It was Darwin, I believe, who started the gossip about the imperfection of the geologic record; but many others have enlarged upon the same theme. As a matter of fact, the record is in most parts surprisingly complete. So

ubiquitous have fossil-hunters become, and so indefatigable are the students of ancient life, that to-day, scarcely a hundred years after the birth of the science of palæontology, a fairly complete picture of organic history has been sketched. The rough outlines have in the main been blocked in. Details without number remain to be inserted; high lights must be toned down, shadows must be worked up; but the preliminary outline is now ready for study.

Experience in the past has ever been to thoughtful men a guide for the present and the future. But it should be noted that, in considering the age-long development of organisms, we are dealing with forces over which man has little or no control. The laws of racial habit are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Heredity imposes upon all living creatures the limits within which their lives must be cast. That the administration of the universe is going forward according to a consistent plan, is a conclusion reached alike by the man of religion and the man of science. The trend of evolution, which has brought the human family to its present state, can scarcely be expected suddenly to change and work in another direction. As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined.

Again, the experiences of other races of animals, the vicissitudes which have been met by members of the world of organisms whose development has been cast in other lines, may serve as parables from which man may well profit. The argument by analogy is frequently unsafe; many have come to grief thereby. But in this case the conclusions have a firmer base than that. So far as the palæontologist can judge, exactly the same general principles have controlled the evolution of all classes of organisms at all times in earth-history. Man is too closely related to

the 'lower animals' to permit him to think for a moment that he is an exception to the rule and exempt from the workings of evolutionary law.

II

Far back in earth-history, at the time when the first richly fossiliferous rocks were being formed, the trilobites occupied a proud position at the apex of the pyramid of life-development. They were, for the time being, the culminating product of evolution and held rich promise of future possibilities. Not only were their bodies encased in a protective exoskeleton similar to that of their near relatives, the crab and lobster, but they were endowed with highly specialized nervous apparatus, antennæ and eyes, comparable to those of another group of close relatives, the scorpions and spiders. Quick-witted, agile, capable, the trilobites were 'easily the most distinguished denizens of the early Paleozoic seas.'¹ Their only rivals, the gigantic predaceous ancestors of the pearly nautilus, were clumsy slow-moving creatures, no match for the smaller but more highly developed trilobite.

Very early in their development an obscure offshoot from the main stock climbed out of the water and gave rise to air-breathing insects, but the larger and apparently more virile group remained in the ancestral home. There, life was easy, food was plentiful, enemies were few, and at first upward progress was rapid. Appendages and organs, especially the sense-organs, attained an enviable perfection; there seemed to be no limit to the degree in which the trilobites might subdue the

earth and enjoy its fruits. But with victory almost in their grasp, their purpose faltered. Surplus energy was used in the development of spines, excrescences, and ornamental embellishments of all sorts. Verily the trilobite wasted his substance in riotous living. And from that moment his decline was rapid. Opportunity turned her back and passed him by, never to return.

It was from another group of invertebrates, either the arachnid cousins of the trilobites or a more lowly worm-like organism, that there arose animals with a back-bone. Long after the fishes had conquered the earlier inhabitants of the sea, trilobites awoke to the error of their ways and made a last desperate struggle to retrieve the lost ground. The late Paleozoic trilobites returned to the chaste simplicity of their ancient progenitors; but it was then too late. Trilobites have absolutely vanished from the face of the earth for lo! these many years.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes, 'To touch the heart of man's mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop.' The palæontologist, remembering the fate of scores of organic phyla which, like the trilobite, failed 'to keep the honor of a certain aim,' and as a consequence were thrust into oblivion, is not surprised to find in man 'the thought of duty.' For geologic ages that thought has been persistently nurtured in all his progenitors. His ancestral lineage includes no creature which, when tried in the balance, was found wanting. In his germ-plasm there is no tainted heritage from nature's derelicts.

¹ The geologist divides earth-history into five great divisions or eras: Archeozoic, the era of primal life; Proterozoic, the era of primitive life; Paleozoic, the era of ancient life; Mesozoic, the era of mediæval life; and Cenozoic, the era of modern life. — THE AUTHOR.

III

While the death-struggle of the trilobites was taking place in the seas, there arose on land a host of strange, cold-blooded, air-breathing vertebrates, whose bodies were covered with scales or sheathed in bony plates. Descendants from amphibians, which in turn had been derived from ganoid fishes, the reptiles soon outclassed their immediate ancestors and became the rulers of the land.

During the Mesozoic era, as the geologist designates that time of mediæval life, saurians dominated every quarter of the earth, and hence the palæontologist refers to the time as the Age of Reptiles. On the land, reptiles occupied nearly every place taken to-day by warm-blooded mammals. There were predaceous flesh-eaters and peace-loving vegetarians; swift-moving, light-limbed dwellers of the uplands and clumsy heavy-bodied inhabitants of the marshes and the swamps. Not content with their terrestrial possessions, they early sent down to the sea an expeditionary force recruited from several different families, which quickly gained dominion there. A little later they tried their fortunes in the air, and flying dragons were creatures of fact which would have been fit companions for those creatures of fancy slain by the knights of old. Truly the earth must have presented a strange appearance in those days. Rulers of the land, masters of the sea, and lords of the air, the reptiles, I suppose, may have wept like Alexander because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Early in their history, or possibly even before the transition from amphibians to reptiles was complete, the class was split into two general divisions. A typically reptilian strain led to modern reptiles, birds, and the host of saurians which dominated the Age

of Reptiles. In sharp contrast was a mammalian strain which carried the pulse of life upward through an ancient order of reptiles to the egg-laying mammals, and through them in turn to the higher mammals of the present time.

The typically reptilian strain seems to have had everything its own way during the Mesozoic era. The facts which the palæontologist has patiently unearthed concerning them surpass all imagination. Such a spectacle of gigantic creatures on land and sea and in the sky has occurred but that once in earth-history. For wherever they went, whatever their habits, these saurians seem to have had a mania for size. It was nature's grandest experiment at producing a master race by development along the line of brute strength and massive bulk. As Barrell has pointed out, the mechanism for purifying the blood, which they had inherited from their amphibian ancestors, was so imperfect that their brains were poorly nourished and received only partially oxygenated blood. As a result, there may be seen in a score of museums the skeletons of dinosaurs which, when alive, must have weighed twenty tons, but whose brains were scarcely as large as a man's fist and weighed perhaps twenty ounces. Others escaped from the congested lands by transforming their limbs into paddles which propelled them far out to sea. Still others acquired bat-like wings and soared into the clear spaces of the sky. But many put their trust in armaments, both offensive and defensive: horns and claws, bony neck-frills, and scaly armor-plate testify to the contest for supremacy in fighting power. An impartial observer inspecting the earth in early Cretaceous time must have concluded that no good thing could ever come from out this welter of selfishness and greed, of worldly lusts and brute rivalry.

And yet the dawn of a better day was already faintly discernible. Scurrying out from under the ponderous feet of herbivorous dinosaurs, hiding among the rocks and underbrush from the predaceous carnivores, the diminutive mammalian descendants of that other and comparatively inconspicuous race of reptiles were eking out a precarious existence. With no hope of even rivaling the dinosaurs in massiveness or armament, they were forced by the adversity of their environment to develop along the line of mental ability.

At the present time, the four-chambered heart of mammals is so constructed that it sends an untainted supply of purified blood to nourish the head and brain. Undoubtedly, it is a product of those early reptile-dominated days when quick wits, superior intelligence, and clear brains were absolutely essential to a continuance of life. Once attained, it enabled the diminutive defenseless prototherians, not only to perpetuate themselves, but eventually to give rise to the more highly developed viviparous mammals.

Mammalian evolution during the Age of Reptiles was retarded, not only by the dead weight of reptilian dominance and by the fact that mental efficiency has always been more difficultly attained than physical prowess, but by the long wait which was necessary before a suitable food-supply was obtainable. Cereals, grasses, nuts, and fruits have ever been the sustenance of the majority of warm-blooded animals, either directly or indirectly. And it was not until the latter half of the Mesozoic era that any of these angiosperms, or plants with 'covered' seeds, made their appearance. Not long after that important event, the impetus which it gave is noted in the increasing number of mammalian teeth and jaws which are mingled with dinosaur bones in late Mesozoic strata.

At about the close of the Mesozoic era the downfall of the reptiles is recorded by the complete disappearance of the gigantic saurians from their former domains. Terrestrial, aquatic, and aerial forms alike became extinct, leaving only the relatively insignificant group of turtles, crocodiles, lizards, and snakes. In their places, the higher mammals appeared in force and at once took possession of the evacuated spheres of influence. The triumph of intelligence, agility, and brainpower over brute strength, massive bulk, and sluggish mentality was complete.

IV

Major upward steps in evolutionary progress have always been fraught with danger and essayed by few. Bergson, philosopher and naturalist, says, 'In a general way, in the evolution of life, just as in the evolution of human societies and of individual destinies, the greatest successes have been for those who have accepted the heaviest risks.' Clarke, palæontologist and philosopher, adds: 'Over and over again the dominant race has started on its career as an insignificant minority struggling for its existence against an overburden of mechanical and vital obstacles, armed only with specific virtues which have little by little fought their way into the foreground, and by so doing consummated their upward purpose.' Progress, in the long run, has frequently resulted from the discarding of apparent advantages, either in method of obtaining food, or in devices for protection against enemies, and the assumption of new duties and obligations, the far-reaching effects of which could scarcely be foreseen. Habits which for the moment have seemed suicidal have eventually been the salvation of the race.

The palæontologic record is abso-

lutely blank concerning the far-distant beginning of life on this planet. The oldest known fossils are of plants and animals already specialized and diversified, organisms which show considerable progress in development as compared with the theoretical primitive plant-animal. Nevertheless, many assertions concerning the first steps in evolution may be safely based upon the known 'vestiges of creation,' whether they be fossil or living. Apparently the first sacrifice made by animals was the loss of the vegetable ability to transform inorganic carbon and nitrogen into food-elements. As Bergson expresses it, 'The vegetable manufactures organic substances directly with mineral substances; as a rule, this aptitude enables it to dispense with movement and so with feeling. Animals, which are obliged to go in search of their food, have evolved in the direction of locomotor activity, and consequently of a consciousness more and more distinct, more and more ample.' Of marked advantage in the end, the new obligation for the time being imposed a distinctly infelicitous hazard upon those who first assumed it. On the one hand was comparative safety because of the never-failing supply of mineral matter needed for sustenance; on the other, great danger resulted from the scarcity of organic nourishment previously synthesized by plants or other animals.

It is a far cry from the single-celled protozoan to the earliest of the air-breathing vertebrates; yet from many points of view the transition among the higher animals, from the gill-breathing to the lung-breathing stage, marks the second great crisis in organic evolution. For long ages, life-development had progressed in an aquatic environment. Several groups of invertebrates had actually developed terrestrial forms or were preparing for expe-

ditions beyond the margin of sea and lake and river; but in mid-Paleozoic time the fishes were the only vertebrates which had yet appeared. It would seem that they had originated in the fresh waters of the land, but soon migrated to the broader, more richly populated domain of the sea. There they quickly became the dominant form of life and enjoyed a time of great prosperity and ease.

The fishes, like every other group of animals which for a time attained dominance, tried their hand at achieving permanent success by developing huge bulk and protective armament. Sharks from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and arthrodiras, with bony plates two inches thick covering the fore-part of their bodies, were not uncommon in the shallow coastal seas of every continent. These classes formed the prosperous, easy-going majority. They have given rise to no descendants more highly developed than themselves. It was a less conspicuous and more daring class of fishes that developed the accessory breathing apparatus which in their descendants, the amphibians, became functional lungs. The hazards which surrounded those venturesome 'lung-fishes' as they, for the first time, trusted their lives to the new environment and new conditions, may easily be imagined.

Whether the change was due, as Barrell puts it, to 'the compulsion of seasonal dryness,' or, using Bergson's term, to 'an internal push,' the fact is the same: the second great milestone along life's road was successfully passed by a numerically trivial but organically unimpaired minority. Self-satisfied complacency always tends to make the majority moribund. It quickly forgets the ordeal of strenuous endeavor through which it gained its laurels, settles down into a state of passivity, and leaves to a vigorous, risk-taking

minority the pioneer tasks of gaining for the world of organisms new liberty and increased efficiency.

v

The recurrent combat between intelligence and brute strength, combined with the ever-renewed struggle of the efficient few against the moribund many, bore fruit throughout the ages in a progressively higher consciousness and more perfect instinct among animals. Muscle and nerve, bone or shell, became more and more completely adapted to external environment and internal impulse; instinctive reactions to stimuli became so complicated and so remarkable that they will be the wonder of naturalists even when, if ever, their mysteries are made clear. But a still higher plane of development awaited. To mould body-form and innate habits so that they fit perfectly into environment is to retain life by subservience to surroundings. It is the antithesis of utilizing external resources in order that the environment may be so moulded that it is no longer inimical to the body and its impulses. Man is unique among animals and has 'subdued the earth' first of all because he manufactures artificial objects. Instinct must give place to reason; brute-consciousness must develop into self-consciousness.

During the middle of the Cenozoic era, or Age of Mammals, somewhere between one million and ten million years ago, there lived in Southern Asia small arboreal anthropoids which were the common ancestors of chimpanzee, gorilla, and man. Their teeth were adapted primarily for eating fruits, nuts, and herbs; secondarily for tearing flesh. Their arms were long and powerful, with hands and feet well fitted for their life in the tree-tops. Their habits were not unlike those of

the higher apes of the present time. Their habitat was the well-forested lowland, with its semi-tropical climate, which existed where to-day are the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas and the bleak plateaus of Thibet.

Then occurred one of the episodes of crustal deformation which have periodically recurred in earth-history. Mountain-making forces slowly uplifted the Himalayan mass, carrying the surface of the land upward to an elevation of many thousand feet above sea-level. At the same time, and perhaps as a result of this and other crustal changes, the climate of the world became progressively cooler. The bleak northern slopes of the new-born mountain range were not only cold, but dry, because the moisture-laden winds from the south lost their water-vapor before they crossed the mountain crest. The forests dwindled almost to disappearance; grassy prairies and occasional rocky cañons characterized the landscape.

Caught in the midst of these adverse surroundings, prevented from southward escape by the well-nigh impassable mountain barrier, the ancestors of man were forced to modify materially their habitual customs if they would escape annihilation. The rolling turf of prairie and upland staged a contest for speed in action, quickness of spring, and supremacy in sustained flight, between hoofed herbivores and clawed carnivores, in which, from the very beginning, all anthropoids were far outclassed. No longer were friendly tree-tops ever at hand as a place of safety from bloodthirsty enemy. On the treeless steppes the puny ancestors of man could prevent starvation only by competing with a multitude of more powerful food-hunting creatures.

Under the compulsion of such an adverse physical and biologic environment the long-tailed, strong-armed,

tree-dwelling anthropoids evolved perforce into tailless, semi-erect bipeds, and at length developed into primitive man — the men of the Old Stone Age. The acquisition of three new characteristics made possible that transition: the habit of coöperation, the use of implements, and the knowledge of fire. Without all three of these no man-like creature could have survived.

It seems perfectly natural, in retrospect, that a creature whose hands were well adapted for locomotion through the tree-tops should have learned to use branches and limbs as clubs for attack or defence. Coöperation in the chase would come readily even to a distant relative of coyote and wolf. The use of fire, first accidentally and then purposefully, would not be a surprising attainment for individuals ingenious enough to utilize the gnarled limbs of scattered trees or the smooth boulders of ice-fed torrents. And yet, there can be no doubt that there were many conservatives who looked with disfavor upon the revolutionary methods of the innovators, and preferred to remain in the comparative safety of temporary shelter in the isolated groves. How should they know that, because the forested areas were annually decreasing in extent, they would eventually disappear? Why should they realize that death was certain for all those who should neglect to form habits independent of the dwindling forests, where safety was temporary and could not, in the very nature of things, be lasting?

Of all animals, man is one of the most gregarious. The social instinct is a part of his very nature. The palæontologist, visualizing the stress of those pre-glacial days in Central Asia, knows that in man's lineage there can be no member of the anthropoid stock who refused to coöperate with his fellows to the mutual advantage of all. Self-

ishness was rampant, beyond doubt, but dependence upon others for assistance in getting food and for protection against omnipresent foes was essential to life. Conservation of the scanty resources for shelter afforded by caverns, overhanging cliffs, or occasional groves of trees, completed the introduction of community life and crystallized the clan spirit in imperishable form. From that day to this the tendency toward coöperation among human beings has been intermittently broadening and deepening its influence. Because of it, man has multiplied upon the face of the earth.

VI

Dominion over nature, so far as inanimate objects and non-human organisms are concerned, has well-nigh been accomplished by mankind. The future years hold many triumphs which must patiently be achieved and which will doubtless add many more conveniences to the long list of human attainments; but man already knows *how* these conquests must be gained. The method is his; results are but a question of time. The supremacy of mind over matter is beyond cavil. But this is by no means equivalent to stating that man has reached his final goal. Evolution is a *ceaseless* urge; in the past there have always been higher planes to strive for, in the future there may never be such a thing as an ultimate terminal. Success is always temporary; it simply gains new ground from which to start once more out into the unknown. The subduing of the earth has made man master of the external world; but he cannot even hold what he has gained unless he becomes also master of himself.

The dominant, but militaristic, dinosaurs of the Age of Reptiles were forced into extinction quite as much by internecine warfare as by competi-

tive struggle with other races. A house divided against itself cannot stand; the human race, unless it lives in peace and harmony with itself, can never inherit the earth. The consummation of a true human brotherhood which shall embrace all men is devoutly wished by all thoughtful members of society. Some doubt its possibility; many disagree as to how it is to come. Speak to the earth and it will teach thee, for the experience of the past is the only key to unlock the future.

A crisis in evolution as great as any evolutionary crisis of the past is before us. The successful negotiation of the next great upward step in the progress of life will mark the transition from the Cenozoic era to the Psychozoic era. That the step *will* be taken can never be doubted by anyone who has surveyed the long road which leads from the unfathomable past to the present; how soon it will be accomplished and by which breed of men depends upon the people of to-day.

Far back beyond the earliest records of animal life thus far revealed to us, brute-consciousness and instinct were achieved. The long geologic periods have borne fruit in the comparatively recent attainment of self-consciousness and reason. The measureless ages which stretch out into the future will see the development of race-consciousness and love. The type of the new

variety of the human species was presented to us nineteen hundred years ago. The supremacy of this new variety will be gradually accomplished, just as every new group of organisms came into its own by processes of growth. Exactly the same principles of evolutionary law which controlled the changes of the past will determine those of the present and the future.

To-morrow, as yesterday, the fittest will survive in the struggle for existence. But whereas in the past selfishness was the measure of fitness, in the future survival value will be determined by breadth and depth of love. Modern science is teaching as it never was taught before that no man liveth to himself alone. Coöperation between individuals, and then between families, was essential to the life of man when he competed with the brutes of field and forest. Still greater coöperation between clans and nations is now essential to his continued life on the earth. 'The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on.' Now, as always, individuals and peoples who are not in line with the great forward movements in the evolutionary trend are doomed to die.

Delving deep into the nature of the life-changes recorded in the rocks, the palæontologist may be like the householder who brings forth out of his treasure things new and old.

THE AFRICAN LION

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE lion is, and always has been, a nucleus of undying interest. In him are combined many of the qualities which most strongly appeal to the primitive in man — to those fundamentals of human nature which, although much overlaid by the veneer of conventionality, are never far from the surface. Among such qualities are vast strength and indomitable courage, beauty, majesty, and dignity, ferocity and destructiveness. Ever since man learned to record his thoughts, the lion has been the theme of epic and of song. In Arabic literature he has been designated by nearly seven hundred terms. In the Homeric poems he is mentioned over sixty times, and, whenever his habits or appearance are referred to, the references not only indicate close and accurate observation, but prove that the nature and habits of the lion, which was evidently plentiful in the Asia Minor of Homer's day, correspond with those of the lion now existing in Africa, Mesopotamia, and India.

There is one exception to this rule, namely, the statement that the lion cracks marrow-bones. Now, this is a process for which his teeth are quite unfitted; nor have I ever heard or read of a lion crushing any bones except the skulls or necks of men and the smaller animals; and then only in the process of attack. The observations of Homer are as a rule so minutely correct that one wonders whether the lion with which

he was familiar was not the great cave-lion which formerly abounded in Europe and Asia, and from which the mighty maned cat of to-day is descended. The latter possesses a rudimentary pre-molar which suggests that his much mightier ancestor may have had a somewhat different dentition.

Some most interesting references to the European lion — which survived in Thessaly until well into the fourth century A.D., when the last survivors were captured in nets to supply the needs of the Roman Arena — are to be found in the accounts of the experiences of the army of Xerxes after it crossed the Hellespont. It is related by Pausanias and others that, while crossing the mountains of Thrace, lions attacked and ravaged the camel transport train. Curiously enough, the other animals, such as asses and oxen, were not interfered with. This circumstance, which is apparently well authenticated, is somewhat curious in view of the fact that the European lion could never previously have come into contact with the camel.

In the games of the Roman Arena lions formed an important feature, as many as five hundred being exhibited at a time. Sometimes they were ruthlessly slaughtered — to illustrate the skill of a Commodus or to glut the blood-lust of the spectators. But the taming and training of these mighty cats was also a specialty in the Rome of the later Cæsars. One of the arena spectacles consisted of letting loose lions and hares together, the lions being

trained to catch the hares and deliver them unhurt to their keepers.

Alexander the Great, as well as many of the ancient eastern kings, kept tame lions which roamed at large through their palaces. This practice has been continued down to contemporary times by the sovereigns of Abyssinia; and in parts of Algeria tamed and blinded lions are still led about and used for the purpose of exorcising evil spirits. In the later Middle Ages lions and leopards were utilized in Milan and other Italian cities for the execution of criminals.

The family life of the lion, although lived in the open, is but little understood. One forms theories on the subject from time to time, only to have them overthrown by subsequent experience. As a matter of fact, no tenable theory as to how the lion family is constituted stands to-day. One may meet a troop of five, four of which are males, hunting amicably together. In another troop of the same number the proportion of the sexes may be reversed. Troops numbering as many as forty have been observed; nevertheless, a troop numbering more than ten is seldom seen. It is probable that the larger aggregations are temporary; but that the smaller associations, if not permanent, often last for several seasons, is fairly certain. Natives living in lion-infested areas often know the various troops operating in the vicinity, and will describe accurately the individuals of which they are composed.

In dealing with lions — as with all animals not fully gregarious — one must allow for numerous exceptions to any rule advanced. With this qualification I will venture to opine that under ordinary circumstances the lioness bears cubs not more frequently than every third year. In this relation I will further venture to advance the theory

that in the lion the sexual instinct is weak, slow in developing, and of short duration in proportion to the length of the animal's life. I have seen at one time or another most of the denizens of the desert fighting for their mates, but never the lion. Lions do fight, often and fiercely enough, but meat appears to be invariably the *casus belli*. There are several recorded instances of lions killing lionesses and then eating them, and at least one in which a lioness followed her wounded mate to where he had crept to die, and ate him. It is but seldom that an elderly lioness is found to be with young, or to show signs of having recently borne cubs. It is very probable, therefore, that the cub-bearing period of the lioness is much shorter than that of the other cats.

The cubs are born with their eyes open after a gestation period of about fifteen weeks. Their color is variable. Usually it is a dusky mustard mixed with iron gray. But the farther north one goes, the lighter is the color of both the cub and the adult. The body, and more especially the legs, have a number of dark spots, as well as more or less indefinite dark stripes. These possibly indicate a reversion toward the infinitely remote type from which lion, tiger, and leopard are all descended. Most of these markings disappear in respect of the body, but some of the spots almost invariably persist on the paws and the lower sections of the legs. Sometimes one or more of the cubs in a litter will have a dark dorsal stripe; as often as not the individuals forming a litter vary from one another in respect of both ground-color and markings. All, however, have faces very large in proportion to their bulk. The invariable expression is of gravity and sombreness.

The number to the litter varies from two to four. There is evidently con-

siderable mortality among the cubs when they are small. Were it otherwise, according to the well-known law governing the increase of species, lions would, in the days before their only effective enemy in South Africa — the European — appeared, have increased to the limit of their food-supply. This they never did. Yet in early days lions infested certain localities in incredible numbers. When a party of emigrant farmers sojourned at Taba 'Ntshu in the Orange Free State, in 1836, they shot two hundred and forty-nine within the space of a year.

The weaning period of the cub lasts from three to four months. The nursery is usually a patch of reeds or a dense thicket; as a rule, it is near water. The parents generally remain with the cubs by day and hunt by night. When nearly weaned, the youngsters accompany their parents on hunting expeditions. The milk-teeth last for about a year; after they have been shed, and the large canines have developed, the cubs are allowed to assist in the process of killing. If natives happen to be living in the vicinity, now is the time when the little flocks of sheep and goats suffer. The flocks are often attacked in the daytime, and the parent lions look on while the cubs exercise their 'prentice teeth and claws on the defenseless prey. In this manner a flock numbering from twenty to thirty may be destroyed within the space of a few minutes.

After the killing, the cubs are carefully instructed in the art of butchering — a process in which the lion exercises very great care, and which is effected, as will presently be described, according to definite rules. The unskillful work of cubs in this line is often illustrated in the badly mauled and artistically disemboweled carcasses of impala and other small antelopes.

The general appearance of the adult

lion is too well known to need description. Nevertheless, the attitude in which he is usually depicted is one which he hardly ever assumes. No lion stalks along majestically with uplifted head. He may, if surprised but not enraged, stand and assume this attitude for a brief period. His usual gait is a loose slouch, the head being held slightly below the axis of the spine. A cat strolling through shrubbery, and not particularly interested at the moment, reproduces with remarkable exactness the ordinary gait of a lion in the jungle. In fact the lion is just an immense cat — weighing, when adult, over four hundred pounds. He differs from the domestic cat in being more or less constant in color, in having a round instead of a vertical pupil to the eye, a tail with a horny tip covered with black hair, and, in the case of the male, in having a mane. In the items of stature, color, and size of mane there is considerable variation. Some male lions, for instance, are quite maneless. The variations are not dependent on locality: all may be represented in the progeny of one pair. It has, however, been established that the northern lions are as a rule lighter in color, less heavily maned, and of greater stature than those of the south. The mane develops toward the end of the third year. It may be light yellow in color, or almost jet-black.

For strength, fearlessness, and ferocity when enraged, this great cat stands easily first among animals. Selous emphatically asserted that the lion was the hunter's most dangerous quarry. This has been questioned, but one may infer that those questioning it either lacked experience or else misunderstood the proposition. In the matter of the actual charge, both the buffalo and the leopard are more dangerous — the former because in charging he holds his frontlet nearly horizontal until almost

in contact with his enemy, thus practically precluding the possibility of a brain-shot, and at the same time shielding his shoulders with the broad-based horns. Moreover, the buffalo is as active and lithe as a cat, and implacably pursues an enemy until that enemy kills him, or until his terrible points have been fleshed. The leopard is dangerous owing to the smallness of the target he presents and the thunderbolt-swiftness of his rush. But neither the buffalo nor the leopard will spring from the darkness upon sleeping men, nor will they — except under very exceptional circumstances — charge at all, unless provoked.

When a lion is surprised or disturbed at his meat, he will often give an angry growl and bound away toward the nearest available cover. Otherwise he will crouch down, facing the intruder. If he lashes his tail from side to side, or twitches the tip, he is meditating a charge. It is not often that a lion rushes to the attack from a greater distance than a hundred yards. The charge is a series of great springs. In these a length of twenty feet is not unusual, and there are records of this length having been considerably exceeded. The tail is held rigidly almost at right angles to the spine, and the claws are extended. A series of short, thunderous growls are emitted. In his charge the speed of the lion is equal to that of a good horse, but he soon gets winded. Sometimes he pauses within a few yards of his enemy before making the final attack; oftener, however, he charges home. A lioness with young cubs will usually charge without hesitation, if disturbed at close quarters. A wounded lion at bay, with blazing eyes, erected mane, and black tail-tuft spasmodically twitching, is an awesome sight. The head sinks below the level of the shoulders; around it the mane forms a quivering disc. The

mouth sets partly open, but there is no 'snarling,' such as several writers have described.

II

Not only are there infinite grades of character and temperament differentiating lion from lion, but each individual is subject to moods which are perplexingly diverse. One troop of lions will run when disturbed, like so many rabbits; another will face the intruder with furious defiance. A lion disturbed at his meat before his appetite has been satisfied will probably charge the intruder, who then has to slay or be slain. But the same lion, full-fed, may scuttle away like a startled antelope.

The dentition of the lion is specialized for meat-eating. The jaws can be moved only up and down; the sectorial or carnassial teeth of the upper and lower jaws work together like a pair of scissors, dividing flesh, skin, and cartilage with ease under stress of the tremendous maxillary muscles. When the mouth is closed the lower canine teeth lie outside the upper ones.

The claws, like those of all the true cats, shew a high degree of specialization. Five are borne on the front, and four on the hind foot. As it is of great importance that the claws should be kept sharp, the latter do not touch the ground when the animal walks. The claw is borne by the last phalangeal bone, and this is attached by elastic ligaments to the penultimate phalanx. These ligaments draw the claw-bearing bone backward until the claw folds into a deep sheath; thus only the soft cushion lying beneath the bone touches the ground. When the claws are brought into action in the process of attack, a flexor muscle, which is attached to the lower surface of the phalanx, overcomes the strain of the ligaments and draws forward the claws which, almost

razor-sharp, sink into the flesh of the victim. That the very sharpness of the claws sometimes tends to defeat their object is indicated by the healed-up cicatrices occasionally found on the rumps of buffalo and zebra, which have evidently torn themselves loose from the terrible grip.

There is a further specialization in respect of the claws which merits attention. In the front foot the sheaths lie on the outer side of the phalangeal bone, while in the hind foot the sheath lies above such bone; thus, by a slight coördination, increasing the stability of the foot. As the motive force of the lion's spring comes from the hind-quarters, the reason for this is obvious.

The eye of a lion emits a fiery yellow light; after death the yellow pales and becomes suffused with green. The blaze emitted by the eye of a wounded lion is appalling. I recall the case of a lioness which was disabled by a shot through the spine: her eyes appeared to emit a real scintillation, such as W. H. Hudson observed in the eyes of the Patagonian owl. It was a manifestation of fury and agony impossible to realize unless actually seen.

It is remarkable how variously the voice of the lion impresses people. Dr. Livingstone compared it to the braying of a donkey—and the lion certainly does on occasion utter tones which might be compared to that of ten donkeys braying simultaneously through a brass trumpet. There is, however, a considerable difference between the wrathful roar and the roar of satisfaction emitted when the lion is replete with meat and is on his way to, or back from, the water-hole. This roar has been perfectly described by Selous in his *African Nature Notes*:—

When a party of lions are together, perhaps on their way to drink after a meal, one of these will halt and breathe out from its expanded lungs a full-toned note which

rolls afar across the silent wilderness. As it draws in its breath for another effort, a second member of the party emulates the leader, and then a third, a fourth and a fifth, perhaps, will join in, and all of them seem to vie with each other as to which can produce the greatest volume of sound; and it is a fact that, at the climax of the roaring of a whole troop of lions, the whole air seems to vibrate and tremble. Of a sudden the grand booming, vibrating notes cease, and are immediately succeeded by a series of short, deep-toned, coughing grunts, which gradually die away to a mere hissing expulsion of the breath. Then not a sound is heard until, after an interval of a few minutes, the grand competitive roaring peals across the lonely veldt once more.

The roar of rage is quite different from the foregoing: it is a raucous, shattering sound, suggestive of an unthinkable huge brass trumpet. This is a sound but seldom uttered; one may occasionally hear it from a lion at his kill when disturbed by a stranger. The note which is probably most frequently heard is a high-pitched boom, sinking to a succession of deep detonating grunts. This is the sound which, at a distance, is difficult to distinguish from the voice of the ostrich. The lion also purrs loudly when enjoying his meat.

When engaged in hunting or stalking his prey, the lion maintains complete silence. The reason underlying the chorus roaring is not clear; it is quite possible that such is meant as a signal to all and sundry of the animal kingdom that the king has dined, and consequently that danger for the time being is at an end. There is no doubt that wild animals lose their dread of the lion after he has fed. It has often struck me that the desert creatures had resigned themselves to the payment of a certain toll or tribute to the desert's king.

When vast concentrations of game occur, as is the case in localities where the young grass springs up after the veldt has been swept by fire, the lions

roam about without concealment and kill as they list, the animals of whom toll is taken exhibiting little or no dread. This, indeed, is a thing which strikes the most superficial observer. Major Stevenson Hamilton relates an instance of lions rolling about in play on the sand, while a herd of zebras fed unconcernedly close by. And the zebra is the lion's favorite quarry.

Again, a lion or a leopard will often lie concealed close to a water-hole, to which animals flock in to drink, apparently taking no notice of the presence of their enemy. At length the latter will make the fatal spring. There will be a momentary panic — that is all. After the lion has dragged his victim to the spot, often close by, which he has selected for the feast (for he seldom or never eats where he kills), the animals will recommence drinking with apparent unconcern. Yet the lion has a most fetid smell and this must permeate the whole neighborhood. Wild animals will disregard a lion when the presence of man would send them fleeing in wildest terror.

Each troop of lions appears to have, as a rule, a well-defined range, and it may be that the tremendous sound of its concerted roaring is gratefully regarded by other animals as the signal that for the time being danger is at an end within certain limits. When hunters frequent a neighborhood, the lions therein tend to become comparatively silent; in my experience the concerted roaring then ceases altogether. I do not think the lion feeds more than once in three days; it is probable that he often goes five without killing. It is fairly certain that, the longer his fast, the worse the lion's temper becomes.

The manifestations of fear on the part of domesticated animals in the vicinity of the lion are various and perplexing. According to my experience donkeys shew no alarm whatsoever.

The horse is said to sense the presence of the lion more quickly than any other animal — but on this point I cannot speak from personal experience. Oxen on some occasions manifest the direst panic; on others, none whatever. Usually, when tied to the yoke, if a lion roars within a radius of a few hundred yards, they stop chewing the cud and emit deep, heavy sighs. On one occasion I traveled over a long stretch of country in which lions were plentiful; night after night they roared or grunted around our camp, usually without any manifestation of distress from the cattle. After leaving the lion country we crossed a high, bare plateau. Late one night a pack of wild dogs — pursuing what was probably an eland — passed in full cry. This was very unusual, for the wild dog nearly always hunts silently. The oxen literally went mad with terror; they dragged the wagon, to the chain of which they were tied by the horns, for a considerable distance. Then they fell into a struggling, tangled heap from which it was found impossible to extricate them until after day had broken.

Dogs act in a lion's vicinity according to their individuality. One will rush barking around the enemy, keeping just beyond the range of the ripping claws; another will creep whimpering to its master's heels.

It is when game is comparatively scarce, after one of those sudden and often unaccountable migrations which are so frequent, that the lion's skill as a hunter is best evinced. A troop of lions will follow the spoor of a herd of buffalo or zebra night and day, working by scent or by sight, as circumstances require. When the herd is overtaken, the more powerful members of the troop will station themselves at some suitable spot down the wind, while the others startle the quarry and stampede it toward the ambush.

The lion usually kills a large animal, such as an ox, a buffalo cow, or one of the greater antelopes (the buffalo bull is seldom tackled by a single lion), by springing at its side, — usually the left, — grasping the nose with one taloned paw and the upper part of the shoulder with the other, and drawing the head down and sideways. This dislocates the neck — or possibly the dislocation is caused by the animal falling forward to the ground, as, after a mad plunge forward, it invariably does if the grip be true. Smaller animals are usually killed by a bite at the back of the neck, close to the skull. In the case of man, when stalked at night or taken unawares, the skull is usually the part bitten; but if a man be lying asleep when pounced upon, the shoulder, being prominent, is often mistaken for the head. When a man is attacked by a charging lion, he is usually caught low down between the paws, — which, with talons extended, work toward each other, — then flung to the ground and gripped at the shoulder by the terrible jaws. A lion which has taken definitely to man-eating will scrape the skin from exposed portions of his victim's body, and greedily suck up the exuding blood.

The lion is a most skilful butcher. He opens the carcass of his kill at the flank, where the skin is thinnest, eating the layers of skin and flesh covering the paunch, also the soft ends of the ribs and the cartilages of the thorax. Then he will deftly and neatly remove the viscera without breaking the paunch — a feat none too easy even when undertaken by an experienced hunter with a sharp knife. After eating the liver, kidneys, heart, and lungs, together with any fat distributed among the viscera, he will carry the paunch and entrails to a distance of between eight and fifteen yards, and cover them with sand, grass, or light bushes. Returning

to the carcass, he will attack the latter behind, biting out big gobbets from the inside of the thighs; these are swallowed whole, skin and all.

There are few experiences more horrifying than that of listening to the agonized bellowing of a buffalo being pulled down by a troop of lions. The attack is made from behind or at the sides, and the killing is a long and cruel business. I have a vivid recollection of an incident of this kind which happened some years ago. The scene was a valley in the northern section of the present Sabi Game Reserve, between the Letaba and Singwizi rivers. The season was September; the whole country had been burned off two months before, and the young grass had sprung up luxuriantly. A great migration of miscellaneous game from the south had recently taken place, so that the number and variety of wild animals in the vicinity was indescribable. We had moved up a narrow valley which opened out into an amphitheatre, two thirds of the periphery of which was precipitous, the remainder being a low ridge. This we had done with the view of getting away from the pandemoniacal noises which had made sleep impossible near the river on the previous night.

The wind was blowing gently up the valley and over the ridge. Soon after darkness fell, a herd of buffalo burst over the latter, and, on seeing our fire, crashed down through the scrub to their left. Immediately a most appalling chorus of bellowing and roaring broke forth; it was evident that a troop of lions had been in ambush on the top of the ridge. Two large buffalos, a bull and a cow (as we afterwards ascertained), had been attacked.

Than the bellowing of the stricken creatures, nothing more suggestive of mortal agony and despair could be imagined. Mingled with it could be heard the savage growling and roaring of the

attacking lions. The tremendous volume of clamor was redoubled by the sounding-board formed by the crescent-shaped cliff wall. It was some twenty minutes before the tragedy ended; then the bellowings became fainter and fainter, until they ended in agonized moans. The carcasses were dragged a short distance down the valley and there eaten.

The spoor examined next day made it clear that at least ten lions had taken part in the killing. It was judged that about five were adult, three nearly full and two about half-grown. The impression left was that the adult lions had pulled the victims down and then stood by, roaring instructions or encouragement, while the youngsters did the killing. This took place within less than two hundred yards of our camp, where a strong fire was blazing.

Lions — at all events, those in their period of full vigor, and where game is plentiful — as a rule kill their own meat. They will, however, often eat of a carcass discovered by vultures, locating it, often from a great distance, by watching the birds descending from the sky. There is no doubt whatever that the lion occasionally develops a taste for absolute carrion. Some years ago I was one of a party marooned at a water-place — the only one within a circle of more than thirty miles' radius. Here, owing to an unseasonable shower of rain, our fly-stung cattle collapsed suddenly. Although all the cattle were affected, they did not all die at the same time: some lingered along for several weeks. At the bovine Golgotha to which the wretched creatures were driven (we could not spare ammunition for the purpose of shooting them), I saw more than once lions gorging on the putrid carcasses, while living cattle, to be had for the killing, were standing within a few yards, too weak to move.

The most gruesome experience in

connection with lions that I ever heard of, happened as follows. A party of Frenchmen, eight in number, started from the northeastern Transvaal with the intention of reaching Delagoa Bay. They traveled with a light wagon, drawn by ten oxen. The country teemed with game, so ammunition was extravagantly expended. Soon after crossing the Crocodile River the oxen began to sicken from the bite of the tsetse fly. The party pushed on to the Lebomba Range, but the weakened oxen collapsed at the first ascent, and so were driven aside, down wind, to die.

By this time seven out of the eight men were down with fever. The eighth, a man named Alexandre, whose strength and stature were gigantic, seemed to be immune. This was fortunate, for the nearest water was more than seven miles away, and to the spring Alexandre used daily to wend his way, carrying the only available vessels — two small demijohns.

I and my party happened upon the derelict wagon quite by accident. This was nearly six weeks after the oxen had collapsed.

It was an uncanny experience. The wagon stood in a forest glade at the mouth of a steep gorge. Alexandre was absent on a water-fetching trip. Four men, in an advanced stage of fever, lay raving under the wagon. A terrible stench pervaded the neighborhood. The principal sources of this were three mounds close by, under which lay the remains of three men who had succumbed. The details were too shocking to describe. The lions had over and over again disinterred the bodies; ghastly evidences of this abounded; it usually happened by day. The lions grew so bold that they more than once came close to the sick men and sniffed at them. One of the party owned a little dog which, when the lions came close, was wont to run for protection to

its master. One morning a lioness deliberately stalked in among the sick men, seized the dog, and carried it off. The rescue happened just in the nick of time: the spring was rapidly drying up, and Alexandre had only about a dozen cartridges left.

One remarkable circumstance was that, when Alexandre was in the vicinity of the wagons, the lions seldom or never approached. It was very curious that they never attacked the sick men, of whom they evidently had no fear. Possibly the raging fever from which the poor creatures were suffering produced some odor which made the lions uneasy.

III

The designation 'King of Beasts' is no misnomer: the lion is undoubtedly the monarch of the desert — a monarch ruling as human monarchs once did, by virtue of his own royal right, unhampered by any constitutional checks; giving full play to moods of inconsistency and caprice. It cannot be too emphatically urged that the lion is bound by no rules — that what are often looked upon as his most fixed habits are disregarded when occasion demands. Until recently it was looked upon as axiomatic that no lion — with the exception of cubs which occasionally climb up a sloping trunk — ever ascended a tree. Now, however, we know that in certain localities the lions ascend trees and attack native gatherers of gum.

It is believed that, when game is plentiful, they will never interfere with men or their belongings in the daytime. Yet I know of a case when a troop attacked a span of oxen at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in the immediate vicinity of a camp; this in a country teeming with game. The man-eater is, of course, an abnormal creature. As a rule he is an old brute who has lost his

strength and whose teeth and claws have been blunted. Yet there are several authentic cases of lions in the prime of life and in the fulness of their strength taking to an exclusive human diet. When the Zulu power, under the terrible Tshaka, turned Southeastern Africa into a shamble a century ago, one large tribe, the Amangwané, wandered as homeless fugitives over the high plains of what is now the Orange Free State for more than eight years. During the whole of this awful pilgrimage they were attended by troops of man-eaters, who regularly levied toll. After a time the wretched people accepted this as a matter of course.

Around the camp-fire the native 'boys' may be feasting and chatting merrily, bantering each other over the incidents of the day just past. Not a breath of wind stirs; the flames and smoke ascend like a column. Overhead the stars seem to lean from the cloudless sky. Hark! a sinister sound — a deep note sinking to a lower depth, falling at length to a syncopated bass utterance deep and vast as an earth-groan; ceasing at length in a cavernous sigh. In an instant all conversation stops; each sweeps a rapid glance around, reading the reflex of his own alarm in every strained countenance.

It is under such circumstances that the White Man is apt to feel conceited; his momentary thrill of alarm ceases under the reflection that the lion is rarely dangerous when articulate. He endeavors to hearten his retainers with a jest, treating their distress with good-natured contempt. Ah, but he forgets that, for countless generations, the ancestors of that mighty, ruthless creature whose awful voice sets the firmament throbbing, has been to the South African native the ubiquitous and invincible dealer of death and destruction.

But it is in the season when thunderstorms are prevalent that lions are most terrifying to those trespassing upon their domain. No camp-fire can survive those deluges, which are frequent during certain seasons in South-eastern Africa. When the dismayed bearers draw closely around the flooded hearth, sitting on their loads and endeavoring to cover themselves with the bushes chopped down before the darkness fell, the White Man, rifle in hand, takes his place in the centre — head and shoulders over the crouching crowd. He glances apprehensively from side to side as the livid, blue-tinted lightning flares through the hissing rain-torrent — fearful of what he may see, more fearful of that which may come hurtling out of the chaos from the side without the range of his vision.

It is under such circumstances that most fatalities take place. Once, on such a night, and in a locality where lions were so scarce as to be almost negligible, I was bending over a flooded fire place, endeavoring to extract some comfort for my chilled hands from stones not yet quite cold. By a most unusual chance I had acquired a donkey two days earlier. This animal was tied to a tree about three yards away. Two lions sprang upon the unhappy creature, dragged it to a spot behind a screen of bushes close by, and there ate it. Every now and then they stopped feasting and uttered the most appalling roars. These were probably intended as a (quite unnecessary) warning to me to refrain from interference. I am quite sure that it was nothing but the accident of the donkey's presence which saved my life.

The lion has no enemies except man; nevertheless, his Achilles' heel exists; it

is comprised in his love for porcupine flesh. It is probable that quite a large number of lions lose their lives through becoming disabled by the porcupine's quills sticking into their feet, and occasionally in their throats. In localities where porcupines abound, it is not at all uncommon to find a lion in the prime of life which has been reduced to a condition of pitiful emaciation owing to this cause. A few years ago I traveled through the eastern section of the Kalihari Desert. At a place where a number of shallow gorges were filled with dense thickets of a shrub full of needle-sharp, curved thorns, I noticed a very peculiar spoor. This suggested the progress of some animal shod with small elongated pillows. My Hottentot guide assured me that these were the tracks of lions which lived in the thicket and whose feet had become disabled and distorted through treading on and picking up thorns. He added that the lions were in very poor condition and that they lived 'by hunting mice'!

In spite of the fact that individual lions are apt to acquire degrading habits, there can be no doubt that it was a true instinct which prompted man to select the lion as the emblem of high courage, majesty, and power. Although many of his habits are cruel, the cruelty is not intentional, nor is it worse, probably, than that inflicted by man, no less upon his own species than upon other animals. There is no evidence indicating that the lion enjoys the infliction of pain, as many degenerate humans do. And when the species becomes extinct, as within a comparatively short space it is fated to do under the stress of increasing population, the world will be the poorer.

A THIN DAY

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

THIS is a true story. Grandfather says such stories are always happening to him; and, after this, when I look at his beautiful white face, with the light of some inner fire flashing over it, I shall always believe him. That particular look of his when he says, 'I see it so clearly, I believe I can throw a little light on it for thee,' has reminded me for years of the heat lightning which plays over the serene late afternoon skies of the southwest in summer, and is a sort of covenant that there will be no storm during the night, and that the day to follow will be long and yellow with sunshine. And though all my life I have seen that light on his face, and have heard him tell us, as children at his knee, the miracle stories that happened to him, still, secretly, in my heart, I have said, 'Dear grandfather, I do believe; help thou my unbelief.'

But now, since yesterday, I do believe, indeed; and for those years of doubting I shall go contritely before him as long as he lives — and afterward, too, of course; for I have not the slightest idea that his dear patient spirit will consider its obligation to us finished by the mere incident of death. I can fancy now his slow reassuring smile at such a notion.

And I have forgotten to tell perhaps the most determining thing of all — that grandfather is a Quaker. Having no preachers in his church, and so being unable to shuffle off the responsibility of being high and pure of thought on to the shoulders of some one paid for that purpose, grandfather had undertaken

the task himself. It is very simple, he says. And I dare say myself that, if all churches distributed the responsibility for being good among the laymen, and made each member feel that at any moment the Spirit of the Lord might demand of them that they stand up and give an account of their own souls, instead of leaving it to the curate or his assistant, it would sharpen the spiritual senses of us all.

Or, — one can not say, — it may be that grandfather possesses a special gift, and that even in the more indolent congregations it would have developed. I do not profess to understand such things, but I can tell you what happened yesterday, and you can decide then for yourself whether grandfather was born a seer, or had it thrust upon him by the exigencies of Quakerism.

Yesterday was the first day of summer — not really the first either, but of those few before the first, which hold themselves up like a cup to be filled, and which intimate something coming, coming soon. And at breakfast grandfather said, in his high sweet solemn voice, 'Evelyn, this is a thin day, so thin between us and other souls that even one so young as thee can feel it.'

And it was perfectly true, as I have said, that it was a day full of expectancy that even I had felt.

All day I was away at my work; but no matter how absorbed I became in the tasks before me, the thought of this being a 'thin day' kept coming up. I was glad when I could hurry home and see if, through grandfather's smiling

prophetic eyes, I could pierce further into that other world which did indeed seem very near; for if it had been a thin morning, it was a thinner evening.

Some way I kept expecting illogically to see the soft veiling of the alien dusk over Fifth Avenue break into the heat lightning of midsummer at home.

After dinner grandfather and I started for our walk in Central Park as usual, but he insisted on taking a trolley down town.

For myself, I was anxious to go out to the silent trees, and said so; but he persisted, and said, 'To-night thee must keep thy sweetness in the midst of a crowd, for I feel drawn to do something for some one down town.'

'And for whom, grandfather?' I inquired, turning reluctantly from the great shadowy Park to the blatant street car coming toward us.

'This morning,' he said, 'I read in the paper that the traffic policeman at Forty-Second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue was sick.'

'And what has thee to do with him?' I asked, a little impatient. 'Does thee know him?'

'Yes, I know him,' he said; then corrected himself quickly, with a shade of timidity in those sweet blue eyes: 'Not in the sense thee means, perhaps, Evelyn. I never saw him.' And, correcting himself again in equal conscientiousness, 'That is, I never saw him in the flesh. I can tell thee, though, what manner of man he is in appearance, for since thy great-grandfather's clock in the hall struck ten this morning, he has been constantly before my face.'

'How odd, grandfather!'

'No, it is quite simple; it has been a thin day. I read at breakfast just after you left that Michael O'Halloran was sick, and I felt drawn to him and to his family.'

This was nothing strange, for grandfather felt drawn to every one who was

in trouble; and I resigned myself to sitting through one of his calls upon the sick and the afflicted. I was a little tired after being 'expectant' all day and having nothing happen, so I said nothing, but half turned to see the slow procession of grandfather's thoughts across his face.

But he talked on quite casually. 'I felt more and more drawn to Michael O'Halloran, and somewhat hurried. But I could not get Harriet to press my coat for me until she had washed the dishes. I wish thee would speak to her about delaying me at times.'

I said I would do that, certainly, and he continued, 'And then, when I was finally ready to leave the house, the old clock in the hall struck ten, and at the same time it seemed to me that I need not hurry any more, that perhaps I had better bide my time. And all day I have bided my time, knowing I would be told when to come, and what to do.'

I thought for a moment during this recital that perhaps he was not quite well; but he looked perfectly so, and I called to mind countless similar tales he had told me from infancy up. But never before had he offered to share such a story with me in its actual making. Perhaps he had trusted to the thin day to make me see eye to eye with him at last; and half-reverently, curiously, half-vexed, I determined to follow this tale to its conclusion. I hated to do it, too, in a way, for I had never been quite sure that I disbelieved in his stories, and unconsciously I had been rather careful not to analyze them to the last bare shred, to leave them instead to a hazy probability. But here I was now, right in the middle of one; and I must either go right on, whether or no, or bolt in a cowardly way.

While I was going through these mental peregrinations, grandfather was peering out at the window, trying to locate the street we were passing.

'Yes,' he said, 'we will get off at the next corner. The little bookshop is there, which is open evenings.'

'But I thought we were going to see Michael O'Halloran, grandfather,' I said, wondering if it were possible that his mind had wandered from his mission at the thought of his old crony of the bookshop. If so, it was the first time, so far as I knew, that his mind had ever forsaken its stately progression for man, book, street-crossing, or anything else.

'So we are,' he said; 'but Michael O'Halloran touched me on the sleeve a moment ago and told me to bring him a book.'

This was really going too far, and my mouth was all pursed up to protest, when he turned and put the question squarely up to me: 'Would thee have me pay him no heed?'

Thus confronted, I faltered, and was certain, foolish or no, that I was far from being one to say that he should disobey the behest; and so I said, a little brusquely, 'By all means, let us get the book.'

When we had walked the block to the bookshop, we found it cozily lighted and the friendly gray head of the old book-lover buried in a great tome. At grandfather's entrance he hopped nimbly forward, and they hobnobbed more by nods and becks and chuckles than by mere words such as I could understand.

Then grandfather said he had come to get a book for Michael O'Halloran, the policeman at Forty-Second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, who was sick and had sent him for it.

I was shocked at this bald statement; but I was more shocked, to be sure, when grandfather — grandfather, stately, white, beautiful — walked straight up to a stack of books bound in scarlet leather, took the top one off, handed it unhesitatingly to the shop-

keeper, and serenely said, 'This is the book he sent me to get.'

I could not swear it, but I do not believe that he glanced at the title.

'What — what is it, grandfather?' I murmured, aghast.

'*The Second Epistle of John to the Apostles*,' he answered unperturbed; and I looked to the shopkeeper for a denial, but none came.

I sidled over to the stack of books and glanced slantwise. Yes, the title was '*The Second Epistle of John to the Apostles*,' done in tiny gold lettering that I was sure grandfather could not have deciphered without his glasses.

'I — I never saw it bound in red before,' I said weakly.

'Nor I,' he answered sweetly, 'but I like it, does n't thee?'

Then the gray-haired old book-man brought pen and ink, and in his fine, high, old-fashioned hand, grandfather wrote on the fly leaf, 'From Michael O'Halloran to a True Friend.'

I glanced over grandfather's shoulder then, and exclaimed. I called his attention to the wrong placing of the 'From,' and the 'to.' It should have read, 'To Michael O'Halloran from a True Friend,' and as it was, it read just the opposite.

Grandfather looked at it dubiously and said, 'Well, well, thee has a quick eye, and I an old one. But what a pity to spoil the page by crossing out the words. Does thee believe Michael O'Halloran will mind if we leave it so? I can explain to him.'

The book was really an expensive one, and I hesitated to suggest that he buy another; so there we three stood nonplussed, the book-man, grandfather, and I. Grandfather settled it by slipping the volume, unwrapped, into his pocket. 'There, there,' he said, 'I do not believe that Michael O'Halloran will mind at all.'

And so we left the matter.

Grandfather had got Michael O'Halloran's address from the police station that morning, while he was waiting for Harriet to press his coat, and we went straight to the unfamiliar locality without swerving. He has a wonderful sense of place and direction. I went around the world with him once, and we never missed an address, a boat, a train, or anything. To him truly, 'nothing falls early or too late'; and as we nosed along a dark uncertain block down south of Washington Square, all my feeling was gone that his stories might not be true, and I looked forward with eagerness and confidence to the unfolding of this one.

And not because I doubted, but because I did not doubt, I carefully arranged a little test.

'Grandfather,' I began, 'thee said thee had never seen Michael O'Halloran, but that thee knew how he looked; well, how does he look?'

'He is tall and spare. It would seem to me he has not looked quite well for a long time. His skin is smooth and clean-shaven, with a little white scar under his left eye. His hair is glossy black, and his eyes — his eyes — are closed —'

I heard his voice trail off, as we went up the steps of the house before us.

A low red light suffused all the windows, with the houses on each side dark. I reached out to ring the bell, and my hand touched something unexpectedly soft, and folded. Involuntarily I drew back, and grandfather put out his hand where mine had been, and laid it gently on the flowing black cape.

'Well, child,' he said, 'is death so strange to thee?'

Then he tried the door without ringing the bell. The knob turned and I followed him through the narrow hall and into the room at the right.

Often I have heard that death is

beautiful, but I had never seen it so simple before, and so, so beautiful. The family were there alone, — two little girls, and a tiny boy, and the mother, — and no one seemed surprised when we came in. Grandfather laid his thin white hand on each little shiny head in turn, like a benediction, I thought, and then stood silently before the mother, his soft black hat held across his breast, his head bowed a little, his thick white hair silvered in the light from the candles at the head and at the foot.

And, fascinated, I drew nearer, nearer, until I could see the glossy black hair, the smooth skin, the little white scar — and the closed eyes.

'Yes, it was then, this mornin', he went,' I heard the widow say; and lifted my eyes just in time to see her incline her head toward the clock on the mantel. The hands had been stopped at ten o'clock. And it was then that grandfather had known to bide his time.

It was quite a walk to the Eighth Avenue car which would take us home, and we went silently. Grandfather told me afterward that he had entirely forgotten the book bound in scarlet leather until he felt drawn to talk to the ill-tempered conductor later. But I was thinking of it all the time, and wondering what part it had to play; for I remembered poignantly that in the miracle stories grandfather had told us year on year, there had never been any threads let lie, every incident had fitted like clockwork, and I felt certain now that the red leather book would fall into its place to complete the mosaic of the picture.

But, as I have said, grandfather was not thinking of the book; he said afterward that he was thinking of the heavy fragrance of the flowers that lay on Michael O'Halloran's breast, of the slim little daughter who had let us out

of the house, and of the candles at the head and at the foot.

We waited a long time for the car, and when it came there was a straggling group of passengers to get on. The conductor jerked a bellicose head out to urge us in our ascent. We were the last ones to get on, and grandfather took his own time.

As he made change for us, the conductor growled 'Step lively now,' and grandfather answered: 'Friend, when thee is as old as I, thee will appreciate more patience from thy younger companions.'

Then for the first time the conductor looked up squarely at us, and there was a certain rough softening of his eye. He even went so far as to move aside and make it easier for grandfather to enter the car.

It is a long ride from below Washington Square to Central Park, and as the passengers came in and went out at the transfer stations, always new faces, the huge shoulders and surly face of the conductor got to be familiar, like an old friend — welcome in a way, though disagreeable.

And then there came a space when we were the only passengers on the car. A misty wind had blown up with night-fall, and the conductor came well into the car, where it was warmer. Just then grandfather, putting his hand into his pocket, touched the book he had bought for Michael O'Halloran. He took it out, unwrapped, and held it absently, decorously, in his neatly gloved hand — a strange scarlet foil for black clothes like his, and his silver hair.

Even the car conductor noticed it. And that was the strangest thing about it all, perhaps. Had the book been black, or blue, or any color that grandfather would have been carrying under ordinary circumstances, the conductor would never have noticed it at all, and the book would never have been deliv-

ered, and Michael O'Halloran's message would have gone astray.

But in the stories that happen to grandfather nothing goes astray, and so there the book was, red and beckoning, and grandfather saw the conductor looking at it. I felt then that he was going to give it to the conductor, and I did not want him to. Perhaps I wanted the book myself as a remembrance of the evening, with Michael O'Halloran's name done on the fly-leaf in grandfather's steep handwriting, and with its odd 'From Michael O'Halloran to a True Friend,' instead of 'To Michael O'Halloran from a True Friend.' Or perhaps it was the incongruity of presenting a street-car conductor suddenly with the Second Epistle of John to the Apostles, bound in red leather, that made me wish to protest.

At any rate, I had no choice in the matter.

Grandfather moved down closer to the door where the conductor stood, and I could hear pieces of questions about family and work. Then, after a good bit of conversation that I could not hear at all, grandfather leaned forward and held out the book to the conductor.

I could see that he was pleased to get it. He turned it over in his hands, looking admiringly at the shiny *svelte* binding; then opened it at the fly-leaf.

At first I thought he could not read, he stood so still, looking at the name written so tall and plain.

Then I heard him saying half in a whisper, 'From Mike O'Halloran to a True Friend. An thin yez knows Mike?' he asked, bending toward grandfather, the book hanging half-open from his hand, like a red lip. 'Does yez know Mike whot I done bad — Mike O'Halloran?'

'Yes, I know him,' grandfather said; 'he sent you the book. He died to-day.'

And then they talked on in words I could not get the drift of, until we came to our corner. As we got out, I heard the conductor say, as though he had repeated it over and over, 'An', sir, I ain't seen Mike in fifteen year — not since we wuz young fellers back in old St. Jo.'

He had a sort of cloudy reminiscent look in his eyes, and as I looked back over my shoulder as we reached the curb, I could see him still, half-way down the block, standing on the car-platform, the book, closed now, in both hands, and his gaze far off into the great still shadows of the Park.

SHOULD LANGUAGE BE ABOLISHED?

BY HAROLD GODDARD

Words, words. words.—HAMLET.

WHETHER language should be abolished is, doubtless, an open question. Whether it is being abolished is not an open question. It is being abolished. Its abolition is going on around us everywhere, with increasing rapidity. The process, to be sure, is an unconscious one. But unconscious processes are generally the most elemental and momentous. If this particular radical alteration in the habits of humanity is a desirable one, well and good; let it go on. If it is not, it is high time to become aware of it and do what we can to check it.

Before going further, I ought to explain that, when I say language is being abolished, I do not mean that men, or women, are ceasing to communicate with one another. I am not using the word language in its wide sense of any medium whatever whereby meaning is conveyed from mind to mind, as we speak of the language of the eye, or as Shakespeare speaks of finding

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,

and so forth. I use the word rather in its narrower application to the total body of arbitrary verbal signs employed by a people in its spoken, written, and printed discourse. This is the language which, for good or ill, is being abolished.

What! you exclaim, language being abolished, when every fresh edition of the dictionary has to make room for thousands of new words; when newspapers and magazines multiply faster than rabbits in Australia; when talks and speeches and lectures are crowded into every hour of the day and night?

Yes, in the teeth of these facts, I stand by my assertion.

As for the dictionary, it is indeed growing obese. But may not this very obesity be a symptom of the unhealthy condition of that which resides within it? And when it comes to the magazines and newspapers, compare them with those of a generation ago, and you will see what is happening: the printed matter, where it has not been crowded out by highly pictorial advertisements, is subsiding into a sort of gloss (more or less superfluous) on the illustrations.

Pages formerly uniform to the verge of monotony are now diversified by photographs, diagrams, cartoons, and a dozen other graphic features. The photogravure sections of the Sunday papers have already been prophetically christened 'newspapers without words.' It would be interesting to know the amount of time given to them weekly by the American public, as compared with other sections of equal size — especially by the women, who are perhaps more sensitive than men to coming changes in the spiritual atmosphere.

However that may be, can anyone doubt that we are nearer the beginning than the end of a process that is steadily increasing the appeal of the printed page to the *eye*? Possibly the weekly news film of the moving-picture house gives us a hint of that far-off something into which the newspaper of the present is destined to evolve.

And there are indications of an analogous change on the public platform. Oratory, in the old sense, it is generally admitted, is dead. There are still places — the United States Senate, for instance, and certain pulpits — where speeches are yet made; but nobody takes them very seriously. The kind of public utterance that is taken seriously is the lecture by the chemist or physicist, where the apparatus and experiments do the real talking; by the economist or sociologist, who relies far more on exhibits, diagrams, and graphs than on words, to get his thought across; by the traveler or explorer, whose tongue has become the tip of a pointer touching a screen; or by any of a score of other speakers who talk predominantly through things and pictures rather than language.

And I spoke of sermons. The Catholic Church continues to flourish, for one reason, I imagine, because language was never its primary medium of expression. And the Quakers, whose

specialty is silence, still survive. Even some of the other churches, if they have sufficiently good music and architecture, attract their worshipers. But the failure of the extreme Protestant attempt to make language the main medium of religious utterance is pretty accurately measured by the steady decline in length of sermon and ministerial prayer, and the gradual return, even in churches of highly anti-Catholic tradition, to various forms of ritualism. Straws show which way the wind blows. Trivial as it seems, I propose, therefore, this test of the relationship of church and language: go to a service where the minister preaches a preliminary sermon to the children, illustrated by a brick, or a clock, or a silver dollar (which he holds up in the flesh, so to speak, before the audience), and watch every eye concentrated, not on the speaker, but on the object in his hand; and then, when the sermon proper comes, conveyed exclusively in language, watch the eyes fixed, just as intently as before, on vacancy.

And speaking of the church reminds us of the theatre. While the churches (at least the hortatory churches) stagnate, the theatres flourish. Well — have not a hundred authorities on the drama told us that the secret of making a play consists precisely in eliminating language? Whoever, when a theatrical piece has been in rehearsal, has seen a bit of stage business suddenly render a page of dialogue superfluous, has received one of the most impressive lessons art can offer concerning the relation of language and expression. And what pantomime does toward abolishing language by its appeal to the eye, the voice seeks to do through its appeal to the ear. Intonation and inflection, in the theatre, may become as potent eliminators of language as action and gesture are.

Considered from this angle, what is

the whole art of music, indeed, but a protest against language, an attempt to evolve a higher mode of expression? All art in fact proceeds from this same dissatisfaction. It is an endeavor to supersede language with something better. To this statement literature itself is only an apparent exception. Literature, especially in its purest form, poetry, is an attempt to purge language of everything except its music and its pictures, an attempt to think by means of sound and light. The poets — where they have been genuine creators and not mere word-mongers — have always insisted, accordingly, that theirs is the art of striking out words; have always stood, if not for the abolition of language, at any rate for its drastic abbreviation.

This is a paradox only to prosaic minds. The man of prosaic mind thinks that composition is a matter of so arranging words that they shall convey a meaning that is the sum of their separate meanings. But the poet knows better. He knows that it is a matter of so ordering them that they shall suggest verbally inexpressible meanings between the lines; that they shall, quite literally, set spirits to dancing from sentence to sentence, flashes of intellectual electricity to leaping from page to page, faces to peeping forth at the reader from behind the letters like children from behind tree-trunks.

Literature is indeed omission — not in the negative sense of leaving things out, but in the positive sense of making the omitted thing conspicuous. Language, accordingly, in the hands of its masters, may be more properly called the scaffolding of expression than the expression itself. To confuse language with expression, therefore, is like confusing the magician's wand with the spirits it calls up. If pedants had not been guilty of precisely this confusion, the movement for the abolition of lan-

guage might never have been necessary. It is the pedants and the prosaic people generally who transform from cynicism to truth the saying that language was given man to conceal his thoughts.

That this in sober truth is the function of words seems to be the opinion of the youngest of the arts, — wherein language survives much as the vermiform appendix survives in the human body, — the moving picture. The moving picture of to-day is but an amoeba to the moving picture of to-morrow; yet already it has abolished, in the aggregate, billions of words. What it will do in the future, who dares predict? It sometimes seems as if, with its advent, mankind were definitely committed to the method of thinking in pictures. Should this prove true, the cinematograph may well turn out to be the most momentous invention since the invention of letters. In it, for the first time in feasible form, humanity has an instrument of expression fairly adequate to the dynamic and flowing quality of life. Already its wide use is working a revolution in the mental habits of mankind. What though that revolution, up to now, has been mainly destructive! Imaginatively handled, it will enter a creative phase. Indeed, the shifting from abstract to concrete methods of thought which it implies may conceivably bring, in the sphere of *human* knowledge, changes comparable to those already wrought in the realm of *natural* knowledge by the abandonment of the deductive for the inductive method.

With this reference to science we touch on one of the most fascinating aspects of our subject. It may sound strange to speak of the scientist as a pioneer in the movement for the abolition of language. Yet such indubitably he is. His relation to words was never better put, I sometimes think, than in one of Jonathan Swift's most whimsical

strokes of imagination in *Gulliver's Travels*.

Gulliver, in the account of his third voyage, tells of a scheme concocted by certain professors of the Grand Academy of Lagado for abolishing all words whatsoever, on the ground that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them (in bundles on their backs) such things as might be necessary to express their particular business. 'I have often beheld two of those sages,' says Gulliver, 'almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.'

Now, however otherwise he may have intended them, these silent philosophers of Swift's are plainly modern scientists: for a scientist may be defined as a man who thinks with things instead of words. True, the scientist employs a curious language of his own; but the precise mark that sets the genuine scientist off from the charlatan is the fact that his terms — kept outlandish, I fancy, for that very reason — are merely tags of identification substituted temporarily for the things they represent, as a mathematician lets a single letter stand for a complicated expression which it would be tedious to keep on recopying. And just as the mathematician makes a resubstitution before he is done with his figuring, so the scientist in the end replaces his tags with things, which thereupon bring him up with a sharp jerk if in the interval he has let his terminology take liberties with his intellect. The scientist, to be sure, unlike Swift's philosophers, does not ordinarily carry his apparatus on his back. But that is but a detail.

Indeed, Gulliver himself goes on to tell how the primitive packs of these sages were supplemented by rooms fitted out with all the necessary objects of conversation. But what is this if not the evolution of the laboratory?

And so science with its things, like religion with its ritual, and like art with its music and pictures, must be counted on the side against mere words. With such foes in the field against it, the outlook for language appears dark indeed — until all at once an immense sphere is remembered about which we have said nothing. The language of ordinary life, — of the street, of the club, of the home, — that surely (you protest) is not disappearing.

Ah! but you forget. Such language is not language at all, as I have chosen to define it. (This is no quibble; it is the heart of the whole matter.) Every hour of the day is testimony to the fact that, in proportion as we really know one another, we leave the level of mere language when we would converse, and rise to higher and subtler modes of communication: we talk, not by words, but by the light in the eye, the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, the gestures of the hand, yes, the movements of the whole body. Gropingly we all reach after the ideal caught in those future-piercing lines of Donne:—

We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought.

Even dull and sluggish men make use in their way of these finer instruments of meaning; while truly expressive and receptive souls put more, and find more, in a shrug of the shoulder or a toss of the head, in a wink or a nudge, in an 'ah!' or an 'oh!' than dumb ones do in hours of talk or pages of printed matter. In fact, among sensitive and congenial spirits, words, in the sense in

which we find them in the dictionary, have much the function that sand has for the locomotive: they enable the wheels of thought to clutch the track of conversation; but they are as far from being the soul of intercourse as the sand is from being the movement of the train.

The soul of intercourse in the intimacies of life is much more a matter of action and music than it is of language. The parents glance across the table at each other — and suddenly the daughter's face turns crimson. The brother's eye turns by an imperceptible degree — and presto! the sister passes him the salt. The baby's under-lip begins to go down — and like a flash the mother has leaped into the breach. 'Hm,' says the husband as he tastes the soup; and though the sound means nothing to the outsider, to the wife it speaks volumes. 'No,' says the maiden to the youth; and by some alchemy of tone the familiar monosyllable reverses its accepted meaning. 'Oh!' cries the child as she receives the apple; and that 'oh' says, 'Thank you' as unmistakably as her tardily added, 'Thank you, Mrs. Jones,' says, 'I'm remembering to say what mother told me.'

Thus does the human voice play the old witch with the dictionary. Listen to words and you will hear words; listen to voices and you will hear reality.

People complain of the paucity of vocabulary in the American home. No doubt the American home is poverty-stricken enough intellectually; but its paucity of vocabulary is no proof of the fact. Time enough to worry when that vocabulary begins expanding. The recent vogue of the word 'some' as an adjective, in a sense for which there is absolutely no synonym in the dictionary, has been the despair of many a parent and pedagogue. 'The language is being pauperized,' they cry. Non-

sense. It would be nearer the mark to say it is being vitalized. Watch a healthy schoolboy when he tells you he has just come from 'some' ball-game, and you will perceive that the offending word has ceased to be a mere linguistic sign and has become a kinetic current within the body, a movement of the spirit. *Some* word, it! A true super-word, in fact. Philosophize on it, — and on the kindred subject of slang, — and you may discover why, when a man's vocabulary begins to expand, his powers of expression are generally on the wane.

Genuine expressiveness, involving, as it does, the whole personality, constantly reveals how small a part words have in human communication. When Salvini played Othello in this country, scores of people admitted after seeing him that they completely forgot during the performance the fact that he was speaking in one language — of which most of them understood not a word — while his company was speaking in another. On the day of Pentecost, we are told, men uttered themselves in a Babel of tongues, but each heard and understood in the tongue in which he was born. Babies likewise speak a universal language. And children just learning to talk perform miracles of expression with their slender stock of verbal raw material quite out of the range of an adult with the entire Oxford Dictionary on the tip of his tongue. And yet this very adult, when he succeeds in forgetting his dictionary, catches something of that power which children and geniuses possess more fully. Every man, for example, has a hundred ways of uttering his wife's name, each of which is a masterpiece of vocal shorthand. And the wife reciprocates. The amount of conversation that can be carried on with a pittance of verbal capital is astonishing. Study yourself, gentle reader, from this angle,

if you have never done so, and you will be startled at the scope and variety of your spiritual vocabulary.

No one ever had fuller faith in this theory of the transcendental meaning and economy of words than Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking-Glass*. Humpty's character was not as well rounded as his shape, and his verbal practices accordingly are far from impeccable. But they are certainly exhilarating in their quality of creative brevity.

'There's glory for you!' he exclaimed, as he finished expounding to Alice the doctrine of unbirthdays presents.

'I don't know what you mean by "glory,"' Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. 'Of course you don't — till I tell you. I meant "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"'

'But "glory" does n't mean "a nice knock-down argument,"' Alice objected.

'When *I* use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less.'

'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.'

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master — that's all.'

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. 'They've a temper, some of them — particularly verbs, they're the proudest — adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs — however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say!'

'Would you tell me, please,' said Alice, 'what that means?'

'Now you talk like a reasonable child,' said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. 'I meant by "im-

penetrability" that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life.'

'That's a great deal to make one word mean,' Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

'When I make a word do a lot of work like that,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'I always pay it extra.'

Humpty Dumpty treated words as if they were alive — just as poets and children and people close to nature always do. He spoke a super-language — as even ordinary people do in the ultimate sincerities of life. If the great world in its larger human relations only did likewise, language in its scholastic and lexicographic sense would have been kept in its place, would never have attained its present autocratic power, would never, therefore, have provoked by its abuses the movement for its own abolition. As it is, that movement is an instinctive recognition of the truth that an arbitrary code of signs, however useful, or even miraculous, as a tool for the adaptation of means to ends, is futile for the purpose of expressing reality. The revolt against language is an attempt, in fact, to recover something that was lost when letters were invented. The invention of letters was a fall, as well as an ascent, of man. The movement for the abolition of language is a revolution, a return, an atavism, if you wish; a confession that civilization has been on a wrong scent, that the birds, in some respects at least, have kept closer to the central track of evolution than has man.

While human communication remained exclusively gesticular and vocal, there was no danger of its losing its dynamic and dramatic quality, and that danger remained slight, even with written symbols, so long as they were

hieroglyphic: representative, that is, in form, or imitative in sound.

'Words,' said Democritus, 'are but the shadows of actions.' It is true; and while the shadows keep in contact with that of which they are the reflections, their nature runs little risk of being mistaken. It is when shadows begin to wander about unattended, that we feel that we have passed out of the world of realities. When linguistic signs, therefore, began to depend on arbitrary agreement rather than on intrinsic fitness, — when language, that is, became abstract and static, — the danger became imminent of taking the sign for the reality. From the moment, somewhere in the dim past, when this error was first made, dates that fatal idealistic illusion, which, slowly and subtly infecting the human intellect, culminated in the great biblio-scholastic aberration (what a ghastly example of language!) of the last twenty-odd centuries. During that period, language — which has made man — threatened to unmake him. (Like the dyer's hand, his spirit was subdued to what it worked in.) It did indeed make him insane. It made him as one who, seeing the word 'God' on the page, should bow down to the book in which it was written; or the word 'food,' should seek to devour it; or the word 'horse,' should leap on it and ride. Mad as these comparisons seem, they are no false images of the condition of man while he is ruled by the dynasty of language.

But there are other and better ways of deposing autocrats than by destroying them. The movement for the abolition of language, accordingly, need not

proceed to the bitter end. Let it but become conscious of itself, and it will recognize that what is wanted is not so much the doing away with words as it is the doing away with the confusion in function between two kinds of word: between those, on the one hand, which are genuine emanations of things and actions, spirits, real representatives of life and possessed therefore with truly magical and creative power, and those, on the other, which, like algebraic signs or the technical terms of science, are the arbitrarily chosen tools of the intellect.

From the natural but fatal confusion between these two types of word — between creative language and intellectual language — an incredibly large share of the woes of humanity has arisen. All slaveries, I had almost said, are traceable to this source. The chains that really bind humanity are chains the links of which are abstract words. All other chains are chains of sand. The kings and the capitalists, the priests and the pedants, the lawyers and the doctrinaires — not for a day could they retain their sway over the masses of mankind if the verbal bonds in which they fetter their victims were shattered.

And they are being shattered. The dethronement of abstract and static language is under way. It will go on until man learns to distinguish between that which is close to the divinest part of his nature and that which is but a tool in the hands of his mind. With which consummation will come the end of man's long scholastic digression and the twilight of the autocratic gods.

STRIKE STONE ON STEEL

BY LAURENCE BINYON

STRIKE stone on steel,
Fire replies.
Strike men that feel,
The answer is in their eyes.

Powers that are willed to break
The spirit in limbs of pain,
See what spirit you wake!
Strike, and strike again!

You hammer sparks to a flame,
And the flame scorches your hand.
You have given the feeble an aim,
You have made the sick to stand.

You shape by stroke on stroke
Man mightier than he knew;
But the fire your hammer woke
Is a life that is death to you.

THE RADIUM OF ROMANCE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing ?

BECAUSE, I suppose, there were once two sides to her bread-board, both of which she used for sketching. She brought the board from the Fine Arts room at college to her new home, carrying it one day to the kitchen to try her hand at modeling — in dough. There are several of her early sketches about the house, of that period, prior to the dough-pictures, which show real talent. Her bread, however, had about it the touch of genius. The loaves grew larger all the time, the bakings more frequent. The walls of any house are rather quickly covered with pictures, but there is no bottom to the bread-box. There are still two sides to her bread-board, and she uses both sides for dough.

Time was, too, when I thought of other things than the price of flour; not because of much money in those times, but because she made angel-cake most of the time then, and what bread we did eat was had of the baker; and because the price of flour was then a matter of course. The price of flour now is a good deal more than a matter of course, and the price of corn-meal even more than the price of flour; so that we must count the slices now, and cut them thin. It grieves me to see the children taking each his rigid number; I hate to hear the constant scraping at the bottom of the barrel. But these are war-times, I tell them, and we do well to live at all in war-times; though this

taking thought for prices began some time before the war. We shall have angel-cake again, I honestly promise them, with the biggest kind of a hole in the middle, giving them a bran muffin to munch meanwhile, and wondering in my heart if this fight for bread will ever end in angel-cake.

One can live on potatoes and bran muffins, although there was never any romance about them, not even last winter when Wall Street took them as collateral. We need cake. I don't remember that I ever lacked potatoes as a child, but, as a child, I do remember dancing while the pickaninnies sang, —

'Mammy gwine make some short'nin', short'nin',
Mammy gwine make some short'nin' cake.
Ay lak short'nin', short'nin', short'nin',
Ay lak short'nin', short'nin' cake,' —

in an ecstasy of pure delight, which was not remotely induced by common hunger. Short'nin' cake, angel-cake, floating island, coffee jelly — are they not victuals *spirituels*, drifted deep with frosting, honeyed over with an amber-beaded sweat, with melting sweetness, insubstantial, impalpable, ethereal, that vanish into the brain, that thrill along the nerves, feeding not the body, not the mind, nor yet the spirit, for these are but three of our four elements — we are also the stuff that dreams are made of, and we cannot wholly subsist on more material fare.

What makes pie pie is its four-and-twenty-blackbirds, which, when the pie is opened, begin to sing. Singing-blackbird pie is my favorite, whether

you make it of apples or rhubarb or custard or squash, with one crust or two. He dreamed a dream who made the original pie. And even now I cannot pass a baker in apron and paper cap without a sense of frostings and méringues — of the white of life separated from the yolk of life and stirred into a dream. I find the same touch of romance on most faces, young and old, as I find it over the landscape at dusk and dawn, and on certain days even at high noon.

This morning a flock of migrating bluebirds went over, calling down to me. They had come out of the dawn like little dreams, fading into the blue about them and beyond them, where a fleet of great white clouds was drifting slowly far off to the south. But their plaintive voices floating down to me I still hear calling, with more pain and yearning than a human heart, perhaps, should allow itself to know. For at the first sip of such sweet misery some poet chides, —

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off unattained and dim,
While the beautiful all about us lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

As if longing were a weakness and not the heart's hope; and our sighing — shall I sigh for what I have? Or stop sighing? Some of my possessions I may well sigh over, but there are very few to sigh for, seeing none of them are farther off than the barn or the line fence, except a few books that I have lent my friends, and now and then a few dollars.

And such is the magic in the morning light that I seem to see the Beautiful all about me lying — in the bend of the road, on the sweep of the meadow, across the commonplace door-yard asleep in the sun; and over all, the calling of the bluebirds has laid so sweet and soft a silence that I think I hear this 'low perpetual hymn' — voices of

strumming crickets, of curving stems of golden-rod, of aster-dusted bees, and of wavering red leaves in their singing fall.

It lacks an hour of mail-time, and the newspaper, and the war. The bluebirds are leaving before the mail-man comes, and everything with wings is flying with them, or is poised for flight. Let me go with them too, for an hour. I will then return.

The day is warm, with little breezes on the wing, hardly larger than the swallows. They stir the grasses of the knoll, and race with them up the slope, to fly on over the wavy crest, following the bluebirds off toward the deep-sea spaces among the drifting clouds. And the curving knoll itself is in motion, a yellow-brown billow heaving against the moving clouds where they ride along the sky. And over the knoll sweep the hawking swallows, white bellies and brown and glinting steel-blue backs aflash in the sun. Winging swallows, winging seeds, winging winds, winging clouds and spheres, and my own soul winging away into the beckoning blue where the bluebirds have gone.

Not every day in autumn is like this, not many days in all the year. Yet to know even one, one touched with this golden melancholy, this sweet unrest and yearning, should it not outlast the noon, is to know, —

And one thing more that may not be,
Old earth were fair enough for me.

Old earth is fair enough ordinarily. Yet even the dog, for all his appetite and growing years, is not always satisfied with bread and play. He clings closer than ever to me, as if sometimes frightened at inner voices calling him, which, like deep waters, seem to widen between us, and which no love, though pure and immeasurable, may be able to cross. He is nothing uncommon as a

dog, except in the size of his spirit and the quality of his love. He will tackle anything, from a railroad train to a buzzing bumble-bee, that he imagines has intentions inimical to me; and there is nothing on the move, either coming or going, quite innocent of such intentions. Without fear, or awe, or law, he wears his collar, and his license number, 66, but not as a sign of bondage, for that sign he wears all over his alert and fearless front. He growls in his sleep before the fire at ghosts of things that have designs against the house; he risks his life all day long; but he reserves a portion of his soul. He will deliberately chew off his leash at night, and, making sure that nothing stirs about the helpless house, will steal away to the woods, where he hears the baying of some spectral pack down the forest's high-arched halls. I do not know what the little cross-bred terrier is hunting along the frosted paths — fox or rabbit or wild mice; I cannot run the cold trails that are so warm to his nose; but far ahead of his nose lope two panting hearts, his and mine, following the Gleam.

All dogs are dreamers, travelers by twilight, who wander toward a slow deferring dawn. They cannot see in the white fire of noon. A lovelier light, diffused and dim with dusk, is in the eyes of dogs and all dumb creatures, through which they watch a world of shadows moving with them like lantern-lighted shapes at night upon a wall.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight,

is the tender, troubled light in the eyes of dogs.

II

There is a deposit, an infinitesimal deposit it may be, of the radium of romance in the slag of all souls. Call it by other names, — optimism, idealism,

religion, — you still leave it undefined; an inherent, essential element, harder to separate from the spiritual dross of us than radium from its carnotite; a kind of atomic property of the spirit which breaks up its substance; which ionizes, energizes, and illumines it.

There may be souls that never knew its power, but I can hardly think there ever was a soul shut in a cave so darksome, that romance never entered with its touch of radiance, if only as

A little glooming light, much like a shade.

This is the light in the eyes of dogs, the light that birds and bees follow, and the jelly-fish, steering round and round his course. Something like its quivering flame burns down in the green, dismal depths of the sea; down in the black subliminal depths; and on down in the heart of the world. For what other light is it, that guides the herding every spring, in from the ocean up Weymouth Back River? or the salmon in from the Pacific, up, high up the Columbia to the Snake, and higher up the Snake into the deep, dark gorges of the Imnaha?

It is now long past October, and where is the bluebird's mate of June? She has forgotten him, and is forgotten by him, but he has not forgotten his dream-of-her; for I saw him in the orchard, while southward bound, going in and out of the apple-tree holes, the lover still, the dream-of-her in his heart, holding over from the summer and coming to meet him ahead of her, down the winter, out of the coming spring.

The dog and you and I and even the humble toad are dreamers at heart, all of us, only we are deeper adream than they.

If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same,

says Freneau to a flower. Yet the flowers are of the dust that I am made of,

and they too are the stuff of dreams. And the toad under the kitchen-steps, what he knows of my heart! As if the unrequited pain of lovers, the sweetest, saddest things of poets, had always been his portion, and their vague melancholy the only measure of his tremulous twilight song. When the soft spring dusk has stolen into the young eyes of the day, as the first shadow of some sweet fear into the startled eyes of a girl, then out of the hush, quavering through the tender gloom,

A voice, a mystery!

From his earth-hole under the kitchen-steps I have known the toad, by dint of stretching and hitching up on chance stones, to get nine inches up, nine inches from the surface of the globe, up on the lowest of the steps! Yet it is given him to pipe a serenade in the gloaming that no other lover, bird or poet, ever quite equaled, even when he sang, —

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.

Life is always a romance. There is fire in its heart, even in the three cold chambers of the toad's heart; and the light of the fire flickers fainter than the guttered candle before it will go out. This may not be 'the true light'; yet it lighteth every man that cometh into the world, every man with a pen, and his brother with a hoe, though they comprehend it not. Here is a poet who sees no light at all in the 'Man with a Hoe,' because that poet has written more than he has hoed, which is to gather where he has not strawed. When a hoe looks as black as this to a pen, you will search the premises of the pen in vain for hoes. I hoe; I know men who hoe; and none of us knows Mr. Markham's scarecrow for ourself. Here a realist sees what another realist thought he saw; as if you could ever see life!

Life is not what the realist sees, but what the realist is and knows, plus what the man with the hoe is and knows; and he knows that, if chained to a pick instead of a hoe, down in the black pit of some Siberian mine, he could not work life out in the utter dark.

Why was there never a man who would swap identity with another? To know why, you must know some man, and 'really to know him, you must not only know what he is, but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had been otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. *All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else*' — than even to any poet, who might try to dig into his heavy countenance with a pen! Realism, if not a distortion and a disease, is at best only a half-truth; and the realist, if more than a medical examiner for his district, is but the undertaker besides.

Whoever sings a true song, or pens the humblest plodding prose, whether of Achilles, son of Peleus, or of John Gilley, a milkman down in Maine, or of the toad, or of the bee, has essentially one story to tell, and must be a Homer, truly to tell it.

Here on my desk lies Dr. Eliot's story of John Gilley, and over in the next farm-house lingers the unwritten story of another milkman, my neighbor, Joel Moore; and in the other neighbor-houses live like people — humble, humdrum country people, with their stories, which, if lighted with nothing but their own hovering gleam, would glow forever.

The next man I meet would make a

book; for either he knows, or he *is*, a good-enough story, could I come by the tale. O. Henry, pacing the streets in an agony of fear at having run out of story-matter, is only a case of nerves. The one inexhaustible supply of matter in the Universe that is of use to man is story-matter; for, as the first human pair have been a perpetual song and story, so the last pair shall be the theme for some recording angel, or else they will leave a diary.

The real ill with literature is writer's cramp, an inability to seize the story, all of it, its truth as well as its facts — an ill, not of too much observation, but of too little imagination. Art does not watch life and record it. Art loves life and creates it. 'No one knows the stars,' says Stevenson, 'who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names, and distances, and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and glad-some influence on the mind.'

Art and literature must not turn astronomer, as if our magnitudes, names, and distances — the concern of psychologists, physiologists, ethnologists, criminologists, sociologists — were the concern of mankind. What does mankind reck of the revolution of the node and apsides? that Neptune's line of apsides completes its revolution in 540,000 years? Instead of an astronomer, mankind is still the simple shepherd, keeping watch by night, and all he knows of the stars is that they brood above the sleeping hills, and now and then, in some holy hush, they sing together.

Science is concerned with the names, distances, and magnitudes of the stars; and with problems touching the 'intestinal parasites of the flea.' Art, literature, and religion are concerned only with mankind; with the elemental, the universal, the eternal; with the dream, the defeat, the romance of life.

III

I have much to do with writers — with great writers, could they only think of something to write about. 'There is nothing left,' they cry, 'to write about.' — 'But here am I. Take me,' I answer. Out come pads and pencils flying. There is hard looking at me for a moment. Then a cynical smile. I won't do. Becky might have done, but Thackeray got her; just as someone has got everybody! My tribe can never furnish her like again. I hope not. Yet my tribe is not infertile; it is Thackeray's, rather, that has run out.

A sweet young thing in one of my extension courses, whose engagement to a Chicago man had just been announced, voicing the literary despair of the class in a poem called 'The Fairy Door,' made this end of the whole matter: —

The world seems black and ugly
When I shut the Fairy Door;
I want to go to Fairyland
And live forever more.

She was very pretty. I had no trouble finding her in the amphitheatre before me; and taking her poem, I read it aloud to that last stanza, when, turning sharply, and pointing the manuscript hard at her, I demanded, —

'Is this so? Do you want to leave Boston for Fairyland, instead of Chicago? Do you?'

She was staggered by the suddenness of it all and rose to her feet, adorably pink in her confusion, stammering, 'No, no, I beg — of course I — no, I don't' — by this time so recovered that her eyes flashed wrath as she dropped to her seat.

'Then why did you write it? Why don't you write what you mean? And you mean Boston is a back number — that the one romantic fairy-like spot on earth is Chicago. A real theme, if you but knew it! An extraordinarily fresh point of view!'

Hers the enduring truth about Chicago; as against that set forth by Mr. Armour in 'The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People.' Here she was, the very stuff of the eternal in literature, and forced to Fairyland for something to write about! Sheer nonsense. One need not take the wings of the morning to the uttermost sea, or make one's bed in Hell for 'copy.' Chicago will do — or Boston.

To be, if to be only a stock or a stone, beast or bird or man, is to be a story.

We were passing through New York City recently, when I stopped at the Zoölogical Park, and taking the boys, went straight to the aviary, to the condors' cage, and looking up at the great birds dozing overhead, I called 'General! General! General!' There were three condors in the cage, if I remember, and I had never seen any of them before.

'General! General! General!' I called again; when one of the big vultures slowly opened his eyes, slowly stretched out his long neck, slowly turned his ear down toward me, and listened. The others slept on.

'General! General! General!' the third time. Then slowly the mighty wings began to unfold and slowly to fan the air for a few ponderous strokes, when 'General' dropped from his quaking perch to the floor of his cage, and waddling over, pushed his outlandish head through the bars and began to nibble the buttons on my coat. I stroked him, calling him 'General' and other endearing names, while he pulled at the buttons up and down the coat in fond response, my children, and the throng of visitors, looking on in wonder.

But it was nothing strange. Here were three stories, three humped, uncouth, repulsive creatures that nobody knew until I came by; and I knew only General — that behind his vast, inactive wings was silently folded a tale

of tragedy and romance. Every lover of wild life who has been thrilled by the majestic flight of the condor above the Sierra peaks knows a little of the tragedy of those folded wings; but the romance — that is for my friend Finley to tell. For it is his story — his, and Mrs. Finley's, then a bride: a story of months of watching among the mountains for a sight of the condors; then of endless hunting through the wild ravines if, by chance, they might stumble upon the nest-cave.

This sounds like nothing but hard, footless, foolish work, as it would have been, had they gone out for gold. Condors are different. When at last, by the wildest fortune, they found the cave, it held one precious egg — a sight few ornithologists ever saw, and fewer still shall see; for the great birds, now restricted to four counties in Southern California, will shortly soar away forever. That big white egg was General. The two adventurers descended and camped at the foot of the mountain, climbing up again to the cave the day General hatched — a turn of luck quite too rare and good.

It was a gray day on the heights, with a raw sleety drizzle pulling down the cañon, when with tripod and camera they reached the wall beneath the cave. Working their way up to the ledge, they found the female condor closely brooding a naked lump of life that had just bulged out of the shell. The old bird showed no disposition to fly. The chill wet wind sucked through the bare shelter, ruffling her plumage, and numbing the fingers fumbling with the camera on the rocky wall.

It was a hard climb up the mountain. It had been a long hard wait of weeks below, — of years indeed, — for just this moment. A condor lays but one egg, and the one egg only every other year; and in all California the living condors could probably be counted on

the fingers of your two hands. Is it much wonder, then, if the fingers trembled as they clung to the wall of the cañon in the bleak March wind?

The camera was ready, the old condor watching stolidly the while from within the cave, her wings partly unfolded, her long neck stretched. She hissed slowly as the human hand came in gently toward her; but she did not move, except to stand up as her chick was drawn out to the lip of the cave.

The light was bad, a time-exposure was necessary. One plate was used, then a second, when the lumpish chick suddenly kicked out, rolled over, and with a spasm, stiffened in the cold. They caught it up, pushed it back to its mother, who was standing as in a stupor, and crept quickly out of the cave. But the old bird stood like a stone, staring at nothing, her chick unprotected between her scaly feet in the cold deadly pull of the draught.

Panic seized the watchers. All was lost — all their long, long hopes were lost! The old condor, stiff on her legs, was dazed, her dull, fixed eyes seeing nothing, her whole maternal being a blank. But there was another maternal being near-by, and with a sharp cry, the young bride darted toward the cave, tearing at the throat of her dress as she struggled over the rim, and, snatching the new-born thing from between the mother's feet, thrust it in upon her own warm bare breast.

Of course it lived. Isn't it here in the cage? And does n't it come when you call, 'General,' and nibble the buttons on your coat? And this is but the synopsis of the first chapter of General's story; a long, strange tale it is, too, from that first day of cave-life far up in the San Bernardino range, to these slow prison-years in the cage of New York City. By dint of coaxing, that day, they got the old condor settled down in the cave, slipped the chick,

now warm with life, under its mother, and left them on their bleak and eery ledge till the storm should pass.

It was on a March day that General hatched, and from then on the two watchers, camping down the mountain, climbed into the cañon home to watch him; till one day in July they took him, still a fledgling, down the mountains with them and off to Oregon — in which is suggested the second chapter, that I may not write, for I wish only to show that General has a story.

But, General, who could tell your story from the name-plate on your cage? He must needs touch reverently your folded wings and see them leaning on the thin cold wind blowing far down from Shasta across the San Bernardino range.

Wings are folded into every human story. I know as many commonplace people as any living man, I am sure, and every one of them has wings, and a story — a story of the wings, strong wings, or weak, or broken, or clipped, or caged.

The day we moved out here, before our goods arrived, a strangely youthful pair, far on in the eighties, struggled up the hill from the old farm below to greet us. He was clad in overalls and top-coat, and she in flowers, overflowing from both her arms, and in wild confusion on the gayest Easter bonnet that ever bloomed.

'How do you do, neighbors!' she began, extending her armfuls of glorious mountain laurel; 'Mr. White and I bring you the welcome of the Hingham Hills' — Mr. White's rough old hand grasping mine amid the blossoms.

'Why,' I cried, 'I did n't know the Hingham Hills could hold such a welcome. I have tramped the woods about here, but I never found a bunch of laurel.'

'Ah, you did n't get into Valley Swamp! Mr. White and I will show

you, won't we, Georgie? We know where odes hang on hawthorns, don't we? We are busy farmers, and you know what farming is; but we have never ploughed up our poetry-patch, have we, Georgie?'

They never had; nor much of their other ninety-six acres either — the whole farm a joyous riot of free verse: fences without line or metre; cattle running where they liked; the farm kit — a mowing machine, a sulky plough, and a stolid old grindstone — straying romantically about the shy sweet fields.

It was an ode of a carriage that the spoony old couple went to town in, with wheels dactylic on one side and anapaestic on the other, and so broken a line for a back spring that Mrs. White would slide into Mr. White's lap without *cæsura* or even a punctuation mark to hinder.

I was at the village market one muddy March day, when Cupid and the old mare, neither wearing blinders, brought this chariot to the curb. Mr. White, descending to the street, reached up for Mrs. White, who, giving him both her hands, put out a dainty foot to the carriage-step and there poised, dismayed at the March mud. Instantly Mr. White, disengaging one hand, lifted a folded blanket from the seat, shot it grandly out across the mud, and with a bow as gallant as Sir Walter's own, handed the dear old shoes unblemished to the shop.

And I have other neighbors. 'Hello!' I called over the telephone to one of them down near the village; 'aren't you going to do that job for me?'

This neighbor is a most useful colored citizen, with a complete line of avocations, cleaning sewers nocturnally and on Saturday afternoons being one of these sporadic and subsidiary callings.

'Hello!' he answered; 'I most assuredly am! And exceedingly sorry I am, too, for this delay.' (He had been com-

ing for one year and six months now.) 'But my business grows enormously. It is really more than I can administer. The fact is, professor, I must increase my equipment. I can't dip any longer. I am rapidly approaching the proportions of a pump.'

There is the romance of business — the measure of life again as it is, set over against what it may merely appear to be! To trudge along beside your cart of the long-handled dipper and know you are approaching the proportions of a pump!

I spoke of Joel Moore here in the next house to me. For twenty-six years he was chained to a milk-route, covering Lovell's Corner, East Weymouth, and our back wood-road; but he always drove it in a trotting sulky.

From behind the bushes I have seen him calming the leg-weary team as it labored up the humps in the road, his feet braced, his arms extended to the slack lines, his eyes fixed on the Judge's Stand ahead, while he manoeuvred against Ed Geers and Ben Hur and all the Weymouths for the pole.

It was twelve years ago that Joel drove home with Flora IV, a black mare without a leg to stand on, but with a record of 2.12½. There was large fixing of the little barn for her, and much rubbing down of withers.

One day Joel was seen wandering over the knoll here near the house, kicking stones around. Something was the matter. I sauntered out toward my barn casually and called to him. Picking up a piece of rock in the pasture, he staggered with it to the fence, and fixing it into the wall, said with labored breath, —

'Flora IV has a foal!' And lifting another stone off the wall, for ballast, he strode up the hill and over, and down to his barn, not knowing the Magnificat, it may be, but singing it in his heart all the way down.

My youngest boy was born that same summer, — eleven years ago, — the double event in Joel's mind wearing the mixed complexion of twins. He had had no children till the colt came, and naturally he spoiled her. She was a willful little thing by inheritance though — arch, skittish, and very pretty; and long before she wore shoes had got the petulant habit of kicking the siding off the barn at any delay of dinner.

She should have been broken by her second birthday, but Joel would take no risks; and in the third summer, though he 'had her used to leather,' he needed a steady old horse to hitch her with, and she came up to her fourth birthday untrained. Then, the first time he took her out, she behaved so badly, and cut herself so, forward, that it was necessary to turn her loose for months. Then she was sent away to be broken, but came back a little more willful than ever, and prettier than ever, if possible.

That winter Joel had to give up his milk-route on account of sickness, and with the opening of spring got the blacksmith to take the colt in hand. He took her, and threw her, dislocating her shoulder. Then he pulled off her new shoes, and she was put into the box-stall to get well.

After that, I don't know just why, but we talked of other things than the colt. She kicked a board off the back of the barn one day, sending a splinter whizzing past my head, but neither of us noticed it. She was seven years old now, a creature shaped for speed, but Joel was not strong enough to manage her, and a horse like this could so easily be harmed. In fact, he never harnessed her again, though that was nearly four years ago.

I urged him from time to time, with what directness I dared, to let me take him into the hospital. But he had never left the farm and his wife alone over-

night in all these years. Then one day he sent for me. He would go, he said, if I could arrange for him.

A March snow lay on the fields the day before he was to go, and all that day, at odd times, I would see him creeping like a shadow about his place: to the hen-coops, up to the line fence, out to the apple tree in the meadow, taking a last look at things. It was quite impossible for me to work that day.

The next morning the four boys, on their way to school, went down ahead of me to say good-bye. They filed in, shook hands bravely, fighting back their tears, and playing fine the game of bluff with him, though the little fellow, born the summer the colt was born, nearly spoiled it all. He is a dear impulsive child and had frankly been Joel's favorite.

'I've taken the eveners off the disk harrow,' he was saying as he came out to the sleigh. 'I gave the kittens a bed of fresh rowan. I drove a nail under the shutter of the can-house, where you can hang the key. You had better lock up a little till I get back' — his words half muffled under the big robes of the sleigh.

'I hate to leave home,' he said, as we went along; 'but she could n't stand it. She's not well. It is n't so bad for me with you along.'

Two or three times he was about to say something else, but felt too tired. I had him duly entered; introduced him to his surgeon; helped him to his cot, where a cheery nurse made him easy; then gave him my hand.

'Good-day,' he said; 'I'm going to pay you back some time. Only I can't.' He clung a moment longer to me. 'I've never had many of the luxuries. I've worked hard for all I've got — except for the little colt. She was thrown in. I never fed her a quart of grain — the cleanest little eater — as fat as butter

— and on nothing but roughage all the time!’

Then, looking me straight in the eye, he said calmly, —

‘You and I and the doctors know. But I could n’t tell her. You’ll have to. And tell her she had better sell the little colt. You don’t need a fast horse yourself, of course, because you have your auto.’

‘Yes I do, Joel,’ I answered. ‘We all

need a fast horse, or something like that.’

And I bent over and kissed him — for my little boy at home.

There is balm in Gilead, but perhaps there are no good roads in Heaven; perhaps there are no fast horses there. I do not know. But I often wish I had told Joel that I believed there were, — for I do, — among the other things that are there.

CAP'N TRISTRAM'S SHIPBUILDING

BY ROBERT WADE

I

OLD sea-towns, when with the changing years their ships have sailed forever away, and they are left to shift for themselves, are likely to take the desertion philosophically, and, ignoring time, to settle down into a dreamy reminiscent existence, unhurried, unruffled, comfortable. Their sailor-men retire within their big, square-built homes, their silent wharves, slowly and unheeded, decay. Their warehouses, still holding the look of the sea, stand empty, or harbor a few unobtrusive odds and ends of shore business. The mel-low calm of early autumn forever pervades their atmosphere, and life moves as slowly, dreamily, as moves a marsh-land tide in September.

A part of such a town was Cap'n Tristram Macey. Cap'n Tristram, big, broad, placid, was finishing his afternoon's work in the little office where he carried on a small coal business, looked after a moderate amount of insurance,

and dickered a little in real estate; while, comfortable by the office-stove, the high altar of that redoubtable band of sitters known as ‘The Watch,’ sat Captain Abner Stevens. Wrapped in deep contemplation and clouds of blue tobacco-smoke, Abner was contentedly awaiting the time when the Cap'n's tasks should be ended, when his feet should seek the stove-rail, and his chair assume that magic angle of conversation which all men should know and love.

At length that time arrived. The spell of Abner's dreams was broken, and his hazy thoughts crystallized into words.

‘When ‘re you goin’ t’ move that house you bought of Eddie Fowler?’ he demanded.

‘Why, I dunno, Abner; I’m sure I dunno. I’ve about give the idea up, I guess — it warn’t practical.’

And Cap'n Tristram looked out of the window contemplating the sunlight.

‘What’s the trouble, would n’t she

hold together?' questioned Abner with a sly grin; for he, and all the Watch for that matter, knew that Cap'n Tristram was seldom too keen in his real-estate 'dickers,' whereas Eddie Fowler's genius was of a remarkably high order, as all 'The Port' could testify.

'Oh, the house is all right, Abner; she's sound's a nut. She'd stand it to go 'round the Horn; but to go where I wanted to with her, I had to cross the railroad tracks, and there's where I fetched up, and I fetched up all standin'!'

'Would n't let you acrost!' exclaimed Abner, the joy of discovery in his tone.

'That's just the size of it,' admitted Cap'n Tristram; 'he would n't let me cross.'

'Who's he?'

'He? Why, he's Mr. Armstrong, one of the big men of the road. I finally went to see him about it, but it warn't no use. I could n't dicker with him.'

Abner, at long range, scored a bull's-eye in the spittoon, and Cap'n Tristram continued, —

'No, I could n't dicker with him. You'd 'a' thought, Abner, why you'd 'a' thought to have heard him that he was admiral of the fleet and I was powder-monkey complaining o' the ship's grub. Rile me? Yes, that man did rile me. That house ain't a mite of good where it sets, and it never will be if I can't get it across them tracks. I would n't have held up none of his trains, nor bothered him any with his new bridge — and he was so mighty overbearin'! I'll own he riled me up considerable.'

'Well,' demanded Abner, 'what ye goin' to do about it?'

There was a bit of a twinkle in Cap'n Tristram's eyes, and he was slow in answering. He looked at the long shadows creeping across the Square, then at his watch. It was nearly six o'clock.

'Why I guess, Abner,' he finally said,

'I guess for one thing, I'll do what I oughter done half an hour ago — I'll go home to supper.'

II

Several days later, Abner, in the course of a morning's cruise, sighted Cap'n Tristram just as he was leaving the office of Thurlow and Muzzy, attorneys at law. His curiosity leaped full-grown in an instant, for Cap'n Tristram's kindly philosophy of life had, in all its course, found little need of the law's help. With a hail Abner hove him to, and together they squared away for the office.

At the office there was little to be done; a memorandum and a few letters to write, and Cap'n Tristram was free to enjoy himself and the silent companionship of Abner, who, after a suitable interval, fired the first conversational shot.

'Warn't you off your course at that lawyer's office, Tristram?'

'Why I dunno; just a trifle, maybe; I was taking aboard a pilot.'

'Huh?'

'Takin' aboard a pilot, Abner. You see, I'm going into buildin', and I want someone who knows the shoals 'n' what-not of it, to keep me clear and out of trouble. That's sound, ain't it?'

'Um — hum,' admitted Abner; 'what ye goin' t' build?'

'Ships,' said Tristram.

'Ships! Thunder mighty! Where?'

'Why, here, right here in the Port, right where the old Dreadnaught was built. Maybe I'll hang out my shingle, "Tristram Macey, Shipbuilder" — it would n't look half bad, now, would it?'

No visions, either of ships or of shingles, moved Abner's unimaginative soul. He was incredulous. The shipyards, from whence the fame of the town had gone the world over, had long been silent. A generation had well-nigh

passed since the last vessel had slid down the ways, and her sails, gleaming in the sunlight, had left the harbor, which she never again visited. There were all sorts of stumbling-blocks to a revival of the industry — hosts of them.

'You can't git no men,' he declared.

'Oh, yes, I can, Abner; you 'd be surprised to see how many you can pick up right here in the Port; and then, there's Gloucester and Essex to draw from.'

'Well, the yard ain't fitted up. It would take a mighty sight of money; it would —'

'Abner,' interposed Cap'n Tristram, 'you're always trying to sail with your tops'ls aback. Now, I've got the yard, I've got the money, and I've got the contract for the first two vessels.'

Abner fired a last shot: 'Your yard's above the bridge; you'll run afoul the railroad again!'

Cap'n Tristram beamed.

'No, Abner, I don't callate I'll get hung up there again. I learned a pretty good lesson with that house o' mine; and besides, you know, I've took aboard a pilot this trip. He ought to keep me out of trouble — he's a good one.'

So it came to pass that the Watch, who had enjoyed Cap'n Tristram's recent discomfiture to the full, and had solemnly advised him to 'try no more viges in a house,' had a new theme for conversation, new points for argument, and a new centre of interest, in the re-awakened shipyard; and, although the 'shingle' was not hung out, Tristram Macey, Shipbuilder, was a busy man.

It was a pleasant morning of September, when the yellow glow of autumn had crept into the sunlight and the air was fresh with the smell of the sea, that Cap'n Tristram was busy in the yard, overseeing, admonishing, advising. With a master's eye to every

detail, he moved among the busy 'hands' with the calm dignity of a battleship or giant liner that holds its slow way amid the scurry of smaller, bustling harbor craft. His solid bulk, not wholly unlike the massive new ships in its sturdiness, was bedecked with shavings and stray bits of oakum. The hulls of 'the first two vessels' were nearing completion.

He had nearly finished his rounds of inspection when a stranger intercepted him and fell into conversation. Cap'n Tristram was cordial. He convoyed the man about the yard, soft and springy with yellow chips. Within and without he made him acquainted with the secrets of ships and the glories of shipbuilding.

The stranger was interested. He, too, gathered upon himself chips and oakum and shavings. With evident pleasure, he sniffed the boiling tar. He talked. He let his eye wander out over the broad river, down to the new railroad bridge, flaming vermilion in its red lead; and he looked again at the new schooners.

Cap'n Tristram answered his unspoken query.

'Rig 'em? Why, mister, bleas your soul, there ain't no better place on earth to rig 'em than just where they set.'

'What, right there on the ways, as I think you call them?'

'Aye, aye, right there on the ways, and nowhere else. Why not?'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'there's no draw in that new bridge below you.'

Cap'n Tristram's eye searched the bridge from end to end.

'You're right, mister,' he agreed at length, 'there ain't. But I can't help that; it ain't my bridge, and from what I know of the railroad folks who built it, I rather guess they're satisfied to stand their own lookout without no help from me.'

Soon after, the stranger took his

leave. Watching him, Cap'n Tristram stood, his hands in his pockets, his shirt-sleeves fluttering in the breeze.

'Unless my reckonin''s off,' said he, chuckling to himself, 'that lad's from Mr. Armstrong, — I recollect him in the railroad office, — and if I ain't mistaken in the way the wind 's blowin', he'll be back.'

III

Whether Cap'n Tristram's reckoning was right or wrong, does not really matter. What does matter is that his judgment of the wind was correct — or at least very nearly so; for although 'the lad from Mr. Armstrong' did not again visit the yard, a big man in a big automobile did.

Not finding Cap'n Tristram, he followed the directions of the yard boss to the little office by the Square, where he did find him, and, as it chanced, Abner and a fair proportion of the Watch.

Big the stranger certainly was: a big opulent sort of man, past middle life, with heavy brows, short bristling white hair, and about him the air of the highly successful man of business, the financier — 'gold-mounted,' as one of the Watch afterward observed.

As he entered with short, heavy steps, he seemed to fill the place. With a quick sweep he took in the unpretentious room, gave to the silent Watch a glance of imperious distrust, and faced the desk, where, comfortably leaning back in his chair, sat Cap'n Tristram.

'Mr. Macey, I believe.'

There was a deal of aggressiveness, perhaps unconscious, in that simple and wholly courteous query. A sort of demand that, willy-nilly, Cap'n Tristram should be 'Mr. Macey' from that moment forth.

'Yes, sir, I'm Cap'n Macey; how-de-do, sir.'

The visitor replied by hooking his heavy walking-stick over one arm; and,

with another glance at the Watch, — 'A word in private, if you please, captain.'

Cap'n Tristram apologized. He was reely sorry. He could n't accommodate the gentleman.

'For this one office is all I've got — but the boys here won't mind waiting, won't mind it a mite — they'll reely be glad to, I know they will. Keep your settin' boys, keep your settin'. What can I do for you, Mr. Armstrong?'

The mention of that name anchored the Watch. It stopped the hand of Abner, fumbling for his 'plug.'

Mr. Armstrong was annoyed, but his manner became gracious.

'Ah, really, captain, it is I who should put that question.'

'Um — hum,' answered Cap'n Tristram.

'Er — yes, er — yes, indeed. In fact, I am here for that very purpose! but before we take that matter up, I — er' — a pause — 'I presume that you recall, captain, that we — the road — had some correspondence with you concerning the moving of a house across our tracks. I believe that I took the matter up with you personally.'

'I believe so,' agreed Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes,' also agreed the railroad man with a vigorous nod. 'Now, at that time, we found it advisable to — er — to — er — refuse the permit.'

'I recollect it,' observed Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes — er — yes; however,' continued the visitor with a wave of his glasses and an upward lift of his brows, 'I have now arranged all that for you. Move your house, captain, move your house, at your convenience. You will meet with no objection from the road. None whatever, I assure you.'

Cap'n Tristram looked first at the railroad man, then out of the window.

'Mr. Armstrong,' said he at length,

'I'm afraid you're a trifle late. I ain't doing anything in the real-estate way now. If you'd let me go across your tracks with that house when I wanted to, — and there warn't no reason but clear, sheer bilge-water cussedness why you would n't, — most likely I'd be dickerin' in houses yet; but you did n't let me, and now, Mr. Armstrong, I'm buildin' ships.'

A finality in Cap'n Tristram's tone dismissed further discussion of the house or its moving. It was as if a door had been suddenly slammed in Mr. Armstrong's red, well-shaven face.

'Oh — yes — indeed — er — yes, I see, I see. Well, I am sorry, captain, I am sorry. I hoped to be of some service to you. However, as you say, you *are* building ships, and that brings us to the real matter in hand. To come to the point, Captain Macey, we have put no draw in our new bridge.'

'Um — hum,' said Cap'n Tristram.

'And your two ships are —'

'Up-stream.'

'Precisely, precisely. Now see here, captain, we treated you rather shabbily in that matter of your house. I admit that, and I am quite ready to make amends. Now here are your two vessels. Of course you must rig them.'

'I was certainly callatin' to,' admitted Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes; and before you can do that, you must get them below our bridge. Why not let me do that part for you?'

'M — m,' mused Cap'n Tristram; 'it would cost consid'able.'

'Oh, don't let that thought worry you, captain. The road can look out for that; you need never think of it — a mere trifle to balance our account, if you choose.'

'All told, it would be a sight of work, Mr. Armstrong, a sight of work.'

'But I would be glad to do it, captain.'

'You'd reely like to?'

'I would consider it as a favor, Captain Macey; really as a favor.'

Drumming slowly upon his desk, Cap'n Tristram meditated.

'Mr. Armstrong,' said he at length, 'a spell back I wanted consid'able to get a house *over* your railroad tracks and you said it warn't advisable to let me. Now, Mr. Armstrong, it seems that you're considerable anxious to get my ships *under* your tracks and I don't think *that's* advisable. I'll rig 'em where they set.'

'But, captain, somebody must get them under. You can't sail a full-rigged ship through a steel bridge, you know!'

'Oh, yes, I can,' blandly returned Cap'n Tristram.

'How?'

'How? You know the law, Mr. Armstrong.'

Mr. Armstrong did know the law, but he had not expected to be told of it to the visible joy of a half-score of ancient seamen. His temper, always lively, too often outran his diplomacy. His face flushed, his feet put a belligerent space between them, and, fingering his heavy cane, he stared full upon Cap'n Tristram, a long, silent, belligerent stare.

Unmoved, the captain continued: —

'I'll own you beat me once, Mr. Armstrong, when I run afoul of your railroad tracks with that house of mine. But I learned my lesson, and this time, it's me who is sure of the course — there's a sight of difference, you know, between a house and a ship!'

The Watch chuckled audibly. The railroad man fought hard, but his temper flared. His voice approached shouting.

'Mr. Macey, sir, I see your intention, I see it clearly. It is absurd, sir, it — is — pre-pos-ter-ous!' and his cane wrathfully beat out the last syllables. 'Until we refused — as, sir, we had a

perfect right to refuse — your request concerning that house, shipbuilding, and shipping of every sort, was dead in this town, ab-so-lute-ly dead, and had been, sir, for forty years! And, if you are to resurrect it, above our bridge, from motives of spite, by heaven, sir, draw or no draw, law or no law, I'll fight you, I'll fight you through every court in the land till I have you beaten!

The blast disturbed Cap'n Tristram not a whit. Quietly he took off his spectacles and turned to face more squarely the glaring man of wrath.

'I would n't do that, Mr. Armstrong,' said he; 'I would n't fight anybody, unless of course I had to; especially if I was sure to get the worst of it — as you know you be.'

The other attempted to speak, but Cap'n Tristram's even voice continued, 'Of course, I know how you feel, Mr. Armstrong I know *just* how you feel. You feel just's I did when my house fetched up on your railroad tracks!'

That last remark and an appreciative ripple from the Watch furnished the slight touch of the spur which Mr. Armstrong's already galloping temper needed.

'Well,' he roared, his face purple, 'what do you propose to do about it?'

Cap'n Tristram rose. His calmness was unruffled, but his easygoing serenity he put from off him as he would have put off a coat. It was Captain Tristram Macey, the captain who had commanded his ship from stem to stern, whose one word had been absolute law, who now faced the wrathful magnate. Every whit as big he seemed bigger. His eyes blazed.

'Do!' he thundered; 'I callate, Mr. Armstrong, it is not for me to do anything! You have built that bridge without a draw to it. I don't know where the gover'nment was to let you do it, — these days, — but you did. You're obstructing navigation. Clean agin the

law you've penned in me and my two schooners; and now, sir, now you stand here in my office and ask me what I propose to do about it! Mr. Armstrong, sir, you're on the wrong tack. The question is, what are *you* going to do — and you know it!'

Adam Armstrong, director of the Eastern Railroad, stared. For a minute that was all he could do. Never had he been so addressed — never! But the force of the blast, the steady eye, the unexpected power, — the very bulk of this old sea-captain, — in a measure cooled his wrath. Besides, he was a sensible man.

'This will get us nowhere, captain; my time is valuable. We must talk business.'

'That's my way of lookin' at it, Mr. Armstrong. Set down.'

Impressively, Mr. Armstrong sat down. His hand began to play with his dangling eye-glasses and their broad black ribbon, and he began to 'talk business.'

'Now, captain,' said he, 'I will be perfectly candid with you. You are perhaps right concerning the law and the lack of a draw in our new bridge, and very possibly you could cause us some trouble if this matter were ever brought to the attention of the government. But that, of course, need never be. Our interests seem to conflict, but I trust we can reach an agreement, right here, and in a very friendly way. We — the road — owe you something. Now what would you consider a reasonable proposition?'

Cap'n Tristram meditated.

'Why, I dunno, Mr. Armstrong, I'm sure I dunno. You see I warn't plan'nin' on any "propositions." I was expectin' to rig my ships right where they be — and it still seems pretty advisable to me. But I don't like to make trouble for anybody. I never did. I don't believe in it, and so, well, if you reely

want to do as you said, reely want to tow my schooners somewheres below your bridge, paying all the bills of course, why, I don't know's I'd mind, but —

'Good, good!' broke in the railroad man, instantly, emphatically. 'I was positive that we could reach an agreement. I appreciate this, and —'

Cap'n Tristram checked him.

'Hold your luff, Mr. Armstrong, there ain't no hurry. Let me finish. I only said I would n't mind — would n't mind lettin' you do what you propose with my ships; and I would n't, if I could rig 'em myself in any place but where they be. But I can't. If I'm to rig those vessels, they've got to stay just where they set.'

Mr. Armstrong's jaws snapped.

'What do you mean, captain?'

'Why, just what I said, Mr. Armstrong. I myself can't rig them ships anywhere but where they be now.'

'And what do you expect?'

'I don't expect anything, Mr. Armstrong; only if you move 'em, I myself can't rig 'em.'

'Indeed! and so perhaps you — er — a — wish us to rig them for you! That, sir, is utterly absurd!'

'All right, Mr. Armstrong, all right — then I'll rig 'em myself, and I'll rig 'em right where they be. It seems pretty advisable to me, anyway.'

Mr. Armstrong straightened back in his chair.

'Captain Macey, you take decided advantage of our position — er — that is, of our generosity, sir, de-cided advantage!'

'Then you don't think it advisable —'

'Advisable!' snorted the railroad man. 'Advisable! Don't say that word again! This is robbery — plain, spiteful, revengeful robbery; but, under the circumstances, I suppose we must submit to it. I suppose we must con-

sent to be robbed, and so we will agree to rig your ships!'

'And spar 'em?'

'You pirate!' shouted Mr. Armstrong. 'No!' And his fist banged the chair-arm.

'Then I'll spar 'em myself, and, be- ing a pirate, I reckon I'll put the spars into 'em right where they set, and you, Mr. Armstrong, you can dicker with the goverment!'

Abner, the forgotten, choked. The Watch deluged the spittoon. Shooting one furious glance at them, Mr. Armstrong, his eyes bulging, his face flaming, bolt upright with rage, turned upon Cap'n Tristram. His mouth opened, but no word came from it until he blazed, —

'Pirate? Yes, you are a pirate! You're a robber, sir, a low, petty robber! I want no dealing with you. I scorn you — but — but — but to be rid of you, simply to — be — rid — of — you, sir, I will spar your infernal ships. And now sir, now I am done, I am ab-so-lute-ly done with you.'

And glaring at the captain, Mr. Armstrong reached for his hat and cane.

Cap'n Tristram held up his hand soothingly.

'Calm yourself, Mr. Armstrong, calm yourself. I ain't no pirate, I ain't no robber, nor I ain't no hand to drive hard bargains, neither, no hand at all. But I learned considerable about dick-erin', especially with railroads, through that house of mine, and I'll have to keep my lead agoin', as we say to sea, afore I'm certain whether we're done or not. Now, as I understand it, to save yourself trouble with your new bridge, you're anxious to take my two schooners, tow 'em off somewheres, and, standin' all expense of course, to put the spars into 'em and rig 'em for me. Well, I dunno but what to be obligin', I'd let you do that; but see

here, you'll have to take them vessels clear to Boston. Well now, s'posin' you was to lose 'em on the way? s'posin' a gale was to spring up and drive 'em ashore on Plum Island — what then?

'Then,' shouted Mr. Armstrong with the grace of a bated bull, 'then they could go to the devil, sir, straight to — the — devil, where they belong.'

His fist pounded out his statement.

'Then,' said Cap'n Tristram soberly, 'I can't trust you with 'em. I was willin' to be accommodatin' and to oblige you, but —'

'Oblige! Accommodate! What do you mean, you old sea-scoundrel! Accommodating! It's robbery, sir, robbery; that's what it is, plain barefaced robbery; and I tell you, I'll not submit to it! I tell you, I'll not be held up in this office of yours and swindled! Rig your ships! Do what you please with them! Go to the law! Go to the courts! Go to the devil! Sail through our bridge if you can! We'll fight you! We'll fight you to the Supreme Bench and our last dollar! We'll, we'll —'

'Abner,' observed Cap'n Tristram, ignoring the bellowing man before him, 'this's a reg'lar typhoon, ain't it? Would you say now, just for a guess, that Mr. Armstrong was dickerin' with me or with the gover'ment?'

'Oh, I — I'm dickerin' with you, you pirate!' shouted the railroad man, grabbing his cane and leaping to his feet. 'I'm dickerin' with you, because I've got to; but you're a swindler, sir! You're a crook! I loathe you, I loathe you! I loathe everything pertaining to you! Not a word, not a word, sir — I

scorn you. I scorn dealing with you, and simply to be rid of you, simply to be rid of you, sir, I'll tow your abominable little ships below our bridge for you; I'll tow them to Boston or to New York or to Hong Kong for you! I'll rig them for you. I'll spar them for you. And if I lose them going or coming, I'll pay you for them and I'll buy that — that — DAMNED house of yours to boot! By Heaven, I will; and here's this miserable gang of old shell-backs that you've kept here, to witness my words!'

And Adam Armstrong, second vice-president and director of the Eastern Railroad, spent for breath, stamped from the office that shook with his wrath. He headed for his big automobile, shouting to his chauffeur.

Just as he was entering the car, Cap'n Tristram called from the doorway, —

'Oh, Mr. Armstrong, when you order them masts, the four lowers, I mean, you 'd better get Oregon pine. They'll cost considerable more to begin with, but in the long run, they'll be worth it, more'n worth it.'

The furious reply was lost in the roar of the starting motor, but neither the shaking fist nor the purple look shot at the captain was to be misunderstood.

Cap'n Tristram watched the automobile cross the Square and disappear up State Street. Slowly he turned from the doorway, and with a smile faced the Watch.

'Abner,' said he, 'Mr. Armstrong don't seem interested in Oregon pine, does he?'

And the Watch roared!

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

II. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

SHE was a little woman, rather plain than beautiful, but with energy, sparkle, and vivacity written all over her. I always think of her curls, but they were not curls of coquetry or curls of sentiment. They were just alive, as she was, and danced and quivered when she nodded and glowed.

The first half of the nineteenth century, when she was growing up, was still the age of ministers in New England, and she was of a ministerial family, grew up in that atmosphere, and inherited all its traditions. Only she preached in books, not from the pulpit. She passed her youth among the joys and torments of religion, as then practised. She married and had children. Then she set the world afire with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, made money, which she sorely needed, wrote more books, a huge number of them, made more money in proportion, spent it with much generosity and some joy, and died, perhaps a great author, certainly having been a great power in her day.

She did all this with health that was never robust, never reliable, and often wretched. 'A wisp of nerve,' she calls herself; and she was. 'She loved more,' says her biographer, 'and consequently suffered more than others, and the weight of her suffering was heavier because she had grown up, apparently, almost without care, either from herself

or others, in behalf of her body.' There were no gymnasiums for girls in those days, no vigorous outdoor sports, no tall, swaying figures and red cheeks; only samplers and prayer. Mrs. Stowe often analyzed these conditions in her characters, and also analyzed them, with much acuteness, in herself. 'About half of my time I am scarcely alive, and a great part of the rest, the slave and sport of morbid feeling and unreasonable prejudice. I have everything but good health.'

But do not suppose that she let morbid fancies or cringing nerves interfere when there was work to be done. That generation had its weaknesses, and sometimes cultivated them; but it could trample on them, when occasion demanded, and even forget them. Mrs. Stowe was an excellent manager, careful of her household, careful of her husband, careful of her children. She could be up early and down late, sew, clean, and cook, plan and provide. When moving had to be attended to, she bore the burden. What that means, every housekeeper knows.

She appreciated the importance of order and system in a family. 'I know that nothing can be done without it; it is the keystone, the *sine qua non*, and in regard to my children I place it next to piety.' She gives an amusing picture of her efforts to apply this principle in establishing a new home: furniture men flying about, servants calling, assistants

suggesting, everything to be done, and nobody ready to do it. Nerves were evidently out of place in such a scene as this, and she whipped them into submission — could even make fun when, in the midst of it, she received a letter from her husband, saturated with gloom, warning her that he could not live long, wondering what she could do as a widow, and urging prudence, as she would not have much to live on. Prudence! With big freight-bills to pay and the children clamoring for steak to sustain them through their labors!

When these whirlwinds of achievement are over, the nerves revenge themselves. Nerves usually do. She has times of depression so deep that she hardly seems to live. 'All I wanted was to get home and die. Die I was very sure I should, at any rate, but I suppose I was never less prepared to do so.' Again, 'I let my plants die by inches before my eyes, and do not water them, and I dread everything I do, and wish it was not to be done.' Yet, even in these depths, if there is a call from others in greater misery, she can respond, sometimes with soothing tenderness, sometimes with cheerful rallying. When her husband writes to her in utter despair, the sympathy of her answer is disguised in gentle mockery. 'My dear Soul, I received your most melancholy effusion, and I am sorry to find it's just so. I entirely agree and sympathize. Why did n't you engage the two tombstones — one for you and one for me?'

This gayety, which she could apply to her own troubles, of course made her delightful to others, and socially she was popular and much sought after. Like most persons of sensitive temperament and nervous organization, she at once liked society and shunned it. The instinct of avoiding people, of remaining shut up within herself, was strong in her, and she had to make an effort to

overcome it. 'I am trying to cultivate a general spirit of kindness towards everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left, and forming casual or incidental acquaintances with all who will be acquainted with me.' She cultivates the habit of speaking to disagreeable people, to nonentities, and finding the good that can surely be found in them. Also, she feels the intense excitement of social intercourse, with its consequent fatigue and reaction. 'I believe it would kill me dead to live long in the way I have been doing since I have been here. It is a sort of agreeable delirium.'

In the main she likes people. Instead of saying, with Madame de Staël-Delaunay, that she is always glad to make new friends because she knows they cannot be worse than the old, she declares that she leaves Brunswick with regret, because she shall never find friends whom she likes better than those she has made there.

And men and women liked her, because she liked them. She entered many circles and mingled with all sorts of people, and everywhere she was received with esteem and affection. She herself speaks of the singular charm and fascination of her brother, Henry Ward Beecher: 'He has something magnetic about him that makes everybody crave his society — that makes men follow and worship him.' The magnetism in her case was by no means so marked; but it was there, and very many found it irresistible.

If she was popular in general society and was liked by others because she liked them, much more had she a tender and devoted affection in the most intimate relations of life. 'There is a heaven,' she says, 'a heaven — a world of love, and love after all is the life-blood, the existence, the all in all of

mind.' And in a simpler and even more penetrating phrase, she shows how thoroughly she had experienced what she estimates so highly: 'Oh, Mary, we never know how we love till we try to unlove.'

Her devotion to her father and to her brothers and sisters was constant and unflinching. Perhaps the nearest of them all to her was Henry Ward Beecher, and the strength of her love for him appears strikingly in the letters written in regard to his greatest trial. She not only rejects all possible doubt as to his innocence and purity, but rejects it with a whole-hearted conviction which it is difficult to resist. He is herself, she says, and she feels a blow at him more than she would feel it at herself.

Her children she loved and tended and cared for, entering into all the interests of their lives and being prostrated by their illness or death. It certainly could not be said of her that she was a writer before she was a mother. 'My children I would not change for all the ease, leisure, and pleasure that I could have without them.' Like all persons of deep and sensitive natures, she feels the utmost difficulty in expressing affection. What are those strange, those insurmountable barriers that make it impossible for the tenderness that fills our hearts to overflow our lips, so that we meet our dearest with a jest, or a quip, or a casual comment, instead of the sincere outpouring of passionate devotion? How many of us can echo Mrs. Stowe's words: 'As for expression of affection . . . the stronger the affection, the less inclination have I to express it. Yet sometimes I think myself the most frank, open, and communicative of beings, and at other times the most reserved?' How many of us, again, resolve, as she did, when a friend mourned over not having told a lost child how much she loved him, that we

will not make the same mistake, but will give our feelings full expression, while there is yet time? The time passes, till it grows too late, and all against our will our lips are sealed.

The depth and the varying phases of Mrs. Stowe's love of her husband are naturally not fully seen in her published letters. That she did love him, both before marriage and after, is evident enough. With the writer's instinct of analysis, she makes a curious dissection of her feelings to a friend, half an hour before her wedding. 'Well, my dear, I have been dreading and dreading the time, and lying awake wondering how I should live through this overwhelming crisis, and lo! it has come, and I feel *nothing at all*.' But neither the dread nor the indifference indicate any doubt or coldness as to Professor Stowe. When she writes of him to others, it is with a warm efflorescence of praise. His tenderness enwraps her, his enthusiasm upholds her, his confidence sustains her. When she writes to him directly, their mutual understanding and intimate affection are obvious in every line. Amusing stories are told of his occasional assertion of being something more than Mrs. Stowe's husband; but these never imply any jealousy or undue sensitiveness in one who was well qualified to play his part in life without being the husband of anybody.

II

Like many writers, and some who have been among the most successful, Mrs. Stowe was neither a great scholar nor a great reader of the writings of others. She speaks of her enjoyment in early childhood of the poetry of Scott. Later, after looking in dismay at the appalling collection of theology in her father's library, she was able to divert herself with the odd agglomeration of fact and fancy in Mather's *Magnalia*.

As her education went on, she of course became familiar with the standard books which, as names at any rate, are known to intelligent people. She also read curiously such writings of contemporaries as appealed to her quick and eager spirit. But she created her own work from what she saw in life, not from what she found in books. She had neither the vast zest for knowledge as such, which is so evident in Margaret Fuller and Sarah Ripley, nor the enthusiasm for education as a moral agent, which animated Mary Lyon. Quotations and literary references are not frequent in her letters or in her formal writings. It is the same with artistic matters generally. In later years European travel trained her to a good deal of interest in pictures and architecture. But her temperament was not naturally æsthetic, nor was it especially susceptible to emotional stimulus from painting or music.

The great activity, the really vital and vivid manifestation of her spiritual life, was in religion. When she was twelve years old, she wrote a composition entitled, 'Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?' It is a truly appalling production for a child of that age — not in itself, but when one thinks of all it meant in the way of wearing, haunting, morbid spiritual discipline and suggestion.

The young person of to-day cannot realize what these religious problems were to the young person of one hundred years ago. The atmosphere which was breathed from morning to night was loaded with discussion and controversy. Nobody understood this better than Mrs. Stowe, or has depicted it more powerfully. 'On some natures,' she says, 'theology operates as a subtle poison; and the New England theology in particular, with its intense clearness, its sharp-cut crystalline edges and nee-

dles of thought, has in a peculiar degree the power of lacerating the nerves of the soul, and producing strange states of morbid horror and repulsion.' Elsewhere she puts this influence even more forcibly: 'With many New England women at this particular period, when life was so retired and so cut off from outward sources of excitement, *thinking* grew to be a disease.'

If such statements were true in general, even of girls who had the ordinary surroundings of this world and were not especially bound to the atmosphere of the sanctuary, they were far more applicable to Mrs. Stowe herself. Her family was essentially Levitical, and the quintessence of theological excitement was distilled about her dreaming childhood. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a giant of the faith. He was a robust, active, naturally healthy spirit, a dynamic creature, who used to shovel sand from one corner of the cellar to another to tone his bodily muscles, and toned the muscles of his spirit by shoveling sinners to heaven or to hell. He was born too normal to suffer, himself, the extreme agonies of a tormented conscience, though his curious autobiography shows that even the normal had their struggles to go through.

When it came to a sensitive nervous organization like his daughter's, the spiritual tumult that he spread around him had a far different effect. No doubt she was only one of many; but we have the advantage of a keener insight into her sufferings than into those of others. No doubt there was a certain strange pleasure in the sufferings themselves, an intense, thrilling appreciation of being at any rate alive, such as is quaintly indicated in the brief sentence of Anatole France, 'It is sweet to believe, even in hell.' Yet, as we read the story of Mrs. Stowe's experiences from our modern point of view, we rebel a little, with the feeling that

there is enough unavoidable misery in the world without adding the distresses of the imagination.

What these distresses were in Mrs. Stowe's case we gather from many passages in her letters. That her sensitiveness, her response to influences of joy and depression, to every suggestion from others, was extreme, is everywhere evident. 'I believe that there never was a person more dependent on the good and evil opinions of those around than I am.' That she took all her spiritual experiences with passion, is evident also. 'Thought, intense, emotional thought has been my disease.'

The weight of original sin upon such a temperament, the horror of it, with all its fearful consequences, may easily be imagined. An ideal of perfection was before her always, and it seemed as if she never attained it, and of course she never did. She could do nothing right. Temptations daily beset her and she daily yielded. Back of all her sins was pride, fierce, devilishly prompting pride, the old, stubborn, willful, unconquerable self. She went hourly into battle with it. Sometimes she triumphed for a moment. But it rose again, in hydra variety forever.

All this was forced in upon her soul, beaten in upon her. You are irretrievably wicked, said her best friends; there is no escape but one: believe — you must believe. So she believed, or said she did, and tried to — tried by day and by night to find her way through the complex maze of doctrine which believing meant in those days. At moments she felt that she had succeeded. Rest came, a wide peace settled down upon her, it seemed that she could never again be troubled any more. 'My whole soul was illumined with joy, and as I left the church to walk home, it seemed to me as if Nature herself were hushing her breath to hear the music of heaven.' She said to her father, in

ecstasy, 'Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me.' And her father answered, as much rejoiced as she, 'Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day.'

But the ecstasies did not endure. Do they ever, did they ever, even in the calmest and most saintly heart? Doubts come, difficulties, sometimes a flush of rebellion. She hears preachers say that we have no plea to offer for our sins and no excuse. Have we not? she says. Why were we put into the world with the fierce thirst for sin and so helpless to resist it? 'I have never known the time when I have not had a temptation within me so strong that it was certain I should not overcome it.'

Worse than the doubts is the dead feeling of exhaustion and emptiness that follows enthusiasm. You are in heaven for an hour. An hour afterwards you do not care whether you are in heaven or in hell. The terrible struggle of these experiences has dried her mind and withered her soul. 'Though young, I have no sympathy with the feelings of youth.' So her spirit flutters in an endless turmoil, exalted and depressed all the more because of the quiet and tranquillity of her life without.

It is needless to say that she fought through the storm, that with the passage of years she retained the essence of her faith, at the same time dropping or obscuring the struggles and terrors of it. The world was broadening about her and she broadened fully with it. Love came to be the great stronghold of her religion, love and hope and sunshine. She grew more and more willing to leave the mysteries and the problems to take care of themselves.

III

But whatever religion she had, it was a primary instinct to preach it. She was not essentially a mystic, content to

enjoy her spiritual ecstasies in solitude, to brood over them without any effort to extend them to others. She was born to be active, to be energetic, to make the world feel her existence. When she was a little child, she heard somebody read the Declaration of Independence and it made her 'long to do something, I knew not what: to fight for my country, or to make some declaration on my own account.' She was like the young college graduate, just engaged, who was found in tears and explained that she 'wanted to do something for the world and for Wellesley and for him.'

In the New England of those days the desire to do something generally meant to communicate one's religious experiences. This of course involved making others extremely wretched; but as it was to save their souls, what did it matter? Had not one been extremely wretched one's self? So many of these quiet, earnest, simple women had fought through a passionate spiritual struggle to a hardly earned and hardly sustained victory! The great impulse of their lives was to fight the battle and win the victory for those they loved, for an even wider world, for every one. Each new battle in a new soul made their own triumphs more confirmed and sure. If this was the case with women in general, how much more so was it with one who had grown up in an atmosphere of preaching and teaching; whose father had spent his life wrestling with the devil in the pulpit and in the study and had worsted him gloriously; whose brothers had followed the same career with like energy and success! She speaks of one of these brothers as 'peppering the land with moral influence.' Was it not certain that, with her temperament and her experiences, she would want, in some shape or other, to hold the pepper-pot herself?

She did. It must not be understood from this that in daily life she was

pedantic, or inclined to moralize and sermonize. On the contrary, she was gay and sympathetic. She had a wide appreciation of human nature, a wide comprehension of it; and this led her to bear with others whose point of view was entirely different from hers. 'Tolerance,' she says in one of her books, 'tolerance for individual character is about the last Christian grace that comes to flower in family or church.' It had come to flower with her. Men and women might differ vastly in beliefs, in standards, even in practice, and yet be all lovable. 'My dear friend,' she says, 'we must consider other people's natures.' Is it possible to give more broadly human as well as more broadly Christian advice than that?

But all the tolerance and comprehension did not mean indifference or mere idle study of men's various ways of going to ruin. With the sympathy came a passionate desire to help, a profound conviction that sympathy was the best agent for helping. And as she had a constant eagerness to make over souls, so she had a whirlwind energy in the manner of doing it. She tells us that her father had a wonderful faculty of exciting family enthusiasm. When he had an object to accomplish, he would work the whole household up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each one seemed quadrupled. She amply inherited the trait, and strove with all her nervous force to do good wherever she might be. Even the simple pursuit of her own pleasure she was fain to justify by some side issue of benevolence. Thus, when she bought a plantation in Florida, she urged that she was largely influenced by the wish to elevate the people. The plan, she says, 'is not in any sense a mere worldly enterprise.'

Very characteristic is the anecdote told by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of the friend in Germany whom Mrs. Stowe

was anxious to convert from his skeptical philosophy. First, she argued, pleaded, persuaded by letter, some of her letters being even thirty pages long. When this epistolary effort failed her, she was obliged to rely wholly upon prayer; and at length, at Christmas-time, her perseverance was rewarded by the complete conversion of the reluctant German.

But with Mrs. Stowe the natural expression for this preaching, reforming impulse was literature, just as with Mary Lyon it was teaching. Gautier said that the production of copy was a natural function with George Sand. Without emphasizing it quite so strongly, it may yet be said that the pen was the implement that Mrs. Stowe handled most readily and with most pleasure. She did not write because she read. She wrote because she thought and felt, and writing was to her the simplest medium for getting rid of thought and feeling. Like many others with a similar gift, she was not frank or particularly outspoken in daily converse. It costs her an effort to express feeling of any kind, she says. Yet when she took her pen, all her inner life flowed out readily. Could she have said to any one what she wrote of Niagara, for instance? 'I felt as if I could have *gone over* with the water; it would be so beautiful a death; there would be no fear in it. I felt the rock tremble under me with a sort of joy. I was so maddened that I could have gone too, if it had gone.'

All her life writing excited her, overpowered her. She does not do it methodically, systematically, but with a frenzy of self-forgetfulness. 'My book, instead of cooling, boils and bubbles daily and nightly.' The work overcomes her in the production; it overcomes her afterwards, as if it were the production of some one else. When she reads the death of Uncle Tom, she 'can hardly

restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings' that shakes her frame.

With such a mighty instrument of preaching at hand as this, how can she fail to exercise it? It is a most interesting study to disentangle the web of motives that lies behind her literary achievement. Money? Money enters in, of course. Mrs. Stowe liked to earn. She also liked to spend and liked to give. Now, earning was irregular, spending was lamentably regular. She so managed that she was never seriously hampered financially; she was too essentially prudent and too honorable for that. But the pressure of money needs was not strictly favorable to the pursuit of literature. Her biographers tell us that at times what she pursued was not literature, but the necessities of life; and she herself says that when she began *Uncle Tom*, she was 'driven to write by the necessity of making some income for family expenses.'

Yet the passion for writing, for doing something that would make the world remember her, went far deeper than any need of money. Her sister, in a sharp, brief characterization of all the family, says that, as a child, 'Harriet is just as odd, and loves to be laughed at as much as ever.' To be laughed at, to be pointed at, to be praised — there is the writer surely. Mrs. Stowe tells us that, when she first began to read, she was possessed with the longing to do something in literature. When she was thirteen, she wrote a tragedy. 'It filled my thoughts sleeping and waking,' till her sister forced her to write extracts from Butler's *Analogy*, instead. All through the production of her lengthy series of works it is evident that she was impelled by something besides the need of money: that the intense ambition to succeed, to get glory, to touch and move and thrill the hearts of men, was ever present with her.

At the same time, she would not have

admitted that this was her main motive any more than money. Her gifts, if she had any, were given her for a purpose, and that was never forgotten. 'He has given me talents and I will lay them at his feet, well satisfied if He will accept them.' She writes with her life-blood, she says, and 'as called of God.' In *Uncle Tom* she was openly and confessedly doing missionary work. But in everything she ever wrote, her desire was the same. She was a Beecher. The Beechers were Levites, preachers, all of them. Only it fell to her to hold forth from a vaster pulpit than any other Beecher ever dreamed of. And just as with them, so her utterances were given to her from a higher source. She did not write *Uncle Tom*, she declares. She saw it, she felt it, she heard it in prophetic visions. It came to her in a great tide of inspiration, the spirit pouring through her as its mere humble instrument for the renovation and regeneration of the world.

And as the preaching, missionary instinct was always present in her literary ambition, so it was equally present in her enjoyment of popularity and success. It is unnecessary to say that these came to her in vast measure, and she appreciated them. When she was eleven years old, her father asked her teacher who wrote a certain composition. 'Your daughter, sir.'

'It was the proudest moment of my life,' she says. But she had many proud moments afterwards. The storm of applause — and of equally intoxicating obloquy — which came to her from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has not often been surpassed in the history of literature. She was praised and admired and reviled in America. In England the reviling was less, the praise and admiration perhaps even greater. When she visited that country, high and low crowded to gaze upon her, to touch her hand, to hear her speak.

Nor was it all vague and impersonal glory, which flowed about her in the streets but left her alone on an isolated pinnacle. What she asked of the world most was love. In the full sweep of her success she wrote, 'It is not fame nor praise contents me. I seem never to have needed love so much as now.' Well, love came to her. She made friends everywhere, friends with wealth, friends with distinction, friends with titles, who took her into their hearts just as nearly as those who had grown up with her at home. The warm lining of her fame was as rich and lasting as its glittering outside.

Through it all she was modest, put on no airs or vain pretenses, did not seem to feel that she had done any thing great, insisted, with apparent sincerity, that the work was not her work nor hers the glory. She moved among those curious and applauding crowds, a little, quiet, shrinking, yet always dignified figure, with a half smile of wonder what they were all making such a fuss about. 'It was enough to frighten a body into fits,' says her husband of one great occasion. 'But we took it as quietly as we could, and your mamma looked as meek as Moses in her little, battered straw hat and gray cloak, seeming to say, "I did n't come here o' purpose."'

She enjoyed it; oh, there is no doubt about that. She was eminently human, and few human beings have lived who would not have enjoyed it. But through all the tumult and hurly-burly there persisted that still, small voice telling her that the triumph and the means that won it were given her for a purpose. The instinct of the missionary and preacher at once excused her joy in her success and doubled it. Not hers was it to write brilliant and cleverly turned stories for the fleeting enchantment of an hour, but to stir hearts, to win hearts, to push on the movement of great causes in a turbid world.

Lowell, writing as editor of the *Atlantic*, of which she was a pillar in those days, cautioned her to 'Let your moral take care of itself, and remember that an author's writing-desk is something infinitely higher than a pulpit.'

To her there was nothing higher than a pulpit, nothing could be. 'The power of fictitious writing, for good as well as evil, is a thing which ought most seriously to be reflected on,' she says. She never ceased to reflect on it.

IV

She reflected on it more than she did on her story, her incidents, or her characters. In fact, fortunately, these hurried her on without reflection. But plenty of the reflection on the power of fictitious writing for good and evil always got mixed up with them. By temperament she was an interested and an acute and exact observer of human nature, both external and internal. Her stories, all her stories in greater or less degree, are founded on an extensive study of character and manners. This is true of her Southern novels, and they show that she had made good use of her opportunities in collecting material, both consciously and unconsciously. It is far more true of her New England books; and the fine and varied insight of *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, especially of *Oldtown Folks*, has hardly been surpassed since. In this line it must be remembered that Mrs. Stowe was an originator, for Hawthorne's work was entirely different in spirit. If Miss Jewett, Mrs. Freeman, and Miss Alice Brown have developed some sides more effectively, Mrs. Stowe deserves credit for having set the great example. The shrewdness, the sympathy with which she depicted the New England farmer, and, above all, his wife and daughter, are forever commendable and delightful. That

peculiar thing called the New England conscience is especially fascinating to Mrs. Stowe, and she is never weary of disentangling its curious webs of subtle torment.

In making all these investigations she sometimes likes to think of herself as the artist merely, who portrays man's body and soul with scientific ardor and is more concerned with truth than with moral efficacy. 'I am myself but the observer and reporter,' she writes, 'seeing much, doubting much, questioning much, and believing with all my heart only in very few things.' She does herself infinite injustice. By comparison with some of us, she believed in a great many things. Especially, she was filled with an overwhelming zeal to convey to others what beliefs she had. It is here that she differs from the notable writers who have succeeded her. They, for the most part, observe and report life as it is, from scientific and artistic curiosity. But to Mrs. Stowe every heart is a text and every tragedy a fearful example. She probably was not aware herself how furiously she preached. But no Beecher was ever a mere observer, or could have been contented to leave New England and the world without making them better.

And as her observation and material were affected by her missionary spirit, so her artistic methods were affected even more. Everywhere the illustration of human truth is a secondary object; the first is to produce an effect — naturally, a moral effect. Now, in literature the subordination of truth to effect, no matter for what purpose, is melodrama. Dumas and the thousands like him arrange effective incident merely to amuse, to startle and excite the reader; Mrs. Stowe arranges it to jolt the reader into the path of virtue. It is not a matter of violent sensation. Where are there more violent

sensations than are to be found in Shakespeare? But, as Trollope admirably remarks, there is no objection to sensation, no matter how violent, provided it is always subordinated to the development of character. When character is subordinated to sensation, the proper name is surely melodrama. It is amusing and profitable to hear Mrs. Stowe herself on this subject. Some one has accused her of being moved by melodrama. She is at first appalled, though she has no very clear idea what is meant. Then she concludes consolingly, 'If, by being melodramatic, as the terrible word is, he [the artist] can shadow forth a grand and comforting religious idea . . . who shall say that he may not do so because he violates the lines of some old Greek artist?' You see the point.

An entertaining side-issue of this preaching aspect of the creator of *Uncle Tom* is her active part in the Byron controversy. I have no wish to stir up a vexed and disagreeable question; but I do insist that Mrs. Stowe's part in it was based upon the zealous desire to do good, however much lack of tact she may have shown. When she was a child, she adored Byron, and was deeply overcome by the announcement of his death. She heard it from her father, who also adored him, — with reservations, — and thought that, if Byron 'could have talked with Taylor and me, it might have got him out of his troubles.' Is n't that delicious? Later, she became intimate with Lady Byron, and, after her death, felt that an effort to make clear her relations with her husband would benefit the wife's memory in this world and help to save the poet's soul in the next. And what a magnificent theme it was for moral edification! Still, you see, the preaching Beecher. For it cannot be denied that there hung always about Mrs. Stowe that light, vast aura of sancti-

fication which is, or was, so apt to emanate from the New England ministerial being, and which is condensed into a supernatural glow upon the countenance, even pictured, of her distinguished brother, Henry Ward.

I do not mean, however, to stress this missionary side of Mrs. Stowe with undue emphasis. As I have before pointed out, she was a sunny, human person, with large understanding of the weaknesses of others and large allowance for them. She had an excellent portion of humor in her composition, and indeed this was as characteristic of her family as was preaching. She says of her oldest sister that her 'life seemed to be a constant stream of mirthfulness'; and Harriet herself often drifted into broad eddies of the same golden river. From her father she inherited the faculty of amusing people as well as that of admonishing them. From him also she got a sense of the pleasant things of this world, and a sort of eternal youth for enjoying them. 'Hearts never grow old, do they?' cried the Reverend Lyman; and his daughter could have said the same.

One even divines in Mrs. Stowe pagan possibilities that are really delightful. She reproaches George Eliot with too much self-abnegation, and wishes that she could get her into the Beecher household, 'where we sometimes make the rafters ring with fun, and say anything and everything, no matter what.' She has occasionally an obscure feeling that something is wrong in the preaching attitude; that there are interests in life besides being good and the effort to make others so. 'With all New England's earnestness and practical efficiency,' she writes, 'there is a long withering of the soul's more ethereal portion, — a crushing out of the beautiful, — which is horrible. Children are born there with a sense of beauty equally delicate with any in the world,

in whom it dies a lingering death of smothered desire and pining, weary starvation. I know, because I have felt it.'

What charms me most in this connection is Mrs. Stowe's conversion to Rubens. In all the wide spiritual world, can you imagine temperaments more different? She knew it as well as you do. She begins by hating him. Yet even then she feels the power. 'Rubens, whose pictures I detested with all the energy of my soul, I knew and felt all the time, by the very pain he gave me, to be a real living artist.' Afterwards, when she sees the gorgeous Medici group in Paris, she is almost, if not quite, converted. That starved childish spirit, which hungered for earthly loveliness in the barren New England desert, found something to thrill it in the Rubens flesh, so splendidly redolent of the glory of this world. In fact, if she had been a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, she would have followed it with the same proselyting ardor that she gave to Christianity; and the image of Mrs. Stowe, a thyrsus in her hand, undraped in a dainty, if limited, garment of fawnskin, careering over the pastures by the sea, at the head of a Bacchic squadron of middle-aged New England damsels, does not lack a certain piquant, if indecorous, exhilaration.

But she was to descend to posterity, not as a votaress of Bacchus, but as an

ardent expositor of the New England conscience. All her books are saturated with it. In every one of them nature and human nature, passion and hope, good and ill, are used to illustrate the goodness of God, the importance of virtue, the absolute necessity of making over the world on the New England model. Perhaps *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is no better than some of the others; but it has the characteristics of all of them, and a fortunate conjunction of circumstances gave it an enormous success which none of the others could have achieved. Read everywhere in America and Europe, translated into all languages, it was far more than a novel, it was one of the greatest moral agencies the world has seen; and Mrs. Stowe will be simply the author of it to millions who know, and care to know, nothing else about her. Few teachers or preachers anywhere can ever hope to accomplish such results as she did.

Undeniably, with Mrs. Stowe, as with others of her type, there are times when one wearies intensely of this missionary endeavor. After all, the sky is blue, the winds blow, and life is pleasant. Why not let it go at that? Yet, when the hours and days of anguish come, — for the individual, or for the world, — as they are coming now, we realize that perhaps we need these little, fragile, insinuating, indomitable things with curls to drive or wheedle us into the fold of God.

TO THE WINGLESS VICTORY

A PRAYER

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

WINGLESS Victory, whose shrine
By the Parthenon
Glorified our youth divine,
Hearken! — they are gone,
The young eagles of our nest,
They, the brightest, bravest, best,
They are flown!

Lilies of France,
When first they flew,
Led their lone advance
Great heaven through:
Now soar they, brood on brood,
Like stars for multitude,
To France! France!

Save thou the golden flight
That wakes the morn,
And dares the azure height,
The tempest's scorn!

Save them o'er land and sea,
In deeps of air!
Thy grace, where'er they be,
Ensphere them there!

Save them, the country's pride,
Our wingèd youth!
And where they fall enskied,
Save thou the truth,
O Wingless Victory!

NIGHT-WORK IN A MUNITION FACTORY

BY WINIFRED BROOKE IRVINE

I

December 26, 1916

I APPLIED to-day for a position in a large shell-factory in Toronto, and have been told to report on December 31 at 11.45 P.M. I bought a regulation cap and apron — the former an ugly frilled affair, and the latter a plain, long-sleeved overall made of heavy butcher blue cotton; and when I acquire a pair of heavy leather gauntlets, I shall be all ready for the fray.

January 1, 1917

I reported at 11.45 last night, and found that I had to wait with nine other women on a reserve night-shift of twelve hours. Our pay is ten cents an hour, and we sit round and wait until a call comes for a worker. At first I thought it rather amusing, but it soon became tiring, and I hated everybody and everything, especially the particularly uncomfortable chair that I was sitting in.

About 4 o'clock a woman came up and said, 'You look tired, girlie; come and lie on my cot.' Part of the rest-room was a sleeping place, with rows and rows of cots, and someone sound asleep on each one. I was very thankful for the spare cot, and I spread my scarf over the rather grimy-looking pillow, and lay down thankfully, sleeping until 8 o'clock, in spite of the noises going on around me.

When I got up, I went into the cloak-room, where there are long troughs for the women to wash in. I don't mean to say that we actually have to get into

the troughs, but there are taps at intervals all down them, and there I washed in ice-cold water, with coarse yellow soap, and paper towels that feel as if they were made of sand-paper. There were dozens of tired-looking women, with the dirtiest faces and unspeakably black, filthy aprons. They did n't look as if they had been particularly thrilled with their night's work, and seemed glad to get away.

I then went to the other end of the department, to the Y.W.C.A. cafet ria, and got a good hot breakfast — porridge, coffee, bread and butter — for 13 cents. The cafet ria is open day and night, and is run by voluntary workers who work in four-hour shifts.

January 2

Well, I've got a 'job,' and I can't say I particularly love it. At 12.15, when I had settled down for my vigil, the matron came up and said, 'Will anyone volunteer for elevator service?' I jumped up at once and said, 'Oh, yes, I'll go'; and was led 'off to the slaughter,' so to speak, by a small messenger girl.

We went into the yard, and across railway tracks and weird places where the earth was steaming, past the forges and blacksmith-shops, with men toiling in the glare of the fires and half hidden by steam. After walking about the distance of a long city block, we came to the shop. The first sight was quite alarming: not only the noise, but the smell and the dreadful lurid look of the whole place.

I was taken up to the big freight elevator, which is used for taking shells from one floor to another, and a workman stayed for ten minutes and showed me how to start and stop it.

After a time the forelady came up and said, 'You can sit down on this box when you are not working; but don't let the superintendent see you. He does n't allow any one to sit down.' I stayed until 8 in the morning, as the elevator-women work on eight-hour shifts, and I was so tired I could hardly see.

January 3

Last night, after I had 'punched the clock' in the rest-room at 11.45, I went straight to the shop, and was told that I was not needed on the elevator, but that I am now a reserve-worker, and may be called to go into the shop at any minute.

I was sent to a room on the second floor, and found many women there, some coming off their shifts, some waiting to be called to work, all looking tired and grimy, but fairly cheerful. There is a wooden table, some pegs to hang our coats on, and a few, just a *very few*, kitchen chairs. I wasn't lucky enough to get one, and as I was told that I might not be called until 5 or 6 in the morning, I spread my coat on the floor, rolled up my apron as a pillow, and went fast asleep. About ten or fifteen of the women were asleep on the floor, and we certainly did n't look pretty.

At 4 o'clock one of the foreladies woke me up, and said that the superintendent, Mr. Sheep (I will call him that though it was n't his name, and he looked like a disagreeable wolf), wanted a woman to go on No. 209 C machine. I put on my apron and gloves, and followed her into a regular inferno of noise and steam and whirring wheels. The shop is about as long as a city block, and two or three hundred feet

wide. The second story of the building, where the adjusters are made that close the large end of the shell, reaches only half-way across, and the rest-room is at one end of it.

The shells come into the factory at one end, just roughly shaped pieces of shell, and they leave at the other end finished and ready to be shipped abroad.

A great overhead crane runs up and down continually, with a hideous whistling noise, and the roof seems full of big black whirring wheels and whirling leather belts. On the ground, machines and women are everywhere, all packed close together; and there are men as well, tool-setters, foremen, and laborers who go round sweeping up the steel shavings that are constantly piling up round and under the machines.

The machines, of which there are four of each kind, are in line down the shop, with narrow passages between them where the operator and inspector stand; and between the rows are wooden runways with rollers, down which the big eighty-pound shells are pushed and shoved from one machine to another. I say pushed and shoved, for the rollers don't roll freely, and when a heavy shell comes along, it takes all one's strength to get it to move down the line.

I was sent into my place in front of a huge fifteen-feet-long hydraulic machine, and a foreman showed me how to work it. The shells came down the runway behind me, those belonging to my machine being turned sideways and pushed along a short runway to where they were adjusted into place with a huge clamp. Then the overhead lever was pulled to one side and the machine set in motion. I had to turn on a tap from which came a disgusting mixture of soap, grease, and water which ran over the knives as they cut into the steel. It steamed and almost boiled,

and every now and then it would splash and would send a spray into my face and over my apron; and the smell was sickening.

A great cutter bored into the shell, and one adjusted the levers so that it would stop at the right time.

After half an hour my foreman said, 'Well, I guess you can manage alone now,' and walked away. I felt deathly sick, and more terrified than words could express, at being left alone with this hideous monster, which might blow up at any minute for all I knew. I set my teeth and thought to myself, 'I must n't be sick; I must remember what that dreadful man told me about this awful thing'; and somehow or other I remembered and managed to turn out thirty-eight shells in the six hours. We were only supposed to finish thirty-five in that time, so I felt I had been able to hold down my job.

At 10 o'clock my relief came, and then, trembling with exhaustion, I stumbled upstairs to get my coat, and then out into the icy, but clean air.

January 4

I was sent on to a machine this morning at 3 o'clock, but was able to get three hours' sleep on the draughty floor before I was called. I took a small cushion and a steamer-rug, and was a bit more comfortable than I was the night before.

I went to a new machine, a fearsome thing that cut off the outside steel from the shells. It took two of us to adjust the work into place, and a third woman to paint the nose of the shell with a yellow sticky grease, before the machinery was set in motion. Then the fun began: great long shavings of hot, jagged steel were cut off and banged round within about eighteen inches of our faces. When they got too long, we beat them off with wooden sticks, and they fell to the ground.

January 5

I went on at 4 o'clock this morning, at the machine I first worked, and I was able to turn out fifty shells, so I made 45 cents extra. We are paid 30 cents an hour, and have a bonus of three dollars a week if we are not late, and break no rules; for every shell over thirty-five we turn out we get 3 cents.

There is an inspector for every two machines, and she checks our work and the number we turn out. I also keep an account, and mark up every shell I finish, with chalk on my machine.

The foreman was fairly civil, but I do not think the hours between two and seven in the morning lend themselves to much cheer and sociability. In my hideous blue frilled cap I look as handsome and feel as pleasant as the wolf in the Red Riding Hood story, when he put on the grandmother's frilled nightcap. My apron is black already, and my cap too, and I shall have to buy a rubber apron to protect my blue one from the compound spray.

January 6

A new machine last night, and not quite so hard to work as the other two. I find that all the operators, inspectors, and foremen drink milk during their working hours. I asked why, and was told it counteracts some poison one breathes or swallows. To-morrow night I shall get a pint of milk and drink it out of the bottle, just as the others do. I don't want to be poisoned or asphyxiated.

January 7

I thought I was in luck last night, as I was put far down the shop away from the machines, and told to paint a line round the shells. I grinned with delight, and worked away happily and easily for half an hour, when disagreeable Mr. Sheep came up and said to the foreman, 'Who put this woman here? She is a machine operator.' I was dragged away from my pleasing pastime,

and taken upstairs and given an entirely new machine to work; it is clean, but heavy work.

We make from fifty to sixty adjusters in the six hours; and as one has to pick them off the floor and hold them against the machine while one clamps them on, and they weigh twenty-two pounds each, it is pretty heavy going. Still, I like it better than the dirty work downstairs.

January 8

Joy and gladness! I have a machine of my own, and rather a good one, too, not too elaborate, and one can do very well on piece-work, I'm told. The machines vary a great deal in that respect. My new machine is a roughing bore, and I have such a horrid foreman: his name is Bill, and he looks as if he is dying of consumption. His eyes glare, and his temper is hectic.

My inspector is a tiny woman, who says she is now forty and has worked in a carpet factory since she was sixteen, and finds munition work very pleasant in comparison. Oh, heavens! what *can* the carpet factory have been like.

The girl next me is a little thing, too, about twenty-one, I should judge, very ugly and with a face like a very white pug; she offered me some candy and a biscuit, and I *did* like her.

I made 85 cents extra to-day, and so far I have had no hospital shells: that is, shells spoilt in the operation, but not too badly to be repaired. We get a fresh card each day when we go to work, and on it a record is kept by our timekeeper and foreman: so many shells turned out; so many hospital shells; so much scrap; so many delays through the operator's fault, machinery breakdown, or lack of power. These cards are turned in at the office, and from them the pay-sheets are made up. We have four foreladies on the floor and four timekeepers. They dress in khaki coats and rakish khaki-colored caps.

January 10

Bill gets on my nerves. He has an alarming habit of jumping over the shell runway to shriek scoldings in my ear; the noise is so intense that I hear nothing until he is right beside me. If we have to call our fellow-workers' attention, we throw steel shavings at them (small ones).

I dropped my little gold watch into the pool of greasy compound which is under my machine; but after getting my sleeves wet up to the elbows, I managed to fish it out, covered with grease, but still going strong.

My shift is now from 3 A.M. to 9 A.M. Not nice hours, but one is n't given any choice. I am told that 'once on night-shift, always on night-shift.'

January 15

Only two hours' work last night, as the power went off. I was terribly sleepy and tired, and stood with my head hanging down and my eyes closed. The forelady came by and said, 'I'm sorry you are tired, but please look alert and bright: Mr. Sheep can't bear to see anyone looking weary or sitting down to rest.'

While the work is going quickly, I get on all right; but when there is any delay I suffer agonies of sleepiness. I never knew before what horrible physical discomfort it is to keep awake when one is exhausted with lack of sleep, and those four hours seemed an eternity.

At 7 o'clock, when it began to get light, I felt a little better; and although I did n't *look* alert, I managed to stand up straight and keep my eyes open.

I certainly wish I had been lucky enough to be on a day-shift, going on at almost any hour except 2, 3, 4, and 5 in the early morning. The day-workers do not find the work half as tiring as we do: they get a good night's sleep, and the six-hour shift is an unusually short

one compared to the hours in other factories.

The inspectors have easy work, with hardly any physical strain, and their pay is excellent, \$72 a month; they can also keep fairly clean.

The easier work, such as painting the edges of the shells, for instance, and operating the lighter machines upstairs, is given—and quite fairly, I consider—to the younger or smaller women.

We have all sorts and conditions here: young girls who have never done a day's work before in their lives; stenographers; and countless girls who have been in domestic service. I am told that some of the best work of the factory is turned out by what the old hands call 'society girls.' I imagine that these girls are of a very good class, who are doing the work as a patriotic duty. Two that I knew of, turned in their pay envelopes to the Red Cross, untouched. The girls who stay for a week and then disappear are girls who come in just because they think it is the fashionable thing to do. There are three of them who go on at six in the morning, and I am always very much entertained when, at night, I see them shedding their lovely fur coats and silk dresses, unlacing their smart white-kid boots, and lying down to sleep on the horrid black blankets attired in wonderful negligées made of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with ribbon roses.

January 16

Another night with very little work. Something had gone wrong with our four machines, and I was able to watch the other women at work.

There is a husky Englishwoman opposite me whose man is in France, and she is working to keep the home together for seven children. I never saw such a hustler. It makes one almost dizzy to see the way she plunges and dives, and pushes and whacks the levers

up and down. She told me before we went on duty to-night that she 'ated the 'Un'; and I think every shell she manipulates is a wordless 'ymn of 'ate.'

I wish that I could sleep enough in the daytime; if I did, I could stand the night-work better. We have a room in a house where there is a singing teacher and also a violin teacher, so I am beset with noise by day and by night. I generally go to sleep in the street-car on my way home, but one can hardly call it a restful hour.

Many of the women choose to work at night, so that they can look after their children and do their housework by day. No wonder they look worn and weary.

When the shells reach my machine, they are rough and black inside. They come into the factory partially hollowed out. The group of machines that mine belongs to has the third or fourth operation; the group just before ours cuts off the rough ends, and our rough bore scrapes out the first roughness from the inside.

Sometimes the shells come in sticky with snow and sand, as they lie outside piled up on the ground, waiting to be sent up into the factory.

A lot of the women on my shift are regular old factory hands, most of them English, and their language savors very much of Billingsgate; but I find them kind and thoughtful, and very honest about their work. When shells are rather scarce, we take them in turn as they come along the runway to our machines. The women all play fair and never take a shell out of turn, and three or four extra shells are quite a financial consideration to them; it means a loaf of bread, or perhaps half a pound of sausages.

The factory never closes down; we work on Sundays and on all holidays, except Christmas day.

January 17

It has been eight below zero for the last week, and a bitter wind blowing. I go out to the factory about 10.30 P.M. and settle down to sleep on a cot; then, at 2.15, the matron comes, gently shakes my shoulder, and says, 'Time to get up, dearie.' Oh, the effort of getting up and putting on my uniform, rubbers, gloves, and cap! I looked in the glass last night and hardly knew my own face, it looked so white and puffy with fatigue. It is a judgment for saying that my kind little fellow-worker looked like a pug, for I certainly am getting to look very much like one myself.

There is a dear soul who goes on at my shift, a clever and charming woman who was a newspaper reporter before working in the factory. She has been on a machine since October 1, and has never missed a day. She looks very delicate, and I think she must hold down her job by sheer pluck and force of will. We go to the cafet ria together, and indulge in soup and two cups of strong black coffee, which help to brace us up for our six hours of strain.

She gets the matron to wake her at 1.45, as she says she has to have a whole hour to compose her brain before going on to her machine.

We have to punch the clock at 2.45, and that gives us time to get over to the shop by three, as we have to be ready waiting at the machine so that there need not be an instant's delay in the work while the shifts change.

The 3, 4, and 5 o'clock shift women look deadly weary when they come on and almost dead when they go off, but the 6, 7, and 8 o'clock shift women seem less tired; and my own relief, who comes at 9 o'clock, is quite spry and jaunty.

My hands and arms are getting very chapped and ingrained with dirt; the compound soaks through our thick

gloves and I wear out a heavy leather pair every week.

A horrid irritating couplet kept running through my head last night. It was something like this, —

When the heart is courageous,
All work's a delight.

The more I said it, the more doubtful the statement seemed. I long sometimes to lie down on the greasy wet wooden floor and go to sleep.

January 18

When I got in last night, I heard that a girl had been killed that afternoon. A wheel fell from the ceiling onto her neck as she was bending over her machine. It made me feel rather sick, and I hear that several women have left the factory; but it is strange how, when one is at work, one never expects the particular wheel that is over one's own head to drop.

Never before did I hear such fantastic tales as were going round among the workers; the lurid description of what the foreman did, and how the poor girl looked; every story different, and more horrible than the last.

January 19

A machine-shop is a very unlovely place: the only thing that is bearable to look at is the reflection of a fire outside the windows. It makes a ruddy glow on the glass, and I watch it as being the only relief from the tired, dirty faces, the whirling black machinery, and the heaps of cruel jagged-looking steel shavings that the men load onto wheelbarrows, all dripping with the yellow-black compound.

At 7 the men of the day-shift come in, and I get a below-zero breeze, as the entrance is just opposite to where I stand. It is cold but refreshing after the thick, heavy night air of the shop. At dawn one feels greatly revived.

I believe that one's vitality is at its lowest ebb between 3 o'clock and dawn; mine is, anyway.

January 21

I nearly 'passed out' to-day. It was snowing and blowing when I came off duty, and I did n't see the railway crossing, and heard nothing until some men shouted; then I looked up, to see a freight car nearly on top of me. I jumped back and pushed against it with my hands, and so got clear of it. I was too cold and tired to care at the time; but after I had breakfast, I said a fervent prayer of gratitude that I had not been killed in such a stupid, dull way.

January 23

I am glad I came here to work; it is hard and dirty and exhausting, but it certainly is an eye-opener as to how the workers of the world live. I *know* now what it means to work in a factory, and shall always have a deep sympathy with factory-hands of any description.

Some months ago I was talking to a Russian, who was saying what a hard time the working classes had. I said in a smug way, 'Why it must be very nice work in a factory like A——, where things are so clean and the work-people are well cared for.'

'Mon Dieu!' he said; 'picture to yourself, madame, putting a piece of bacon into a can of beans every minute of every hour of every day—week—month—eternity! Ah, the desolation of such work!'

January 30

I had a 'spat' with Bill to-day. He bounced over the runway as usual and shrieked out, 'What-jer get that lever so near the bolt fer?'

I was very irritated, and I shrieked back, '*Don't you dare to talk like that to me! You put the chalk-mark where the lever was to go, and it is your own stupid fault if the work is wrong!*'

He jumped back and said no more.

I shall certainly report him when I get a chance. The other girls often cry when he scolds them, and it is too bad to make us all nervous.

February 1

I am making good money these days, and turning out between ninety and a hundred shells a night. It was nice to get a good fat pay envelope.

February 5

I find that Bill is a returned soldier, who has been gassed, and that is why he looks so ghastly, and is so nervous and cross. Of course, I can't report him now, and shall try and bear his peculiarities of temperament.

I handle, not only my ninety shells, but about fifty others which have to be pushed down to the next machine; I am getting more used to it now, and send them along at a fairly good rate.

February 12

Great joy! A message has come from a fuse-factory that they want me there next week, as they are opening up the new women's department. I shall finish my week out here, and then sleep for at least four days before going to the new work.

February 16

I resigned yesterday, and sold my caps and aprons to a new worker. I feel that, if I could be boiled in soapy water for a few hours, I might get some of the black grease out of my system. I am glad to be going to the fuse-factory, for the work will not be so heavy; the pay is small, — only \$9.60 a week to begin with, — but it is daytime work, and I shall be able to manage it better.

II

February 19

I reported at A. & B.'s factory this morning at 7.30. The matron told me that the motto of the factory is 'Per-

fection, not Production.' She said also that the firm intends to make the fuse department a pleasant place for women to work in.

The factory is a five-story building; the basement and first three floors are given up to shell-making, and the fourth and fifth floors to the new fuse department.

I was given my cap and apron, khaki-colored this time, and was sent to work a lathe on the first line. The office and inspection-room are at one end of the department; the rest of the floor-space is filled with lathes and drills. There are two lines of lathes: ten of one kind on the first line, and ten of another on the second.

The fuses come to the factory discolored lumps of brass, with only a semblance of the shape they are ultimately to take. The first work is done on the roughing machines, four in number, which are operated by men. The inspecting, lathe-work, and drill-work are to be done by women.

The fuses are mercifully light to handle, after the great eighty-pound shells I have been used to. There is no villainous compound running over the work, which is quite dry and clean.

February 23

The lathe I am operating is a marvelous piece of mechanism: it has seven different tools, and I can see that it will need careful and intelligent handling if the work is to be carried out successfully. We are making time-fuses for the Imperial Government. The measurements are exact to the thousandth part of an inch, and a rigid system of inspection will be enforced to insure 'perfection' before the fuses are sent to the government bond house, where they are finally inspected before being shipped 'over there.'

The fuse department is a new venture, as until a few months ago it was

thought that fuse-making was too difficult a piece of work for Canadian firms to handle. Mr. A——, I am told, is a genius where machinery is concerned; and I feel sure that he will be able to meet and overcome the difficulties in fuse-making which have been encountered in the past by other firms.

Only three women came to work the day the department opened, and Mr. A——, the superintendent, and head-foreman, instructed us in our new work. Mr. A—— taught me how to handle my lathe, and took the trouble to explain every tool and its use in detail. To be treated with civility and as if one was an intelligent human being I found a pleasant change from the harsh rudeness of the men in the shell-factory.

The inspection-room, which they call the 'cage,' is screened off from the rest of the room with wire-netting. A long narrow table runs the full length of the room, and the girls will sit at each side. Each girl will have a different gauge, and will do her part of the inspecting as the fuses are passed down the table. I believe there are to be about fifty-two inspectors when the work is fully started.

February 24

There is no Sunday work here, and only one daytime shift, from eight to five, with an hour off for lunch; we are on time-work, and make \$9.60 a week; but later on we shall be put on piece-work, and then it will be possible to make a good deal more.

March 1

I am glad spring is here; it is much pleasanter going to work by daylight.

I asked Mr. A—— to-day if he would allow me to set the tools on my lathe. He laughed and said, 'Yes, certainly; I wish all the women would learn to set their own tools.' He showed me how to set and adjust the knife-tool; when the machine is hot, it affects the size of the brass, and allowance has to be made

for the fuses' shrinking when they have cooled off. Every day the knife-tool has to be newly adjusted after we have operated the lathe for about half an hour. Now that I know how to alter it myself, it will save a good deal of time.

March 5

Our head-foreman is a big Scotchman, who is Patience Personified. He has twenty complicated lathes under his management, and the women are all inexperienced at the work, and the machines new.

Our second-line lathes look alike, but they have different dispositions — very much like human beings. No. 3 is very sullen; will *not* behave, for hours at a time. No. 1, which I operate, is highly strung and nervous, but responds readily to kind and reasonable treatment. So it goes all the way down the line, and poor H—— has a peck o' trouble sometimes, trying to keep workers and lathes on a harmonious footing. He says, 'Smile and the world smiles with you'; and I believe Mr. A—— has the same sentiments, for both these kindly men are patient and forbearing, and when things go wrong, they quietly set to work to right the difficulty, without any scolding or shouting. We all appreciate their attitude, and try to work intelligently; when we don't succeed in that, we try to *look* intelligent, so that they won't be too much discouraged with their pupils.

March 7

Mr. A—— told me to-day that he wanted a capable inspector to be put in charge of the second line, and would I like the job.

I think I must have looked absolutely aghast, and I said, 'Oh, no; please, *please* let me keep my lathe.'

He very kindly said I need n't give up my present work if it meant as much to me as all that.

Operating a lathe is more fascinating

and interesting to me than keeping house, or bringing up children, or going to parties, or anything else in the world; now that I am getting to understand the mechanism thoroughly, and the work is going well, I am a blissfully happy woman; the work takes my whole attention, for each fuse has to be watched carefully, and the excitement and joy of turning out perfect work is quite marvelous.

March 8

A very distressing accident happened to-day: one of the lathe-operators caught her hand in the machine, and it was badly cut and bruised. No one knows exactly how it could have happened, as the machine was well protected; but they think that perhaps the ragged edge of her glove got caught. She was wonderfully brave, and did n't scream or make any fuss, although she suffered terribly. She was taken at once to the hospital, and we have felt miserable all day. -

Our matron is an excellent manager of 'woman-power,' and has chosen the workers for the different machines in a way that shows she understands, not only the physical, but the mental capabilities of the workers. She is strict, but just, and we can always get a fair hearing when any complaints are to be made.

The stolid strong women are working the heavy milling machines, the younger, more delicate girls do the drill-work, and the tall women, with a good deal of endurance, she thinks best for the lathes. As our foreman says, 'There are only certain temperaments suited to the lathes'; and I think I know what he means: one must not be stolid, but it does n't do to get nervous and worried when things go wrong.

March 9

When we got to the factory to-day, we heard that skilled mechanics had

been put on our machines. The work is not being turned out fast enough by the women, and a certain contract has to be put through before the end of the month.

I was happy to find that my machine had no operator, so I went straight to work just as if nothing unusual had happened. Mr. A—— and the head-foreman laughed, and asked me if I did n't want a new job. I said, 'Certainly not, I can work just as well as any man.' Mr. A—— turned to the foreman and said, 'Put Mrs. Irvine's machine in good order, and she can try and beat the men.'

The work went beautifully, and the lathe worked like a charm; no fuses were spoiled, and I am entirely content with life in general, and fuse-factories in particular.

March 10

Such a day! Such fun! This morning only five of the 'skilled mechanics' were operating the lathes; nobody explained their absence and at noon only three were left.

We were told this evening that they had been a bit *too* skilled and quick, and had spoiled hundreds of the precious fuses by not taking enough care. If the truth were known, I really believe Mr. A—— and the foreman are quite pleased at this turn of events. They have always been tremendously anxious for the women to do well, and I feel sure that only the stern necessity of business made the firm put the men in our places. Still, it is a little bit of a joke, and they quite see, appreciate, and also laugh at it, which I think is very good-natured.

March 12

The women are back in their places, and contentment reigns! I had an interesting day, as I was given the defective fuses, to remedy the mistakes the men had made. It was, fortunately, possible to save a great many of them.

March 15

I want above all things to be a tool-setter, but I believe there is a rule in the union preventing the women from taking up this branch of the work. In the English munition factories they had the same rule when women first began to work; but as time went on, and the men had to leave, the women were found to be excellent tool-setters, and the rule was changed.

Rule or no rule, I set most of the tools on my own lathe, and it saves so much time, that my record is going up for the number of fuses turned out each day.

March 20

I have my munition badge: it is given to any woman who has been employed for a month in a munition factory, and at the end of six months' work in the same factory, it has a bar attached to it, and becomes the property of the worker. Any woman who has such a badge in her possession when the war ends, will be given a medal by the government.

I set a tool to-day that is the hardest one of all to adjust properly. When I told the foreman, he gave me a whack on my shoulder and said, 'We'll have to put you on the Union. You're just full of mechanics.'

When I recovered my balance and had caught my breath, I felt very much amused. If I was put on the Union, I might be called the 'Most High Grand Llama of the Loyal and Ancient Order of the Serrating Tool.' I wonder if I should be expected to march in the Labor-Day parade, and wear a blue-silk apron trimmed with gold fringe.

March 24

The old woman who is in charge of our rest-room says she will have to leave, as the girls spill so much powder in front of the looking-glass, and it makes her cough to sweep it up. Of

course I think women far superior to men! but it makes one smile to see the girls at the noon hour, daubing powder over their grubby faces. If they would only cover up all the dirt, it would n't look so queer; but they are apt to forget the back of their necks. The effect is both laughable and deplorable.

April 2

The nice head-foreman left to-day. He took umbrage at something the superintendent said, and after a short but heated conversation, picked up his box of tools and walked out. There was great consternation among the lathe-operators, and real regret, as well. H. has always been kind and patient; he rejoiced at our successes and sorrowed over our failures. I shall have no one to call me the 'stand-by'; no one to have me put 'on the Union.' Good-bye to the glory of the Labor-Day procession and the blue-silk apron. I have dreamed of riding a white horse on that occasion; but on reflection I find comfort in the thought that white horses only 'process' on July 12, so there is *one* thing I *have* n't missed.

April 15

The operator who was injured came back to-day; her hand is healed, but she says that it still hurts when it is touched. She actually had the pluck to go back to the lathe where she was hurt. I call that real bravery. I don't believe I *could* have done it.

April 25

I had to operate another lathe to-day while my own was being repaired; I felt as awkward as if I was playing on a strange piano at a church social — all the action queer, and half the notes dumb! The handles are not quite right for me, and I find operating it, is quite a strain.

April 26

My lathe is still out of order, and I worked No. 3 again. I turned out 486 fuses, which beats the record so far; but at five o'clock, when I left my lathe, I felt that I should never operate a machine again. I am very much exhausted to-night.

April 28

The doctor says I have strained my heart; it is *too* stupid, just when we have gone on piece-work and the machines are working well. I shall have to rest for three weeks.

May 19

Back to the factory again, to my great satisfaction, although I have to go into the cage as an inspector. I sat with my back to the room where the lathes are, for it would be altogether distracting to watch anyone operating No. 1 lathe.

May 23

Of all stupid, dull occupations, inspecting is the worst: it is easy, but monotonous to a degree. I have one gauge which I learned how to handle in two minutes, and I tried 6,000 fuses with it during the day — just the same simple movement six thousand times during eight hours. The morning seems eternity, and by four in the afternoon I have sunk into a state of abysmal despair!

May 25

I was given a position as forewoman to-day. My work will be to supervise the women on the drills. It will be good to be on the 'fighting deck' again and out of this 'cage.'

The women who are operating the lathes are making from \$25 to \$30 a week now. I call it the 'Millionaires' Row.' They come to the factory in the very smartest of spring finery.

June 4

My new work is interesting, but it is without the fascination of machine-

work. I have had to invent a system of keeping an accurate count of the work as it goes from one drill to another; the girls are paid at so much a hundred fuses and they make between \$15 and \$18 a week.

We have an eight-and-a-half-hour day now, and I find it a long weary day, as I leave home at 6 A.M. and don't get back till 6 P.M.

A friend who works in the bond house tells me that the A. & B. Company are turning out A1 fuses. 'Hurrah for our side!'

June 27

I was obliged to give up work again, and left the factory yesterday with a very sad heart. My doctor tells me that I must take a long rest this time, and never try factory-work again.

I handed in my badge to the matron

with deepest regret, and wished that I could have summoned up courage to ask Mr. A—— if I might keep it. I think the government might give a consolation prize to women who have really broken down in health while operating machines. I shall always be thankful that I tried munition-work, even though I only lasted out for six months. It has been a marvelously worth-while experience.

One hardly likes to talk about 'doing one's bit' when one is being well paid for working, but I feel satisfied and happy with the thought that in putting my heart and soul into the work I was doing something for England. It was an infinitesimal something, but I am grateful that I have had the privilege of being a munition worker, even for such a short time.

JAN SMUTS

BY WALLACE NOTESTEIN

I

THE cycles of history come closer together nowadays. It was less than two decades ago that General Smuts had to run for his life before British troops, and last year he was banqueted in London, with an old enemy as toast-master. He could not forbear contrasting the present and the past. It was in the last days of the Boer War that General French had cornered him in a nasty block of mountains. By a dash through 'Murderer's Gap,' where he alone of his company escaped, the Boer leader got past the British ring fence.

Two days later, with other forces, he reached the railway and halted to let a freight train pass, only to learn afterwards that French had been on the train. In the jests as to the hospitality which each missed giving the other, there was an implicit comment upon British policy and its consequences. Smuts's whole career is, indeed, such a comment.

Jan Smuts comes of Cape Colony farming people; his father had been a member of the legislature of the Colony. From Stellenbosch College he went to Cambridge University, and spent three quiet years reading Eng-

lish law, graduating with a double first. He returned to South Africa, a thoughtful young man, who liked to look back to the Dutch origin of his country, and was hardly aware of the influence of Britain upon him. As a lawyer and writer on political subjects, he quickly gained Kruger's notice, who made him State Attorney of the Transvaal when he was only twenty-eight.

With the outbreak of the war he at once became a leader of soldiers, and soon won fame for skillful and rapid movement. During the last months of the conflict he was able to elude the closing net of the British, and prolong the war. His conduct of warfare was as splendid as his strategy. 'No Bayard ever behaved better to any enemy,' testified an English officer who had been his prisoner.

One of the signers of the Peace of Vereeniging, he recognized that it was the part of wise men to accept the inevitable. Three years of rough out-of-door life had made over the ascetic-looking student into a vigorous, active man, fit for the political wars ahead. He became Botha's first lieutenant in the *Het Volk*, or People's Party. When, in 1906, the Liberal Party came into power in Great Britain, Smuts journeyed to London, assured Campbell-Bannerman, of old the friend of the Boers and now Prime Minister, that the Boers could be trusted, and went back to Pretoria with the knowledge that the Transvaal was to be given self-government.

When Botha became head of the government, Smuts took the place next him. The two men lived up to their promises to Britain. It was evidence of their loyalty that in 1907 they sent English soldiers against Boer strikers, some of them old companions in arms.

Already the movement for a union of the British states of South Africa had been started by Lord Selborne. To that

project Botha and Smuts were, from the first, committed. As leaders of the Transvaal, the wealthiest of the four states and the one with most to lose by union, they were in a position of vantage to urge union. The Constitutional Convention at length agreed upon was Smuts's opportunity. His whole life had been a preparation for it. No one in South Africa understood better the evolution and practice of responsible ministries. He took it upon himself to master all the colonial constitutions. It is said that, in the week before the Convention, when he was away on his farm reflecting on the plan, he made a test of proportional voting among his men. In the actual work of the Convention, he played one of the larger rôles. The result was a new state, — not a federation; Smuts had opposed the plan of a federation, — built on British models, with much adjustment to particular conditions.

Botha became Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa and gave Smuts three portfolios — Mines, Interior, and Defense. Could he have foreseen the rough seas and headwinds against which he was to steer the ship of state, he must have hesitated. The problems of South Africa were its own. The question of the negro, of his rights and the control exercised over him, the question of imported labor from India, — there were already more coolies in Natal than white men, — and the question of the Dutch and English language in the schools, were all of them charged with danger. No less serious was the continuous strife between capitalists of the Rand and miners who might precipitate anarchy at any time.

Most difficult was the question of the relations of the Dutch and English, a question always reappearing in new forms. Many of the Dutch hoped to use self-government to win back all that Kruger had kept in his most unreason-

able days. Many of the English feared lest the 'logic of the stricken field' was to be reversed. But Botha and Smuts held on to the policy that the two peoples must work together. Otherwise, said Smuts, the white man would be driven from South Africa by the 'overwhelming majority of prolific barbarism.' There are already five negroes to one white man.

During the years from 1910 to 1913 Botha and Smuts piloted the new state through uncharted and perilous seas without wreck. Botha was the great popular figure, — but a statesman nevertheless, — and Smuts was the parliamentary leader. His brains, said an enemy, constituted the greatest danger to South Africa. If he lacks Lloyd George's capacity for taking the centre of the stage, if he lacks his dynamic personality, he has his gift as a conciliator; if he lacks Asquith's calmness and measured language, he has his ability to state issues clearly and to force measures through. He is, I am inclined to think, more thorough than either.

His main interest was defense. The Defense Act of 1912 was all that any National Security League could wish. From 1907, when Botha talked defense with Haldane, Smuts's was a voice prophesying war. During a time when suave British statesmen were talking kindly of the German and discounting his intentions, Smuts was telling South Africa that war might be close at hand, and that they must arm. He could not indeed refrain from warning the British of their danger.

'We have been going ahead very fast in South Africa,' he once remarked: 'it is not surprising that some of our people are unable to keep the pace.' By 1913 it was evident that the reaction was setting in. General Hertzog broke with the Botha Cabinet on the question of imperial defense, and led away a part of the South African party. It was the

overture to the jangled music of 1914. That rebellion broke out with the opening of the European War is not so surprising as that it was quelled. That several thousand Boers saw the chance to regain what they had lost in 1900 is easily understood. Only the prudence and swift action of Botha and Smuts, with the troops armed under the Defense Act, saved the situation.

Why did they choose to save it? Why did they not use the chance to set up an independent government? They could not have been stopped. It was a case where clearheadedness and a sense of honor determined them. They recognized the threat to their own country from German intrigues and ambitions; they knew that the protection afforded by the British Navy was not to be estimated slightly. Moreover, they had learned to trust Britain. Yet there was a more binding reason for loyalty. The promises made in 1906 could not be dismissed. 'Out of the late great war,' said Smuts, 'the Boer public brought little except their good name. They are not going to allow any one to drag that good name in the dust.'

To prevent that contingency, however, meant fighting old comrades, meant the pursuit and capture of De Wet, and the execution of Fourie. It was a hard business even for the strong, and Smuts and Botha bore the brunt of it. South Africa knows, if Britain does not, the debt of the British Empire to two men.

The suppression of rebellion was followed by the easier, but by no means simple, task of conquering German Southwest Africa. Botha and Smuts had hardly returned from that to the turmoil of home politics, when the latter was called to East Africa. There is no space to describe that campaign. Smuts used his strategy of the Boer War, enveloping movements and long rapid marches that demanded almost more

than men could give. East Africa had been nearly won when he was summoned to London to represent South Africa in the Imperial War Conference and the Imperial War Cabinet. In June of 1917 he was asked to attend the sessions of the British War Cabinet. On at least two occasions since then he has been the mouthpiece of the government. His several speeches have commanded attention throughout the world. And, though he is sorely needed in South Africa, where things are going far from well, England finds herself unable to spare him.

His interest in his own country has been no whit lessened by his new responsibilities. The story of that nation he has called 'the one great and true romance of modern history.' Nor does he believe its destiny yet accomplished. He has dreamed of a nation that would reach to the Zambesi or farther, and he has had a part in making real those dreams. He has that wide perspective to which German politicians aspire. He is given to comparing the South African state with the American Republic in its early days. He would see in a hundred years a great and powerful democracy such as ours. Yet, though proud of recent progress and hopeful of the immediate future, as pioneer statesmen are wont to be, he has an old-world pessimism about the far outcome. It is characteristic that he regards our nation as still in the experimental stage; characteristic, too, that he fears a South Africa all black again.

He is afraid that Germans will aid in making it black. In a recent address he has said that the aims of the Germans in Africa were really not colonial, but were dominated by far-reaching conceptions of world-politics. They planned a great Central African Empire which was to include British, French, and Portuguese possessions, with bases on both oceans. Toward this objective

they were marching before the war. They would like to resume their march. They would make their territories great recruiting grounds for native armies, before which the untrained levies of the Union of South Africa would easily go down. The preservation of that Union makes necessary a new Monroe Doctrine.

Neither his dreams nor his care for South Africa have availed to make him a popular figure. He has more enemies than any other man in South Africa. He does not stand in the public estimate, as Botha does, on a high moral elevation. If the voters concede his ability, even his greatness, most of them do not love him. He is too much an intellectual, too sharp and quick in combat, too blunt-spoken. His efforts, in close elections, to be a good fellow have provoked only amused and derisive comment. Much of his success in politics he would be the first to ascribe to that superior to whom he has ever been loyal — Botha. His victories in Parliament, like Wilson's with Congress, have been those of the man who had the best arguments. God is sometimes on the side of the strongest reasons.

'Slim Jannie' his enemies call him, and say that Machiavelli's *Prince* is his textbook. 'Of course Smuts is smooth,' is the way Englishmen who return from South Africa put it. It is hard for one at a distance to determine just how much that means. He has, to be sure, been very adroit in handling legislatures; he knows the subtle ways in which conflicting forces are brought together. Like every politician who has kept his head above water, he has been something of an opportunist. Yet to an outsider he seems to have pursued certain policies with a consistency of purpose that is unusual, and he has not been too much concerned about the fate of his head.

If he were not wanted, he told his con-

stituents, he would seek the shade of a large tree and read 'some interesting book or other.' The book might be Kant, or Grotius, or Joseph Conrad. And the tree would be on his own farm, where he could talk Bergson to his wife, and tell his boys of battles not far off or long ago.

II

To the British situation, he comes with peculiar advantages. He is the first man in the history of British politics who is of the government and yet detached from it. He is not identified with the Liberal party, although he will hardly forget what that party did for South Africa. He has not even the prejudices that a colonial is likely to have acquired. He has no predilections on the tariff. On labor questions it is true that his record will not commend him to the British Labor party, who will have more to say before they have less. Yet, when he declares that there must be less poverty and less luxury after the war, more economic freedom for all workers, and no idleness, he is not so far away from the programme of the committee of the Labor party, from the so-called 'hand and brain' movement — what hand and brain went ever paired? His outlook withal is so untouched by politics that Northcliffe organs and dyed-in-the-wool Conservatives can scarce forbear to praise, while the Webbs and Chestertons welcome it. That is, of course, much of his strength. He can examine British questions as an outsider, but he understands the ways in which British folk move forward better, than they themselves understand them.

He has advantages that few colonials possess. It is just possible that there might come from another colony a mind just as fertile, an intelligence just as thorough. But no other colony could offer one who has been twice a warrior,

who has had to deal with strikers ready to shoot him, who has gone through the bitterest politics, — he has been hammered with brickbats and gone on his way to the next meeting, — and who has had to put down rebellion. If experience makes wise, he should be qualified for the most difficult tasks of empire. He has been compelled to be a man of action and wisdom. If he has not always been wise, he knows how to profit from mistakes. For he is, above all, a philosopher and has learned to unify philosophy and experience.

About the future of the British Empire he is not dogmatic. He is, however, clearly out of sympathy with those who wish a closer organization of the Empire. To him that Empire — he would like to drop the word — is a system of nations. In that system the colonies must no longer occupy inferior or subordinate places. He would have no parliament or common executive — the problems of the colonies are so different. 'The British Commonwealth of Nations does not stand for standardization or assimilation, or denationalization but . . . for a more various life among all the nations that compose it.'

There must of course be common action. Foreign questions can no longer be left to Britain alone. There must be a joint policy, which means a much simpler policy than heretofore. This involves some sort of machinery, and it is characteristic of Smuts's training that he proposed to take hold of that already in use since the war. Let the annual meeting of colonial premiers and representatives be made a permanent institution. This suggestion he had hardly thrown out when it was announced that an Imperial Cabinet had been determined upon. Such an organization of the Empire, he pointed out, need rouse no fears, since it could be no more a menace to the world. Such an organization could be set into the

League of Nations; 'the British Empire is the only League of Nations that has ever existed.' It must furnish one of the bases of that League.

Will not this mean the dissolution of the British Empire? Smuts would probably answer that it is held together — and will continue to be held together — only by common traditions and common defense.

Because of his eagerness to see the conquered parts of Africa retained, he has been put down by some as an old-style Imperialist, with the familiar creed that all wars should end in the extension of British territory. That he has welcomed the project of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad merely proves the point. Yet in those proposals he has chiefly been interested in the security of his own country, in its economic development, yes, and in its expansion. He wants a great free South Africa, great enough and strong enough to maintain the white man's position. He is really a Nationalist. It is because of that, because he recognizes the self-interest of the several states in the preservation of the Empire, that he is loyal to the Empire. He believes in the Empire, but not as Disraeli and Chamberlain believed in it. It is, indeed, from their disciples that he meets most opposition in England. He is sympathetic with the best aspects of British Imperialism — and he has known the worst.

He has not, indeed, forgotten the Boer War. There is hardly a speech in which he does not refer to it. He has dared to tell the English, when they are dining him, that they were 'wrong, very wrong' in South Africa, that they fought against liberty. And the English, save for murmurs from the *Saturday Review*, have continued to present him with the freedom of their cities, cities with monuments to the dead of the South African War. That could not happen in Germany. It could happen

nowhere, except within the British Empire, and at no time but the present. The water goes under the bridge faster nowadays.

It is not so surprising that he should favor a league of nations. It is true that he has mingled with men of a practical sort who are likely to be more cynical than poets or pacifists about the federation of man. It is true that he has lived most of his life in a corner of one continent. Yet he thinks and speaks as a liberal-minded citizen of the world, who is not afraid to dip into the future. If he is afraid of machinery and paper leagues, if he places much dependence upon the progress of public opinion and a change in the hearts of men, he nevertheless yields his full adherence to a federation, one with force behind it. That force must be exercised to put nations that have got off the rails back upon them. About the details of the plan he refuses to dogmatize: it is hard, he admits, to frame a practicable scheme. In America, indeed, they have thought much upon this matter and have written a large literature upon it. America has 'an ideal in the clouds, while Europe has labored in the trough of the sea.' The League of Nations must be established, he insists, in the peace treaty at the end of the war. It must provide for gradual disarmament. But it must withal be flexible. We do not want another Holy Alliance, an institution wholly conservative. 'There are sometimes interests more important than peace.' There will arise 'new creations more valuable than the preservation of the *status quo*.'

One cannot read what he has to say, without putting him down as one of the ablest public men of our day. He has indeed been chary of words. And he cannot be called an eloquent speaker. He has struck out, so far as I know, no phrases that have become the catch-words of politics — we have come to

expect that much of our statesmen. He has little feeling of the rhythm of English sentences and no subtlety in fitting words together. But he is clear as the sunlight of his South Africa; he is down-right, as we expect old warriors to be; and he phrases things in a way that is fresh, not only because he has come from a far land where even figures of speech are different, but because he has reflected much and reduced many things to their simplest terms.

It has recently come out rather accidentally, but in a way that seems trustworthy, that at Christmas-time he was sent to Switzerland by the British government, to talk with Count Mensdorff of Austria, doubtless with a view to detaching that nation from the Central Powers. The fact is indicative of his future tasks. He will certainly be one of the spokesmen of the Empire in the events that are ahead — whether Lloyd George and Milner rule, or Asquith, or Henderson.

In the reshaping of the world, his attitude is sure to be one acceptable to the idealist, American or British. He can be depended upon to stand by Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Roumania. President Wilson will not be more insistent upon the security of the small nations. Smuts will stand for their rights, not only because he is one of the political idealists, — though more reticent than some in the expression of that idealism, — but because his whole life has been involved in the struggle for a small nation, and because he has fallen under the liberalizing influence of the British constitution. It is evident that he believes in a larger degree of self-government for India. And one who has had so large a part in bringing the states of South Africa together might conceivably understand better than Asquith

or Lloyd George how to grasp that nettle, Ireland.

Like President Wilson, he is sympathetic with the Russian people. They have been called barbarians by the Germans, but they saved Europe from Napoleon, they have 'always gone for the Turks whenever they saw them.' Their present plight is, of course, Germany's opportunity. 'Russia is a woman laboring in childbirth, and Germany chooses this moment to strike her down. The spirit of history will never forgive her.'

His 'war aims' are simplicity itself. He demands lasting peace, the end of militarism and standing armies; national principles must be admitted, at least to the point of autonomy. The ruling classes of Germany must be broken. He has said nothing about a 'negotiated peace' or about a 'diplomatic offensive.' 'What was brought about by blood and iron will have to be undone in the same way.' Yet, 'We could not be crusaders and fight on till Europe was in decay and we had got rid of the Kaiser and all the other evils.' Has any one stated the aims of the war with more common sense?

It is as 'a warrior for liberty' that Smuts is most fitly characterized. Liberty and Freedom are words that have not lost their savor for him. History is the record of their progress. The struggles of Hampden and Pym, of Cromwell and Dutch William, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Boer War, and the present struggle are to him scenes in the same play. History and his own life have made him hopeful as to the outcome. 'I have seen freedom go under, and I have seen freedom rise again.'

If freedom does rise again, his voice is sure to have weight in the councils of the new world of free nations.

HIGH ADVENTURE. VII

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. ONE HUNDRED HOURS

A LITTLE more than a year after our first meeting in the Paris restaurant which has so many pleasant memories for us, Drew completed his first one hundred hours of flight over the lines, an event in the life of an airman which calls for a celebration of some sort. Therefore, having been granted leave for the afternoon, the two of us came into the old French town of Bar-le-Duc, by the toy train which wanders down from the Verdun sector. We had dinner in one of those home-like little places where the food is served by the proprietor himself. On this occasion it was served hurriedly, and the bill presented promptly at eight o'clock. Our host was very sorry but, 'Les sales Boches, vous savez, messieurs?' They had come the night before. A dozen houses destroyed, women and children killed and maimed. With a full moon to guide them, they would be sure to return to-night. 'Ah! cette guerre! Quand sera-t-il fini?'

He offered us a refuge until our train should leave. Usually, he said, he played solitaire while waiting for the Germans; but with houses tumbling about one's ears, he much preferred company. 'And my wife and I are old people. She is very deaf, *heureusement*. She hears nothing.'

J. B. declined the invitation. 'A brave way that would be to finish our evening!' he said as we walked down the silent street. 'I wanted to say, "Monsieur, I have just finished my

first one hundred hours of flight at the front." But he would n't have known what that means.'

'No, he would n't have known,' I said. Then we had no further talk for about two hours.

A few soldiers, late arrivals, were prowling about in the shadow of the houses, searching for food and a warm kitchen where they might eat it. Some insistent ones pounded on the door of a restaurant far in the distance.

'Dites donc, patron! Nous avons faim, nom de Dieu! Est-ce-que tout le monde est mort ici?'

Only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then,
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men.

It was that kind of silence, profound, tense, ghostlike. We walked through street after street, from one end of the town to the other, and saw only one light — a faint glimmer which came from a slit of a cellar-window almost on a level with the pavement. We were curious, no doubt. At any rate, we looked in. A woman was sitting on a cot-bed with her arms around two little children. They were snuggled up against her, and both fast asleep; but she was sitting erect, in a strained, listening attitude, staring straight before her. Since that night we have believed, both of us, that, if wars can be won only by haphazard night-bombardments of towns where there are women and children, then they had far better be lost.

But I am writing a journal of high adventure of a cleaner kind, in which

all the resources in skill and cleverness of one set of men are pitted against those of another set. We have no bomb-dropping to do, and there are but few women and children living in the territory over which we fly. One hundred hours is not a great while as time is measured on the ground; but in terms of combat-patrols, the one-hundredth part of it has held more of adventure, in the true meaning of the word, than we have had during the whole of our lives previously.

At first we were far too busy learning the rudiments of combat to keep an accurate record of flying time. We thought our aeroplane clocks convenient pieces of equipment rather than necessary ones. I remember coming down from my first air-battle, and the breathless account I gave of it at the bureau — breathless and vague. Lieutenant Talbott listened quietly, making out the *compte rendu* as I talked. When I had finished, he emphasized the haziness of my answers to his questions by quoting them. 'Region: "You know, that big wood." Time: "This morning, of course." Rounds fired: "Oh, a lot!"' and so forth. Not until we had been flying for a month or more, did we learn the right use of our clocks and of our eyes while in the air. We listened with amazement to after-patrol talk at the mess. We learned more of what actually happened on our sorties, after they were over, than while they were in progress.

All of the older pilots missed seeing nothing that there was to see. They reported the numbers of the enemy planes encountered, the types, where seen, and when. They spotted batteries, trains in stations back of the enemy lines, gave the hour precisely, reported any activity on the roads. In moments of exasperation Drew would say, 'I think they are stringing us! This is all a put-up job!' Certainly, this did ap-

pear to be the case at first. For we were air-blind. We saw little of the activity all around us, and details on the ground had no significance. How were we to take thought of time and place and altitude, note the peculiarities of enemy machines, count their numbers, and store all this information away in memory, at the moment of combat? This was a great problem.

'What I need,' J. B. used to say, 'is a traveling private secretary. I'll do the fighting and he can keep the diary.'

I needed one, too, a man air-wise and battle-wise, who could calmly take note of my clock, altimetre, temperature, and pressure-dials, identify exactly the locality on my map, count the numbers of the enemy, estimate their approximate altitude — and all this when the air was criss-crossed with streamers of smoke from machine-gun tracer bullets, and opposing aircraft were manœuvring for position, diving and firing at each other, spiraling, nose-spinning, wing-slipping, climbing, in a confusing intermingling of tricolor *cocardes* and black crosses.

We made gradual progress, the result being that our patrols became a hundred-fold more fascinating — sometimes, in fact, too much so. It was important that we should be able to read the ground, but more important still to remember that what was happening there was of only secondary concern to us. Often we became absorbed in watching what was taking place below us, to the exclusion of any thought of aerial activity, of our chances for attack or of being attacked.

The view from the air of a heavy bombardment, or of an infantry attack under cover of barrage fires, is a truly terrible spectacle, and in the air one has a feeling of detachment which is not easily overcome. But it must be overcome, as I have already said, and as I cannot say too many times for the

benefit of any young airman who may read this journal. During an offensive the air swarms with planes. They are at all altitudes, from the lowest artillery *reglage* machines at a few hundreds of metres, to the highest *avions de chasse* at 6000 metres and above. *Reglage*, photographic, and reconnaissance planes have their special work to do. They defend themselves as best they can, but they almost never attack. Combat *avions*, on the other hand, are always looking for victims. They are the ones that are chiefly dangerous to the unwary pursuit pilot.

An airman's joy in victory is a short-lived one. Nevertheless, a curious change takes place in his attitude toward his work, as the months pass. I can best describe it in terms of Drew's experience and my own. We came to the front feeling deeply sorry for ourselves, and for all airmen of whatever nationality, whose lives were to be snuffed out in their promising beginnings. I used to play 'The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone' on a tin flute, and Drew wrote poetry. While we were waiting for our first machines, he composed 'The Airman's Rendezvous,' written in the manner of Alan Seeger's poem.

And I in the wide fields of air
Must keep with him my rendezvous.
It may be I shall meet him there
When clouds, like sheep, move slowly through
The pathless meadows of the sky
And their cool shadows go beneath.
I have a rendezvous with Death
Some summer noon of white and blue.

There is more of it, in the same manner, all of which he read me in a husky voice.

I, too, was ready to weep at our untimely fate. The strange thing is that his prophecy came so very near being true. He had the first draft of the poem in his breast-pocket when he was wounded, and has kept the gory relic to remind him — not that he needs re-

mindings — of the airy manner in which he canceled what ought to have been a *bona-fide* appointment.

I do not mean to reflect in any way upon Alan Seeger's beautiful poem. Who can doubt that it is a sincere, as well as a perfect expression of a mood common to all young soldiers? Drew was just as sincere in writing his verses, and I put all the feeling I could into my tin-whistle interpretation of 'The Minstrel Boy.' What I want to make clear is, that a soldier's moods of self-pity are fleeting ones, and if he lives, he outgrows them.

Imagination is an especial curse to an airman, particularly if it takes a gloomy or morbid turn. We used to write 'To Whom It May Concern' letters before going out on patrol, in which we left directions for the notification of our relatives and the disposal of our personal effects, in case of death. Then we would climb into our machines, thinking, 'This may be our last sortie. We may be dead in an hour, in half an hour, in twenty minutes.' We planned splendidly spectacular ways in which we were to be brought down, always omitting one, however, the most horrible as well as the most common — in flames.

Thank fortune we have outgrown this second and belated period of adolescence, and can now take a healthy interest in our work!

Now, an inevitable part of the daily routine is to be shelled — persistently, methodically and, often, accurately shelled. Our interest in this may, I suppose, be called healthy, inasmuch as it would be decidedly unhealthy to become indifferent to the activities of the German anti-aircraft gunners. It would be far-fetched to say that any airman ever looks forward zestfully to the business of being shot at with one-hundred-and-fives; and seventy-fives, if they are well placed, are unpleasant enough. After one hundred hours of it, we have

learned to assume that attitude of contemptuous toleration which is the manner common to all *pilotes de chasse*. We know that the chances of a direct hit are almost negligible, and that we have all the blue dome of the heavens in which to manœuvre. Furthermore, we have learned many little tricks by means of which we keep the gunners guessing.

By way of illustration, we are patrolling, let us say, at 3500 metres, crossing and recrossing the lines, following the patrol leader, who has his motor throttled down so that we may keep well in formation. The guns may be silent for the moment, but we know well enough what the gunners are doing. We know exactly where some of the batteries are, and the approximate location of all of them along the sector; and we know, from earlier experience, when we come within range of each individual battery. Presently one of them begins firing in bursts of four shells. If their first estimate of our range has been an accurate one; if they place them uncomfortably close, so that we can hear, all too well above the roar of our motors, the rending *gr-r-row, gr-r-row* of the shells as they explode, we sail on calmly, — to all outward appearance, — manœuvring very little. The gunners, seeing that we are not disturbed, will alter their ranges, four times out of five, which is exactly what we want them to do. The next bursts will be far distant, hundreds of metres below or above us; whereupon we show signs of great uneasiness, and the gunners, thinking that they have our altitude, begin to fire like demons. We employ our well-earned immunity in preparing for the next series of batteries, or in thinking of the cost to Germany, at one hundred francs a shot, of all this futile shelling.

Drew, in particular, loves this cost-accounting business, and I must admit that much pleasure may be had in it,

after patrol. They rarely fire less than fifty shells at us during a two-hour patrol. Making a low general average, the number is nearer one hundred and fifty. On our present front, where aerial activity is fairly brisk and the sector a large one, three or four hundred shells are wasted upon us often before we have been out an hour.

It will be long before this chapter of my journal is in print. Having given no indication of the date of writing, I may say, without indiscretion that we are again on the Champagne front. We have a wholesome respect for one battery here, a respect that it has justly earned by shooting which is really remarkable. We talk of this battery, which is east of Rheims and not far distant from Nogent l'Abbesse, and take professional pride in keeping its gunners in ignorance of their fine marksmanship. We signal them their bad shots — which are better than the good ones of most of the batteries on the sector — by doing stunts: a barrel turn, a loop, or two or three turns of a *vrille*. As for their good ones, they are often so good that we are forced into acrobacy of a wholly individual kind. Our avions have received many scars from their shells. Between 4500 and 5000 metres, their bursts have been so close under us that we have been lifted by the concussions and set down violently again at the bottom of the vacuum; and this on a clear day, when a chasse-machine is almost invisible at that height, and despite its speed of 200 kilometres an hour. On a gray day, when we are flying between 2500 and 3000 metres beneath a film of cloud, they repay the honor we do them by our acrobatic turns. They bracket us, put barrages between us and our own lines, and give us more trouble than all the other batteries on the sector combined.

For this reason it is all the more humiliating to be forced to land with

motor-trouble, at the precise moment when they are paying off some old scores. This happened to Drew while I was writing up my journal. Coming out of a tonneau in answer to three *coups* from the battery, his propeller stopped dead. By planing flatly (the wind was dead ahead, and the area back of the first lines there is a wide one, crossed by many intersecting lines of trenches) he got well over them, and chose a field as level as a billiard-table for landing-ground. In the very centre of it, however, there was one post, a small worm-eaten thing, of the color of the dead grass around it. He hit it just as he was setting his Spad on the ground, — the only post in a field acres wide, — and it tore a piece of fabric from one of his lower wings. No doubt the crack battery has been given credit for disabling an enemy plane. The honor, such as it is, belongs to our aerial godfather, among whose lesser vices may be added that of practical joking.

The remnants of the post were immediately confiscated for firewood by some poilus, living in a dugout near by.

II. 'LONELY AS A CLOUD'

The French attack, which has been in preparation for the past month, is to begin at dawn to-morrow. It has been hard, waiting; but it must have been a great deal worse for the infantrymen, who are billeted in all of the surrounding villages. They are moving up to-night to the first lines, for they are the shock troops who are to lead the attack. They are chiefly regiments of chasseurs — small men in stature, but clean, hard, well-knit — splendid types. They talk of the attack confidently. It is an inspiration to listen to them. Hundreds of them have visited our aerodrome during the past week, mainly, I think, for a glimpse of Whiskey and Soda, our lions, who are known to French soldiers

from one end of the line to the other. Whiskey is almost full-grown, and Soda about the size of a wild cat. They have the freedom of the camp and run about everywhere.

The guns are thundering at a terrific rate, the concussions shaking our barracks and rattling the dishes on the table. In the mess-room the gramophone is playing, 'I'm Going 'Way Back Home and have a Wonderful Time.' Music at the front is sometimes a doubtful blessing.

We are keyed up, some of us rather nervous, in anticipation of to-morrow. Porter is trying to give Irving a light from his own cigarette. Irving, who does n't know the meaning of nerves, asks, 'Who in hell are you waving at?' Poor old Porter! His usefulness as a combat pilot has long past, but he hangs on, doing the best he can. He should have been sent to the rear months ago.

The first phase of the battle is over. The French have taken 11,000 prisoners, and have driven the enemy from all the hills, down to the low ground along the canal. For the most part, we have been too high above them to see the infantry actions; but knowing the plans and the objectives beforehand, we have been able to follow, quite clearly, the progress of the battle.

It opened on a wet morning with the clouds very low. We were to have gone on patrol immediately the attack began, but this was impossible. About nine o'clock the rain stopped, and Rodman and Davis were sent out to learn weather conditions over the lines. They came back with the report that flying was possible at 200 metres. This was too low an altitude to serve any useful purpose, and the commandant gave us orders to stand by.

About noon, the clouds began to break up, and both high and low patrols prepared to leave the ground.

Drew, Dunham, and I were on high patrol, with Lieutenant Barry leading. Our orders were to go up through the clouds, using them as cover for making surprise attacks upon enemy *reglage* machines. We were also to attack any enemy formations sighted within three kilometres of their old first lines. The clouds soon disappeared, and so we climbed to 4500 metres and lay in wait for combat-patrols.

Barry sighted one and signaled. Before I had placed it, he dived, almost full-motor, I believe, for he dropped like a stone. We went down on his tail and saw him attack the uppermost of three Albatross single-seaters. The other two dived at once, far into their own lines. Dunham, Drew, and I took long shots at them, but they were far outside effective range. The topmost German made a feeble effort to manœuvre for position. Barry made a *renversement* with the utmost nicety of judgment, and came out of it about thirty metres behind and above the Albatross. He fired about twenty shots, when the German began falling out of control, spinning round and round, then diving straight, then past the vertical, so that we could see the silver under-surface of his wings and tail, spinning again until we lost sight of him. (This combat was seen from the ground, and Barry's victory confirmed before we returned to the field.)

Lieutenant Talbott joined us as we were taking our height again. He took command of the patrol, and Barry went off hunting by himself, as he likes best to do. There were planes everywhere, of both nationalities. Mounting to 4000 metres within our own lines, we crossed over again, and at that moment, I saw a Letord — a three-passenger *reglage* machine — burst into flames and fall. There was no time either to watch or to think of this horrible sight.

We encountered a patrol of five Al-

batrosses almost on our level. Talbott dived at once. I was behind him, and picked a German who was spiraling either upward or downward — for a few seconds I was not sure which. It was upward. He was climbing to offer combat. This was disconcerting. It always is to a green pilot. If he is running, you may be sure that he is at least as badly rattled as you are. If he is a single-seater and climbing, you may be equally certain that he is not a novice, and that he has plenty of sand. Otherwise, he would not accept battle at a disadvantage in the hope of having his inning next.

I was foolish enough to begin firing while still about 300 metres distant. My opponent ungraciously offered the poorest kind of a target, getting out of the range of my sights by some very skillful manœuvring. I did not want him to think that he had an inexperienced pilot to deal with. Therefore, judging my distance very carefully, I did a *renversement* in the Lieutenant Barry fashion, but it was not so well done. Instead of coming out of it above and behind the German, when I pulled up in *ligne de vol* I was under him!

I don't know exactly what happened then, but the next moment I was falling in a *vrille* — spinning nose-dive — and heard the well-known crackling sound of machine-gun fire. I kept on falling in a *vrille*, thinking that this would give the German the poorest possible target. This is a mistake which many new pilots make. In a *vrille*, the machine spins pretty nearly on its own axis, and although it is turning, a skillful pilot above it can keep it fairly well within the line of his sights.

Pulling up in *ligne de vol*, I looked over my shoulder again. The German had lost sight of me for a moment in the swiftness of his dive, but evidently he saw me just before I pulled out of the *vrille*. He was turning up again

for another shot, in exactly the same position in which I had last seen him. And he was very close, not more than fifty metres distant.

I believed, of course, that I was lost; and why that German did n't bag me remains a mystery. Heaven knows I gave him opportunity enough. In the end, by the merciful intervention of Chance, our godfather, *my* godfather, I escaped. I have said that the sky had cleared. But there was one strand of cloud left — not very broad, not very long; but a refuge, oh! what a welcome refuge! It was right in my path, and I tumbled into it. Literally head over heels, I came skidding out, but pulled up, put on my motor, and climbed back at once. And I kept turning round and round in it for several minutes. If the German had waited, he must have seen me raveling it out like a cat tangled in a ball of cotton. I thought that he was waiting. I even expected him to come nosing into it in search of me. In that case there would have been a glorious smash, for there was not room for two of us. I almost hoped that he would try this. If I could not bag a German with my gun, the next best thing was to run into him and so be gathered to my fathers while he was being gathered to his. There was no crash, and taking sudden resolution, I dived vertically out of the cloud, head over shoulder, expecting to see my relentless foe. He was nowhere in sight.

In that wild tumble, and while chasing my tail in the cloud, I lost my bearings. The compass, which was mounted on a swinging holder, had been tilted upside down. It stuck in that position. I could not get it loose. I had fallen to 600 metres, so that I could not get a large view of the landscape. Under the continuous bombardment, the air was filled with smoke, and through it nothing looked familiar. I knew the direction of our lines by the position of the

sun, but I was in a suspicious mood. My motor, which I had praised to the heavens to the other pilots, had let me down at a critical moment. The sun might be ready to play some fantastic trick. I had to steer by it, although I was uneasy until I came within sight of our observation balloons. I identified them as French by sailing close by one of them, so that I could see the tri-color pennant floating out from a cord on the bag.

Then, being safe, I put my old Spad through every antic we two had ever done together. The observers in the balloons must have thought me crazy, a pilot running amuck from aerial shell-shock.

Looking at my watch, I received the same old start of surprise on learning how much of wisdom one may accumulate in half an hour of aerial adventure. I had still an hour and a half to get through with before I could go home with a clear conscience. Therefore, taking height again, I went cautiously, gingerly, watchfully, toward the lines.

III. 'MAIS OUI, MON VIEUX!'

The 'grand and glorious feeling' is one of the finest compensations for this uncertain life in the air. One has it every time he turns from the lines toward — home! It comes in richer glow, if hazardous work has been done, after moments of strain, uncertainty, when the result of a combat sways back and forth; and it gushes up like a fountain, when, after making a forced landing in what appears to be enemy territory, you find yourself among friends.

Late this afternoon we started, four of us, with Davis as leader, to make the usual two-hour sortie over the lines. No Germans were sighted, and after an uneventful half hour, Davis, who is always springing these surprises, decided

to stalk them in their lairs. The clouds were at the right altitude for this, and there were gaps in them over which we could hover, examining roads, railroads, villages, cantonments. The danger of attack was negligible. We could easily escape any large hostile patrol by dodging into the clouds. But the wind was unfavorable for such a reconnaissance. It was blowing into Germany. We would have it dead against us on the journey home.

We played about for half an hour, blown by a strong wind farther into Germany than we knew. We walked down the main street of a village where we saw a large crowd of German soldiers, and sprayed bullets among them; then climbed into the clouds before a shot could be fired at us. Later, we nearly attacked a hospital, mistaking it for an aviation field. It was housed in *bessonneau* hangars, and had none of the marks of a hospital, excepting a large red cross in the middle of the field. Fortunately we saw this before any of us had fired, and passed on over it at a low altitude, to attack a train.

There is a good deal of excitement in an expedition of this kind, and soldiers themselves say that surprise sorties from the air have a demoralizing effect upon troops. But as sport, there is little to be said for it. It is too unfair. For this reason among others I was glad when Davis turned homeward.

While coming back I climbed to 5000 metres, far above the others, and lagged a long way behind them. This was a direct violation of patrol-discipline, and the result was, that while cruising leisurely along, with motor throttled down, watching the swift changes of light over a wide expanse of cloud, I lost sight of the group. Then came the inevitable feeling of loneliness, and the swift realization that it was growing late, and that I was still far within enemy country.

I held a southerly course, estimating, as I flew, the velocity of the wind which had carried us into Germany, and judging from this estimate the length of time I should need to reach our lines. When satisfied that I had gone far enough, I started down. Below the clouds it was almost night, so dark that I could not be sure of my location. In the distance, I saw a large building brilliantly lighted. This was evidence enough that I was a good way from the lines. Unshielded windows were never to be seen near the front. I spiraled slowly down over this building, examining as well as I could the ground behind it, and decided to risk a landing. A blind chance and blind luck attended it. In broad day, Drew hit the only post in a field 500 metres wide. At night, a very dark night, I missed colliding with an enormous factory chimney (a matter of inches), glided over a line of telegraph wires, passed at a height of a few metres over a field littered with huge piles of sugar-beets, and settled, *comme une fleur*, in a little cleared space which I could never have judged accurately, had I known what I was doing.

Shadowy figures came running toward me. Forgetting, in the joy of so fortunate a landing, my anxiety of a moment before, I shouted out, 'Bon soir, messieurs!' Then I heard some one say, '*Ich glaube —*,' and lost the rest of it in the sound of tramping feet and an undercurrent of low, guttural murmurs. In a moment my Spad was surrounded by a widening circle of round hats — German infantrymen's hats.

Here was the ignoble end to my career as an airman! I was a prisoner, a prisoner because of my own folly, because I had dallied along like a silly girl, to 'look at the pretty clouds.' I saw in front of me a long captivity embittered by this thought.

Not only this, but my Spad was intact.

The German authorities would examine it, use it. Some German pilot might fly with it over the lines, and attack other French machines with my gun, my ammunition!

Not if I could help it! They stood there, those soldiers, gaping, muttering among themselves, waiting, I thought, for an officer to tell them what to do. I took off my leather gloves, then my silk ones under them, and these I washed about in the oil under my feet. Then, as quietly as possible, I reached for my box of matches.

'Qu'est-ce-que vous faites là? Allez! Vite!'

A tramping of feet again, and a sea of round hats bobbing up and down vanishing in the gloom. Then I heard a cheery, 'Cà va, monsieur? Pas de mal?'

By way of answer I lighted a match and held it out, torch-fashion. The light glistened on a round, red face and a long French bayonet. Finally I said, 'Vous êtes Français, monsieur?' in a weak watery voice.

'Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!' this rather testily. He did n't understand at first that I thought myself in Germany. 'Do I look like a Boche?'

Then I explained, and I have never heard a Frenchman laugh more heartily. Then he explained, and I laughed, not so heartily, and a great deal more foolishly.

I may not give my location precisely. But I shall be disclosing no military secrets in saying that I am not in Ger-

many. I am not even in the French war-zone. I am closer to Paris than I am to the enemy first-line trenches. In a little while, the sergeant with the round, red face and the long French bayonet, whose guest I am for the night, will join me here. If he were an American, to the manner born, he might greet me in this fashion: —

'When you have been on patrol a long way behind the enemy lines, shooting up towns and camps and railway trains like a pack of aerial cow-boys; when, on your way home, you have deliberately disobeyed orders and loafed a long way behind the other members of your group in order to watch the pretty sunset; and as a punishment for this æsthetic indulgence, have been overtaken by darkness and compelled to land in strange country, only to have your machine immediately surrounded by German soldiers; then, having taken the desperate resolve that they shall not have possession of your old battle-scarred avion as well as of your person, when you are about to touch a match to it, if the light glistens on a long French bayonet and you learn that the German soldiers have been prisoners since the battle of the Somme, and have just finished their day's work at harvesting beets to be used in making sugar for French poilus — ah, is n't it a grand and glorious feeling?'

To which I would reply in his own memorable words, —

'Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!'

BREAD AND THE BATTLE

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

I

GERMANY has been fighting this war for half a century. The Allies have been fighting it for less than four years. Nowhere is the disparity in preparation more manifest than in the matter of food.

Now, I am not a fanatic about food in war. I look upon it as one factor of the great game of munitions: an important factor, no doubt, but not the only one; a factor to take its place with the other munitions — men, and money, and steel, and chemicals, in their hundreds of death-dealing forms.

But while I am not a fanatic about food, the Germans are, if not fanatics, at least experts in food. I think a good case could be made for the argument that the present war is a food war. And when I find our good American citizens anxiously asking whether perhaps Germany is not going to collapse through hunger, I feel like commending to their consideration the attention that our Teutonic cousins and present enemies have been giving to food for a matter of forty years, and their evident ability to take care of the problem now.

I need not say that a good deal of this matter is '*verboten*.' Some of it I do not know. Some that I do know I cannot talk about. But what I do know and can talk about, when pieced together, makes out a case that leads one to suspect that Cousin Wilhelm has not been so negligent of the need of feeding his people as our hopes had led us to believe.

There is a difference between being a sailor and going to sea and being a landsman and going to sea. If you are a sailor, you may venture on a boat only once a year and still you go like a sailor. But if you are a landsman, you may ride from Cape Cod to Singapore and back twice a year, for the course of your natural life, and still you are a landsman.

That is the way with a war power and a peace power. Germany is a war power, and though she fought only once in forty years, she went to war like a war power. I mean that she did in war just what she had been preparing to do in peace; that she did not change either her strategy or her tactics; that, if she went to war for food, she fought her battles for food; that her tactics were true to her strategy, and that her strategy was true to her imperial plan of campaign.

Germany never forgets that food and war are coördinate. In 1916 there was printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* an article by Dr. Lujo Brentano, who had been an official adviser of the German government as to the areas needed to maintain her population independently. After reviewing the two schools of German thought in the matter of subsistence, — the high-tax school, which had sought to encourage home-cultivation, and the greater-navy school, which had sought to insure importation by force on the high seas, — Dr. Brentano comes to the conclusion that Germany must expand her agricultural lands.

This once decided, the question is, in

what direction the expansion shall take place. Dr. Brentano surveys, in order, Belgium, North France, Hungary, Poland, the Baltic provinces, and Russian Lithuania. The first three he dismisses because all are grain-importing countries. Even Poland he finds not entirely self-supporting. But the sparsely settled Baltic provinces, which have populations of from 23 to 44 people per square kilometre, as compared with Germany's 123 per square kilometre, offer a tempting outlet. To these Germany must look, he concludes, for subsistence in the present war and for continued support after the war.

Here we have both the end and the strategy of the German campaign. Bread and the Battle are joined. The German people are asked to go to war now, in order that lands may be provided for the support of their children in time to come. But if the German empire-builder looks to the future, the German general looks to the present strategy. Germany must not starve while she is carrying on her campaigns. Every campaign must as nearly as possible support itself. The power which dictates the expansion in the east; which fights on three fronts to win here a battle and there a campaign; which uses bullets and billets; which directs drives of gas, of heavy guns, of sympathy, and of ideas, does not content itself with a distant goal. The German army is not a caravan pushing through a desert. It is a foraging host, traveling through a fertile country where the bins are full and the fields are ready for the harvest. It has been part of the strategy of Germany to fight always on the enemy's land. By so doing, she secures food for her own army, and to just this extent weakens the force of his opposition. Germany's progress has always been into the harvest-fields of the foe.

Stories of wars are told in terms of diplomatic engagements made and brok-

en, of military victories and defeats. Stories of battles are told in terms of military activities to gain a certain objective, to defeat a certain army, to reach and hold a certain terrain. But behind these formal statements there are often concealed other unavowed purposes. While not the immediate major objective in any one of Germany's campaigns, food has always been a factor in the mapping of the campaign. And in every case Germany has won such subsistence prizes as the campaign offered. The great drives may be looked upon as so many bread forays. Belgium, North France, Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Venetia, Poland, and Russia have all made their forced contributions to the larders of German armies.

Nothing in the unwritten history of the war is more dramatic than the struggle between the two great groups of powers for the grain-supplies of Eastern and Central Europe. England has been accused of never playing the romantic rôle. Those who make this complaint forget the Dardanelles expedition. Looking back from our present experience, it is hard to see how she could have been expected to succeed. But the stake was a great one. The granaries of Russia were bursting with wheat. Bulgaria was wavering between Germany and the Allied powers. Roumania and Serbia were openly friendly with the Allies. The economic interests of all these countries lay in agriculture. By one stroke England might open up the food-sources of a continent; she might close with a blow the ambitions of her rival; and she might secure the friendship of the Balkans. But Germany suborned the beggar who sat by the gateway, and the Turk stabbed the Allies in the back.

The Allies' failure to run the Dardanelles gave the food advantage to Germany. Russia was eliminated as a

source of supplies, and was soon to disappear as a military factor. Even while she was at war with Germany, part of Russia's surplus stocks of wheat were finding their way to the Central powers through Sweden, Roumania, and Finland. Germany had to her credit her position as a compact unit, her system of intensive farming, her highly developed transportation systems, her machinery of distribution. She occupied a position of greater and greater control over Bulgaria, Roumania, Poland, and Serbia and was soon able to subjugate them completely.

At the beginning of the the year 1917, Germany claimed to occupy 215,221 square miles of enemy territory. When Germany spread over Belgium in the late summer of 1914, she surprised in Antwerp large stores of grain which she commandeered. It appeared in a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies that through invasion France had lost 800,000 acres of grain-land out of a total of 16,250,000 acres. In these items we have the German system of cashing in on the food-increment of captured lands.

But Germany has not secured much help from the captured territory in the West. This region includes the industrial arrondissements of Lille, Valenciennes, and Douai, and the Longwy-Briey coal and iron region. Even the arable lands have been denuded by battle. You cannot raise bumper crops under fire. Both Belgium and North France are under the influence of the Commission for Relief of Belgium, with which carefully wrought out agreements were made for the protection of civilian populations. But we find Deputy Minister of War General von Wandel commending the services of the economic committees in Belgium and elsewhere in these words: 'We owe it in great part to the skillful and untiring activity of the economic committees that our sol-

diers in the field are fed as well as they are, and that large stocks, which have made it easier for us to feed our people, have been brought from the occupied territories into Germany.'

At the same time we find an official statement to the press assuring the people that 'no food of any kind has ever been exported from Germany to Belgium for the civil population. The same thing applies to Northern France and to that part of Belgium which is not under the Governor General, but belongs to the lines of communication.'

But it was from the east that Germany secured her real contributions of food-stuffs. When you pity Belgium, you should also pity Poland, whose sorrows stand further from the sympathetic eye of the western world. Belgium lay in the path of Germany's immediate tactics. Poland lay in her path of empire. Poland supplied the first installment of that agrarian outlet to which Germany had been looking since the days of Bismarck. And the rape of Poland was a blow at the heart of Russia.

There is no need to tell over the story of Poland's crucifixion. In the second year of the war Warsaw was occupied and the Polish people were driven from their homes. Travelers tell us that the path of evacuation was marked with human skulls, as the American Great West was marked with the bones of the buffalo after the advance of the hunter and the pioneer. On top of their other burdens, the Allies and America would have undertaken to feed the starving Polish people had they been able to secure engagements on the part of Germany to respect the imported food-supplies. President Wilson wrote requesting respect for the imported supplies of the Polish people, and in the request he was joined by Premier Asquith. Germany refused the concession, with the plea that she could not contract obligations on behalf of Austria-Hungary and

Bulgaria. The systematic exploitations continued. Crops were commandeered, and on the captured fields cavalry horses from Hindenburg's army were used in raising new harvests. According to an admission of Von Batoeki, several million acres were planted to grain in 1916, on fields from which the last native inhabitant had been driven.

Some time some one will write the story of the intrigues by which Bulgaria and Roumania were ravished for bread-stuffs. For the present we must piece out the story from the scanty records that come to us between the lines of censored reports. But we have enough to build a structure clearly indicative of the purposes of the Central powers. Brothers in blood, Bulgaria and Roumania have been arrayed against each other like cocks in a pit. Both were agrarian nations depending upon their exports of food-stuffs for their economic prosperity. The closing of the Dardanelles had destroyed the free exchanges of their markets. In the manifesto by which, in 1916, Bulgaria justified her espousal of the side of the Central powers, the admission is frankly made that every economic consideration had forced her to this conclusion.

Said the nameless writer of the manifesto issued by the ministry of M. Radoslavoff, 'To-day we see races that are fighting, not indeed for ideals, but solely for their material interests. The more, therefore, we are bound to a country in a material way, the greater is that country's interest in our maintenance and increase, since thereby that one will profit who helps us and is tied to us by economic bonds.'

There follows in the manifesto a statistical statement of Bulgaria's import and export trade with the various belligerent countries in the war, showing that for the years 1907, 1909, and 1911 the Central powers and Turkey had enjoyed an ever-increasing import and

export trade with Bulgaria as compared with her trade with the Entente powers. As a large part of her import and export trade consists in dealings in live stock and dairy products with the Central powers and Turkey, Bulgaria finds her interests inseparably linked with them.

Bulgaria proved a useful ally. Not only were her markets turned over to the Germans, — at extortionate rates of profit, be it admitted, — but she served as a useful tool in other and difficult machinations. As early as December, 1915, while Bulgaria had been selling to Germany, she had been seizing the relief stores of Serbia. And from her coign of vantage she proceeded to turn the screws on Roumania. Greatly as Germany needed grain, she brought pressure on Roumania to force the passage of German and Austrian armies to Turkey by threatening to limit the import of Roumanian maize. And Bulgaria came to her aid by placing an embargo on goods to Roumania from Saloniki. Roumania countered by embargoing all Bulgarian goods.

But the little nations could not live on embargoes. In April, 1916, commercial relations were opened between Roumania and Bulgaria, and a treaty was signed with Germany for a free interchange of products. As a result, 60,000 carloads of grain were immediately shipped to Germany, the government of Bulgaria receiving field-kitchens from the Krupps in return. Roumania had in the autumn of 1915 sent some three million tons of grain to Germany, and had been kept from sending food to Turkey only by the Russian fleet which patrolled the Roumanian coast.

One of the chief stories centring around the 'bread and battle' campaign concerns the food imbroglio of 1915-16, in which Great Britain, France, Germany, and Roumania were the chief

actors. The events of this food skirmish had large consequences. Upon its results hung Roumania's entry into the war on the side of the Allies, and all that has followed of disaster on the Eastern front.

Great Britain had failed to open the Dardanelles and was in the market for food-stuffs. Germany had been receiving produce from Roumania, and had begun to carry things with a high hand. The story begins with the purchase by Germany, in the fall of 1914, of a large stock of Roumanian wheat at a price said to have been £200 a carload of ten tons. When the price fell to one third of this figure, 40,000 carloads were left by Germany unaccepted in the elevators. On Germany's failure to take up her stocks, Roumania turned elsewhere for a market.

Early in January, 1916, arrangements were made with the Roumanian Central Commission of Export for the sale to Great Britain of 80,000 carloads of grain, amounting to 800,000 tons, at £10,000,000, to be delivered by April 17. Great Britain contracted to remove all the grain by six months after the close of the war. When Germany learned of the purchase, she immediately opened negotiations to buy the remainder of the crop at the price paid by the British. Her immediate purchases amounted to 1,000,000 tons of maize, 350,000 tons of wheat, 150,000 tons of barley, and 1,000,000 tons of oats.

Not content with securing the surplus, Germany also exerted pressure to compel Roumania to violate her compact with Great Britain. While Great Britain was not able to remove her grain, Germany was in such a position that she could require delivery to Hungarian ports. This grain Germany attempted to secure. She also undertook to bring about the fall of the ministry in power.

Conditions between Roumania and

the Central powers were becoming more strained. They were such that Germany stood to win more through war than through diplomacy. By what measures Roumania was led to her ill-starred declaration of war against Germany probably will not be told until after the war is over. It suffices to say that no act could have played more completely into Germany's hands. The little Roumanian army was quickly driven to the mountains and destroyed. It is said that the amount of cereals left in Roumania when she was defeated was six million tons.

It is doubtful whether Roumania left her entire grain-stores for the victorious Germans. Some of the grain was destroyed, some was shipped to Russia, and some was stored on the Lower Danube, out of harm's way. A conservative estimate of the amount of Germany's booty from Roumania in 1916 is three million tons.

Even at this figure Germany won at one blow a twentieth of the total average pre-war consumption of Germany and Austria for a year. The American writer, D. Thomas Curtin, stated that a German statistician had told him that he believed that the conquest of Roumania would add between nine and ten months to Germany's ability to hold out. Besides providing Germany with instant stores, Roumania has also provided grain-lands. Since 1916 Germany has taken the lion's share of her food-stocks. The Food Minister in the Austrian Reichsrath admitted in November, 1917, that substantially the whole stock of wheat had been removed from Roumania and used up.

Here we see the hand of the conqueror consummating his long plans. The end of the year 1916 saw the Balkan states well battered. Serbia was destroyed, Montenegro was conquered, Bulgaria seduced, and Roumania made tributary to the victorious Hun. Thus

Germany's pathway was opening to the East.

Even Italy has paid her toll of subsistence to the enemy. For a year she was of little service to the commissariat of the Central powers. But in the victorious thrust into Venetia in the autumn of 1917, the Austro-German armies captured great quantities of potatoes and green vegetables. As much as 400,000 bushels of wheat were taken at one thrust, and through the capture of lines of communication, arrangements were made for extending the fishing industry in the Adriatic. Plans were mentioned in the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* of November 6, 1917, for the running of cold-storage trains from Trieste to Vienna for the transport of Adriatic fish. And the province of Venetia was looked to for the supply of maize, rice, vegetables, wine, and tobacco.

The strategy of battle was always turned to the service of the strategy of bread. Germany knows well how to make war pay for itself. Let war always be made on the enemy's territory. By so doing you twice beggar him. You take from him his source of supplies, and you add them to your own stores.

Behind the petty details of the Balkan imbroglios the larger negotiations were going forward. The elimination of Russia from the war, the laying of a track to the east through the sparsely settled rich arable lands of the south European plateau, the splitting of Russia into two parts, the flouting of the cold northern section, the seducing of the richer Ukraine, interpret themselves. They are a part of the present strategy; but behind this strategy the food needs of the Germany of the next generation are being well watched.

The present outlook is serious enough, Courland is farmed for the support of Germany, and fifty-six million acres of Russia's agricultural land, 27 per cent of her total, are made tributary to Germany. How much food does this represent? By some estimates it is said to amount to 58,000,000 tons of food-stuffs and 30,000,000 tons of coal yearly; 37 and 75 per cent respectively of Russia's totals, and enough, once actually annexed to the German power, to solve her pressing food-problems for a century to come. Now the word comes that Germany is demanding 85 per cent of the entire produce of the Ukraine for her own.

Even during Germany's giant offensive of 1918 we read mournful accounts of her food-shortages. We are told that she may at any time collapse through hunger. We read of riots, of sawdust bread, and of synthetic meat. There may be some truth in the accounts of individual hardship. But all the evidence shows that Germany is not anywhere near a general collapse, either through a break in morale or through the pinch of hunger. Every year that Germany fights finds her food-position stronger. Every one of her great engagements has been of the nature of a foraging expedition, save the last, and it is still too early to say that she has not added to her stores in this.

The multiplying of talk in America concerning the collapse of the German fighting spirit has gone past the point of harmless speculation. It has become positive misrepresentation, and, if persisted in, will amount to aid and comfort to the enemy. Let us take care that we do not fight Germany's battle for her.

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

I. DAILY LIFE IN PETROGRAD¹

DAWN rose over the city. I waited for what it would unfold. Petrograd was in the throes of revolution. As I sped across Siberia, news of it reached me. At each station wild stories poured over the wire. The working class had risen. The extreme left of the Socialists, the Bolsheviks, had gained control.

I sat on the broad window-ledge of my hotel window, and gazed out at the silent snow-covered square. At seven, two hours before daybreak, the city began to stir. Great lines of people formed. Weary, ragged soldiers stood, in lines a block long, before tobacco shops; women with shawls about their heads and baskets on their arms appeared before provision stores. The trams began to move. They overflowed with people. Soldiers climbed to the car-roofs and sat there. Women and men struggled for a foothold on a car-step, and held on to one another.

At nine, when the sun came over the horizon, the city throbbed with life. Little processions of men and women passed arm-in-arm, under red flags, singing. There was the beat of drums and some Kronstadt sailors swung into sight. Everywhere there was movement and action, but without violence. People stopped to argue. Voices rose high, and arms waved wildly. It was a people intensely alive and intensely

intelligent. Everyone had an opinion.

It was my first glimpse of Russia. My heart leaped up. These people had not been contaminated by proximity to German militarism. They were not cogs in a machine. In spite of suppression, they were not servile. They were alive and free. Every Russian I met could talk; even those who could not read or write could talk.

But life in Petrograd for a stranger was difficult. The hotels were bourgeois and capitalistic. They received scant help from the working-class government. There was no heat in my room, and only one electric light. The food grew poorer day by day. Attempts to remedy defects by fees were useless. The waiter pushed back my tipproudly, and said, 'We don't take tips now.' A sign in one restaurant read, 'Don't think you can insult a man because he is a waiter by giving him a tip.' I saw that the world had been turned upside down. The cooks and waiters had become the aristocrats; the lawyers, bankers, and professors were the riff-raff.

I shivered in my room, and added coat after coat. A cold—which I had contracted coming across Siberia—grew worse. But there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The doctors had fled or were in hiding. It was only after a twenty-four hours' struggle that I secured a doctor, and when he arrived he could be of little assistance. The drug stores were closed; it was impossible to have a prescription put up. The chemists had gone on strike. They refused to work under the Bolsheviks. But in a

¹ Some portions of this first section have recently appeared in a slightly different form in England; but they are reprinted here in order to complete the effect.—THE EDITORS.

week the government brought these recalcitrants to terms. It threatened to take over the stores unless the chemists did business as usual.

Life was a continual battle, as it always has been, between the people who have, and the people who have not. Only now it was the capitalists and the employers who were struggling for a foothold and the working class who were ruthlessly censoring, suppressing the press, and imprisoning. The first revolution was political, the second economic. In the second, the working people had risen. There were three things that they wanted—peace, bread, and land. The Provisional Government under Kerensky had given none of these things. Instead, war was continued and an offensive was planned. This was too much for the weary Russians. No one wanted to fight.

Besides, the Provisional Government failed to live up to its promises. It could not. It was torn between two factions, Left and Right. It never came to an agreement. The land remained undivided; the people went hungry.

Then the workers grew restless. They saw their dreams of peace, bread, and land no nearer. Silently they massed, and one night, while the city slept, one government was wiped out and another took its place. It was done quietly. In the Winter Palace the ministers of the Provisional Government sat and debated. Outside, the Bolsheviks (workmen and soldiers) gathered. They barricaded the streets leading to the railway stations with barrels, wagons, and automobiles, and soldiers with bayonets guarded the barricades. Meanwhile the leaders of the Bolshevik movement assembled at Smolny Institute (formerly an aristocratic girls' school) and made it the new seat of government. Cannons were mounted about the Institute; then over the wires orders went to the soldiers in the streets.

Shells began to burst over the Winter Palace. The patter of machine-guns and the thud, thud of bursting shells, broke the night's stillness. The State Bank, the telephone and telegraph stations, were quickly seized, and the small Cadet Corps guarding them overpowered. A thousand members of the Cadet Corps and the Woman's Battalion guarded the Winter Palace. In a few hours they were forced to surrender, and the ministers were seized and sent to imprisonment in the fortress of Peter and Paul.

At 3 A.M. Petrograd was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, and Leon Trotsky was presiding over the All-Russian Soviet—Congress of Workmen and Soldiers—at Smolny Institute, and addressing its members as follows: 'We are standing before an experiment unheard of in history, of creating a government with no other aim than the wants of the workingmen, peasants, and soldiers.'

Truly, Petrograd was no place to be ill in. The nights were the worst. As I lay in my bed and waited for the dawn, my nerves played me tricks. I could not sleep. There was no one to speak to, no one who spoke anything but Russian. If I rang, no one answered. I lay and shivered, and waited for street-fighting to begin. When the machine-guns opened fire, what should I do? If the soldiers entered to search or loot, would they spare me? How was I to explain that I was an American and a worker, not a capitalist?

Often I gazed from my window, and always I saw a great surging mass of people; and the more I looked the better I liked the people. They were so alive and eager. By this time I had made friends with the maid. I learned to say, '*Tavarish*' (comrade). I would point to myself and say, '*Tavarish*.' It always brought a smile and the most ready service.

I decided to give up the hotel and find a home in a working-class family. The decision was a wise one. The hotel was very expensive. In the apartment I went to, I had more heat, more food, and better care, for one-tenth of the money. From that time forth I never had any personal difficulty. The soldiers and workers took me into their midst without question. Often I was on the street until midnight, but no one molested me; I had only to smile and say, 'Amerikanski, Bolshevik, Tavarish,' to have a hundred hands stretched out in aid. I got caught in great crowds and was unafraid.

The average Russian has a dual personality — he is both a brute and an angel. But, if you expect him to be an angel, he will be one. Many foreigners experienced great hardship in Petrograd, and went home with wild stories; but much of the difficulty was of their own making. You don't wave a red rag at a bull if you want the bull to behave. And it is n't wise to wear a high silk hat, a fur coat, and a diamond ring, and swagger up to an unfed, ill-clothed Bolshevik and tell him he's a rascal.

Every day, on nearly every street-corner, a fur-coated gentleman and a soldier would be in hot argument. In the end it always got down to the same practical basis: —

Soldier: You are a capitalist.

Gentleman: You are a rascal.

Soldier: Capitalists are enemies of the people. All must be poor, all must be alike. Where did you get that fur coat?

Gentleman: None of your business.

Soldier: Yes, it is. It is our turn to have the fur coats, and we are going to have them.

Sometimes, on dark nights, the fur coat changed hands; but usually the soldier and gentleman merely parted in hot anger.

One night Jack Reed was held up and

robbed. But he knew a few Russian words and explained that he was an American and a Socialist. Whereupon his possessions were promptly returned, his hand cordially shaken, and he was sent off rejoicing. Another night a woman was held up and robbed. She was a Russian, and explained pathetically that her home was far distant and she needed car-fare. Her appeal had effect. A rouble was returned to her, with the following instructions: 'If any soldiers start to rob you again, just tell them that Comrade So-and-so has already robbed you, but has left you a rouble to get home with.'

Daily I grew tougher. The buttons got pulled off my clothes and remained off. I ceased to feel that baths were a daily necessity. I grew thankful for coarse but nourishing food. There was plenty of tea, a fair amount of black bread, quantities of vegetables, — cabbages, beets, carrots, turnips, potatoes, — and coarse meat. There were no sweets or pastry, but sometimes we had butter, and usually four lumps of sugar a day. It was a case of survive if you can, and if you do you'll grow strong.

And there was one great joy about life in Russia. It was thrillingly interesting. You could not be bored. Every day the Bolsheviks issued some new decree. One day all titles were abolished; the next, judges and lawyers were eliminated. They and their knowledge were held to be useless. I confess to a wicked delight on that occasion. I am a lawyer, and I know how little justice there often is in the law.

But such deeds frightened the Monarchists and Cadets. They would come out from hiding and make a show of resistance, and then scurry back. For day by day the Bolsheviks grew in power. All the soldiers were Bolsheviks, and they had the bayonets.

In the midst of this passionate life the poor Bolshevik government had no

easy task. It had let loose the brute force of Russia. It was the greedy brute who caused the trouble. He looted gayly and thoroughly, while the government struggled desperately to bring about order. And these looting episodes were seized on and magnified by the opposition, in order to discredit the Bolsheviks and spread terror.

My first experience of looting I shall never forget. I had been out to dinner. I had heard shooting at a distance, but had not realized what it meant. It was when I started to go home, about eleven, that the sound of bullets began to beat in on me. My way lay in the direction of the shooting. The fatal thud-thud grew almost unbearable. Then there came shouts and cries of distress. I confess that I was a coward. I was with an American correspondent and his wife, and I shamelessly begged them to see me home. I might be willing to die for a cause, but I did not want to be killed by a stray bullet.

With great difficulty we secured a sleigh. It was a wonderful night, bright with stars. The sled glided swiftly over the hard snow. It seemed impossible that men could be killing one another. Then a sleigh dashed past us. It evidently carried a wounded man, for he kept crying out, 'Help, comrade, help!' I shivered and held on to my companions. The shots had grown very loud. We could see soldiers running. Their guns had been taken from them. They were shouting and screaming. Our sleigh passed close by them, but they made no move toward us. My companions said something about going to see the excitement, but I wanted to get home and bury my head under the bedclothes.

In the morning I had more courage. Besides, the shooting had ceased. I walked from my house toward the Winter Palace. When I came within two squares, I saw bright red drops on the

snow. At first I thought it was wine, but it was too red and thick for that; and there were splotches of red on some of the buildings, where a wounded man had been leaning. All over the road, and on the frozen Neva, were smashed bottles. I picked up a bottle. Its label bore the Tsar's coat of arms. It was a choice brand of Madeira.

When I reached the Winter Palace I found that it was guarded by a ragged crowd of factory boys in civilian clothes, carrying bayonets. They were some of the Red Guard. They at least were sober. Wine is hard to get in these days, and vodka unobtainable. Consequently the thirsty Russians grow desperate. That is what had happened the night before. Thirsty soldiers got into the wine-cellar and held an orgy; other soldiers came to drive them out, and remained to drink. Quarreling began. Kronstadt sailors and Red Guards arrived; the drunk and half-drunk refused to leave. Firing began. Tempers rose higher and higher, and a small battle ensued. In the end the hose of a fire-engine was turned on, all the bottles in the wine-cellar were smashed, and the place flooded. Three soldiers were drowned in the wine, and between twenty and thirty killed, and many wounded. But with daylight order came, and shame and repentance. The Russian is always very repentant. He may murder a man, but afterwards he will feed and clothe the man's child.

It was difficult in those swift-moving days to see clearly. It will take time to see the Russian Revolution in just proportions. But one thing grew apparent. That is that in a *bloody* revolution, where force is the basis, as in bloody war, everything fine gets pushed to the wall. Art, science, and social welfare vanish. The working class fought for power and became dictators. They ruled, not by the vote, but by force. They pulled existence down

to the conditions of the poorest workingman. They failed to live up to their ideals of beauty, brotherhood, fair play, and freedom. A government by the people and for the people, inspired by ideals of brotherhood and freedom, is the only true foundation.

II. PRISON AND COURT-ROOM

I woke to find that judges and lawyers had been abolished. Over-night, legal learning and ancient precedents had been cast into the scrap-heap. It was refreshing to start with a clean slate. Russia was no longer bound by traditions. Still, humanity had not reformed overnight. There were people who would grab and lie and betray their fellows. What was to be done with them?

In the early days of the Revolution there had been a great jail-delivery. Many thieves and murderers, as well as political offenders, were released. Every now and then a man was caught preying upon society. The Bolshevik mob had scant mercy for such a one. They had given him freedom, and this was his gratitude. The culprit should pay the price.

A member of the American Military Control in Petrograd told me of the following incident as one he had witnessed. A woman dashed into the street after a boy of fifteen. 'He's stolen my pocket-book; he's stolen my pocket-book!' she cried. A miserable shrieking urchin sped madly down the road in front of her. He was caught by passers-by, and a crowd gathered. Blow upon blow fell upon the defenseless head. Childish shrieks of terror filled the air. The woman, appalled at what she had done, rushed back to the house. Again she made a desperate search, and suddenly in a dark corner she unearthed the missing pocket-book. Again she dashed into the street, waving her prop-

erty and calling loudly her mistake. But it was too late: the childish cries were still; a beaten and lifeless body had just been hurled into the canal. Sick shame seized the mob. Rage surged in their hearts. Under the Tsar they had been mercilessly beaten and abused. Brute force had been their instructor. They turned on the woman and applied the only method they knew. They beat her to death and dropped her into the canal.

Dire deeds were said to go on behind the grim walls of the fortress of Peter and Paul. Here ministers and generals languished in cells formerly occupied by ardent revolutionists.

With a good deal of difficulty I secured permission to visit the fortress. My permit read for seven in the evening. I took with me a young woman as interpreter. The grim fortress is surrounded by a massive stone wall and stands on the bank of the Neva, opposite the Winter Palace. At the entrance soldiers were gathered about a camp-fire. Camp-fires burn all over Petrograd. Wherever soldiers stand on guard they build a fire for warmth. At night the burning logs make the city bright. It is like an armed camp.

In the firelight the great iron-studded wooden gate of Peter and Paul looked like the entrance to a mediæval castle. About the door, rough-looking soldiers, in long coats that came to their ankles, and shaggy fur hats, leaned on their bayonets. When I entered, and the massive gate clanged to, I felt indeed cut off from the world.

Through the darkness we made our way to the commandant's office. He was not in, but untidy-looking soldiers examined my pass. I must wait, they said. They eyed me curiously and spoke to my interpreter. After a little they grew friendly and invited me to have a glass of tea. They took me into the kitchen — a long, low-ceilinged room,

with a great stove at one end. There were ten or a dozen soldiers. They smoked and talked incessantly, dropping cigarette-butts wherever they stood. They were dirty, ragged, and unshaven. We sat down at a long wooden table, with a steaming samovar between us. As I grew in favor, sugar, butter, and some eatable black bread were produced. This was a treat, indeed.

The soldiers were looking at me curiously. I was an American, and they wanted to know about America.

'Why has America gone to war?'

'Has President Wilson sold out to the capitalists?'

'Will there be a revolution in America?'

These were the questions poured upon me. Some of the men could not read or write, but their knowledge was extraordinary. It was plain that they had but little faith in American democracy. The belief that America has sold out is widespread. This is the work of German propaganda.

I tried to answer the questions. I tried to make them see America with my eyes. I explained that half our country is bourgeoisie; that there is no working class which corresponds to the Russian workman; that even the unskilled American worker has something to lose; that, in consequence, there cannot be a revolution in America, such as has occurred in Russia.

They were keenly interested. The majority saw my point. They realized that changes in America are likely to come by evolution rather than by revolution. I told them that the President led rather than lagged behind the opinion of the majority; that he was more liberal and democratic than any president we had had, except Lincoln. But one man, an illiterate, was not to be convinced. There was only one remedy for inequalities. The working class

must rise, whether they were a minority or a majority. The capitalists must be beheaded. He himself would like to behead them one by one. In the flickering light I seemed to see him pull out his knife and feel of it. But the other men were against such methods. They suppressed this firebrand. Their intelligence was marvelous. Many had never been to school, yet they knew about conditions in both America and Europe. Their conversation was not confined to wages and food, but dealt with world-politics.

Probably in no other civilized land are there so many illiterates. But even the Russians who cannot read or write can think and talk.

By this time the commandant arrived, and I was led forth on my tour of inspection. The massiveness of the old fortress was impressive. The walls were several feet thick. No sound could penetrate them. The corridors were like vaults. Here one was buried alive.

My request to interview the prisoners was instantly granted. I was ushered into a cell, and the Bolshevik guard withdrew. It was a room twelve by fourteen feet in size, with a high ceiling. There was one little window far up in the wall. It was impossible to see from it, and in the daytime it gave scant light. There was a stone floor, and the walls had been whitewashed. It looked clean, but cold. There was the damp chilly atmosphere of a prison. But the one electric light shone brightly. It stood on a table by the iron bedstead. The only other furniture was a chair.

The occupant of this cell was the former Minister of Finance, a man about fifty, with gray hair and beard. He courteously offered me the chair and sat on the bed. Again I had the sensation of a topsy-turvy world. Workingmen with fixed bayonets stood at the door, while a learned Minister of Finance meekly sat on his prison-bed

and talked to me. He was studying an English grammar, for he could not speak English. We talked together in French. He accepted his lot philosophically. He did not complain of conditions. He and the others, he said, were treated as political offenders. They could have food from the outside, and letters and visits from their families, and might read and write as much as they liked.

'It's the psychology of the place that is terrible,' he said, as he rose and paced the floor. 'We can't tell what will happen. Each moment may be the last. Personally, I am not afraid. I don't think they'll hurt me. But the others are afraid. Every hour they fear a massacre. I do not dare tell my wife this. I tell her we are all right. But it is a frightful strain.'

I visited other cells. I talked with a Social Democrat, a man who has fought for Russian freedom and is a well-known economist. He bitterly denounced the Bolsheviks.

'Go back to America and tell them what is happening here. Tell American Socialists that the Bolsheviks are imprisoning their fellow Socialists. Nine times I was imprisoned under the old régime, and since the Revolution I have been imprisoned ten times. There is little to choose. Both Tsar and Bolsheviks are dictators. There is no democracy.'

After this outburst he began to pace the floor restlessly. His eyes had a haunted look. His words were those of the Minister of Finance.

'It's the uncertainty that's so terrible. Personally, I'm not afraid. They don't dare hurt me. But the others — they are afraid. They are going to pieces. Every day they expect to be lined up and shot. It is unbearable.'

In each cell it was the same. There was the queer restlessness, then the fatal sentence.

'It is n't for myself I fear, it's for the others. They are afraid.'

The distrust of the prisoners bred distrust in the keepers. Slowly each side was being dragged to disaster.

In addition to the single cells there were two large dormitories. In these were imprisoned army officers. I was shown these rooms. The men were smoking and playing cards. Here the tension was less. Companionship had eased the strain. In one room a Russian general rose and addressed me. He spoke in French.

'Well, madame,' he said, 'what do you think of Russia? What do you think of a country that imprisons its officers? I don't suppose America does that sort of thing?'

The men crowded around to hear my answer.

'No,' I said, smiling. 'Still, America does imprison people. It imprisons men who refuse to fight.'

At this there was a delighted laugh, and the general continued: 'Here, you see, it's the other way. We are imprisoned for fighting. There should be an exchange of prisoners.'

Even the Bolsheviks saw the joke and joined in the laugh. Certainly it was a topsy-turvy world.

As we turned to go, my interpreter spoke to a guard. He had been rude, had pushed the generals aside and slammed the door.

'I hope,' she said, 'you are good to the prisoners. Remember your own prison days and what it was like.'

The man hung his head. He was like an overgrown child. 'I do forget,' he said, 'and I grow ugly.'

In that little incident lay the whole story. Power breeds tyrants. No man should have arbitrary control of his fellows. As long as there was belief in retaliation and punishment life would be ugly.

A few days later I visited the Revolutionary Tribunal. I wanted to see how law without law-books and precedents was administered. The palace of the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaivitch had been turned into a court house. It is a massive white stone building on the bank of the Neva, near the fortress of Peter and Paul. In the old days it was gay with music and laughter. A broad marble staircase, covered with a red velvet carpet, led to the ball-room. That room was resplendent in silk hangings, a gold frieze, and a gorgeous chandelier. It had a brightly polished inlaid wooden floor. Many gay little slippers had whirled across it. Now it was covered with the mark of muddy feet. Dust, ashes, and cigarette-butts lay everywhere. The red velvet carpet had been pulled awry. The elaborate furniture was piled up in corners. Streams of workmen and soldiers moved in and out. An excited crowd was arguing in the corridors. The court-room was empty. The judges had retired, angry, and refused to sit again that day. The story I got was as follows:—

A man named Branson, a member of the ancient Duma, and the secretary of a league for the defense of the Constituent Assembly, had been on trial. The court-room was filled with his friends and sympathizers. When Branson entered, he was given an ovation. The President of the tribunal called for order, but the applause and cheers continued. Then the President ordered the room cleared. Whereupon indignant cries arose. 'This is not a tribunal, it is a chamber of torture. We will not leave except at the point of the bayonet.'

Again the President called upon the soldiers to empty the hall. Slowly they moved forward, with fixed bayonets, but the public did not stir. The soldiers withdrew into a corner. A workingman sprang to his feet and heaped sarcasm upon the tribunal. The President

threatened expulsion, but the man merely cried out, 'Shoot me down; you cannot put me out otherwise.' The President ordered the man ejected, but he slipped in among the spectators and took a seat. From this vantage-ground he again hurled out his taunt: 'Shoot me down; you cannot take me otherwise.' The public sided with the man. It was impossible to reach him without violence. The patience of the court was exhausted. In hot anger the President and tribunal left. By this time the soldiers were angry, and expelled the crowd with no gentle hand.

At this point I arrived. There would be no further sitting that day, so I left; but in a few days I returned. This time I had a permit, and my interpreter.

The court was to open at two. We climbed the dirty marble staircase. The air was foul and full of smoke. Across one end of the ball-room was a long wooden table covered with a red cloth. This was the judges' bench. In front were rows of wooden benches for the spectators. On one side of the judges' bench were other seats, for the prisoners, lawyers, and witnesses. There was no order or cleanliness.

Two o'clock came and went; then three, then four, then five. If Germany attempts to systematize Russia, she will have her hands full. A Russian is never on time. At six o'clock the seven judges filed in. They were all workmen. They had been elected by the All-Russian Soviet, the Congress of Workingmen and Soldiers. Not one of them could boast of a clean collar. The President wore a dingy business suit. One man's shirt was so dirty that it was impossible to distinguish the color. He was collarless.

No one rose to greet the court. A group of Junkers were to be tried, among them a man named Pouriskévitch, a general in the Tsar's army, one of the men who had aided in the assass-

ination of Rasputin. Pouriskevitch is a Monarchist to the backbone, and hated by the working class. He and his companions were accused of forming an organization which was to seize the government and restore the monarchy.

The room was packed. The trial had brought from hiding a number of titled and wealthy people. Most of the women wore Red Cross costumes. This was to hide their elegance. But one family, a mother and several daughters and some relatives, appeared in all their finery. They wore rings and diamond brooches and displayed expensive furs. They crowded on the bench beside me. There was not room for them all, so one of the daughters turned to me. She spoke in German (the language of the Russian court): 'Will you move to the back of the room. We want this bench. One of the prisoners is a relative.'

I had been in court four hours. I had sat in my seat the whole time, to hold it. I looked up at the young woman and shook my head. She reddened with anger. Her insolence was intolerable. She seemed to have forgotten that there had been a revolution. She planted herself half on me and half on the bench. She was very beautiful, but her body was as hard and rigid as her face. I found my temper mounting. I understood the rage of the Bolshevik at the insolence of the autocracy. I drove my elbow with a vicious dig into the young woman. She grew furious, but she no longer had power to order me to a dungeon. She removed herself from my lap, but squeezed in close. I could make no impression and gave it up.

By this time even the aisles were full. Two cooks had come up from the kitchen. Their arms were bare and they were hot and greasy. Two chairs were brought for them by the soldiers. I sat between the duchesses and the cooks. Of the two, the cooks had the better manners.

Then there was a great craning of necks. There was a sound of tramping feet. The prisoners were being led in. In they came, between two rows of Bolshevik soldiers. They were in full regimentals. Their uniforms were covered with gold braid, and they wore a great array of medals. They even had spurs on their shining leather boots. They laughed and joked like schoolboys. The soldiers who guarded them were ragged and dirty. No two had uniforms alike. Some wore caps and others fur hats. Nothing matched. One or two had their feet bound in rags. They looked like the soldiery of a comic opera. They ranged themselves along the wall and leaned on their bayonets. The whole scene was comic.

Again I felt like Alice in Wonderland. I had swallowed a magic pill which had transformed things. Cooks and duchesses; ragged soldiers and resplendent generals; collarless workingmen and bewigged and begowned judges, had changed places. Even the gaudy ballroom, by a wave of the magic wand, had become a dirty human meeting-hall.

Laughter surged to my lips, but something in the faces of the judges checked it. The eyes of the soldiers were stern. The family next me was making signs to their Junker officer. They jested and laughed. They ridiculed the proceedings. The Junker officer lay back in his chair and stretched his feet out in front of him and grinned. Contempt for the court was in every act and look.

But now the trial had begun. Pouriskevitch had retained an eminent lawyer as his defender. A gray-bearded man in a handsome frock coat stepped forward. He had all the pomp and formality of bygone days. He was over-obsequious to the judges. Each wave of his hand was an insult.

He bowed low and addressed the tribunal. 'Most reverent and honorable sirs,' he began.

The prisoners giggled. A smile went around the court-room. But the tribunal listened with wide-open, serious eyes. They struggled to comprehend the learned legal arguments. A puzzled frown crept over their faces. They consulted one another, but the lawyer's eloquent speech flowed on.

'I am sure,' he said, 'that this great and honorable tribunal wishes to be just; that the learned gentlemen on the bench have no thought but justice.'

The biting sarcasm failed to touch the tribunal. They listened with child-like earnestness. It was pathetic and magnificent.

But early in the case there came an interruption. Among the prisoners was a man who was not a Junker. He had been indicted with the group of Monarchists, but he was in reality a Socialist. This man's lawyer, also a Socialist, now rose. He used no blandishments. He upbraided the tribunal. He declared that it was an outrage that his client, a prominent Socialist, should be classed and tried with the despicable Monarchist Pouriskevitch.

It was as if a bomb had exploded. The court-room was in an uproar. Pouriskevitch, red and angry, was on his feet. 'How dare a common Socialist consider it an insult to be tried with me. I am a general and a noble.'

It was funny and tragic. One half the court-room glared at the other half. The judges were bewildered. In the end they ordered the Socialist lawyer from the room. They had ignored or failed to comprehend the insults of the eminent counsel, but they understood the taunts of the Socialist. Then the tribunal consulted together. At last the President rose and announced that the court would retire, to consider whether the prisoners should be tried together or separately.

It was eight o'clock. I was faint for want of food. The tribunal might not

return for hours, and then it might sit until three in the morning. I decided to leave. As I pushed my way out, I realized again the intense emotional atmosphere of the fortress. Faces were flushed and eyes angry. Hot, eager talk spurted up. There was the same battle of class against class, the same hatred, the same desire on the part of each to dominate. Only the judges had been serene. They were pitiful and great in their simplicity, their struggle to understand, their attempt to be fair.

From the Nicolai Palace I went to the apartment of Maxim Gorky. A few days before, I had been there and had met the mother of Tereschenko and the wife of Konavello. Tereschenko and Konavello were two of the ministers imprisoned in Peter and Paul. This mother and wife were tortured by anxiety. In their dilemma they turned to Maxim Gorky. He was the one intellectual who had not deserted the Bolsheviks. He was doing the big thing. He criticized, condemned, but tried to help. Each day his paper, *Novia Jizm*, laid bare the faults of the Bolshevik government. Hourly he was in danger of arrest. But his stand made his home the refuge of the oppressed. Workingmen and countesses came to him for aid.

Marie Andrievna, Gorky's companion for twenty years, and in all but legal formality his wife, made a charming hostess. It was she who cheered the distressed women and invited them to tea. It was she who promised to visit the imprisoned men. It was she who told Gorky of Konavello's rheumatism. When Gorky heard this, he went to the telephone. Over the wire he arranged to have his doctor visit the sick man. Tears of gladness and gratitude were in the women's eyes when they left.

When I reached Maxim Gorky's, after my day in court, I was tired and

spent, but they listened to my story with interest. Then Marie Andrievna told me of her day. She had been to Peter and Paul. She had seen the imprisoned men. She had found Konavello very ill. The prisoners had been through a fiery ordeal. In a moment of rashness Konavello had written to a friend denouncing the Bolshevik government and declaring that Russia was being delivered over to Germany. This letter came into the hands of the soldiers on guard. They were enraged. They cast Konavello into a dungeon, a dark cell in the basement, where the walls reeked with moisture. When the other prisoners heard of Konavello's plight, they took counsel together. It was agreed that Konavello was too ill to survive such treatment. They decided to make a protest. Ministers, generals, and other political prisoners resolved to go on a hunger strike. They were not going to be outdone by militant suffragettes.

The ministers and generals proved effective hunger-strikers. The soldiers grew worried, then enraged. They led the little community out into the yard and lined them up against the wall. 'We shoot, unless you suspend your strike,' was the ultimatum.

But light came to three Kronstadt sailors. They suddenly stepped forward. 'What we are doing is wrong,' they said. 'It's against all principles of brotherhood. These men shall not be shot, except over our dead bodies.'

Their courage won the day. The angel in the Russian soldier rose to the surface. The prisoners were sent back to their cells, and Konavello was released from the dungeon.

'But,' said Marie Andrievna when she had finished, 'another time it may not turn out that way. My heart sickens when I think of the future.'

Since my return to America I have read that two of the ministers in Peter

and Paul have been put to death. One, I believe, was the Minister of Finance. The night-guard entered the cells and stabbed the men. It was not an act of the Soviet government, but a deed of that wild, revengeful force which has been let loose in Russia. The pity of it! For the Russian has infinite possibilities. He is angel as well as brute. He can be dominated by high ideals as well as by low. But the Soviet government has not the time to teach ideals. In its desperate struggle to survive, in its fight for equality, it uses autocratic methods.

Only the voice of Gorky rises above the maelstrom, pleading for moderation, for patience, for fine *methods* as well as fine *principles* — pleading for spiritual regeneration as well as economic equality. These are his words as they appeared one morning in his paper, *Novia Jizm*: —

'The question is, is the Revolution bringing spiritual regeneration? Is it making people more honest, more sincere? or is man's life as cheap as before? Are the new officials as rude as the old? Are the old brutalities still in existence? Is there the same cruel treatment of prisoners? Does not bribery remain? Is it not true that only physical force has changed hands, and that there has been no new spiritual realization? What is the meaning of life? It should be the development of spiritual realization, the development of all our capacities for good.

'The time is not ripe for this. We must first take things over by force. That is the answer I get. But there is no poison more dangerous than power over others. This we must not forget, or the poison will poison us. We shall become worse cannibals than those against whom we have fought all our lives. It must be a revolution of the heart and brain, but not of the bayonet.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TANKS

It was a park of tanks, a huge zoo of fabulous-looking iron monsters, by hundreds lined up round the hedges of their fields! I felt a momentary shock that I had brought no buns, so homely and decent looked these rows behind rows of patient Behemoths. But hardly had I alighted, and absorbed the staggering fact of my whereabouts, than a further shock obliterated even that, and wiped out the tanks, and carried me whirling across the world. For there came along a flash of blue, and then another, — of a blue strangely familiar, yet grotesquely unexpected here. Abruptly, violently, I was back upon the northern plains of China, jogging along from dawn to dusk over the loess lands of Shensi or Kansu, and through gray little walled cities filled with just such twinkling, ruddy faces as these. And here they all were again, in a Picardy valley, in attendance on tanks.

For several minutes the shock really did take me between wind and water. I could not talk very coherently to anybody, or study very intelligently the insides of the tanks in their gigantic hangars: I did so fiercely want to be once more out of all this, and away into the peace of Asia. And I had a terrified wonder all the time whether I might not at any corner hear the voice of Elder Brother, or the Groom, or Old Ai. If I had, it would, as the Americans say, have 'broken me all up.' However, no actual old friend appeared, but they were all old friends really. For these were not slim and furtive, pussy-footed Southerners: they were

just the fellows that I knew, the jolly lads of the North, always ready to laugh and be friendly.

I like the poetic justice of finding them here, too. It strikes home in the very bull's-eye of one's brain, to find the oldest of civilized races — or the only one — visibly and actually taking its part against Kultur. It is a good omen, and there is a beautiful irony about putting China and the tanks together. Here are these uncouth great engines, the very latest word in the mechanism of massacre, and here in attendance on them, laughing and singing, the representatives of that race to which we owe almost all the mechanism we have, the race which has invented the origins of everything we are, yet itself has always rested content to go as far as convenience required and no further.

But my friends have suffered often enough from my passion for what I regard as the ideals of Asia; you cannot wonder if all my emotions leap at the sight of Chinese tending tanks. Progress and civilization mean to us only an advance in physical comfort for ourselves or discomfort for other people — trains, telephones, tanks, tubes; the confusion is as old as Christendom, between comfort and happiness, the ideal and the machine. We have, of course, been on the wrong tack, in fact, for a thousand years, but I think people in general are beginning to realize the error. At least the darkened world is all astir with doubts and wonders. Mr. Wells's new kindness to God is a fair symptom that the times of error, besides being very evil, are also waxing late.

Altogether I have no doubt that this war is turning every one to thinking; otherwise, indeed, what would be the use of it? Meanwhile, I take you back to the tanks. Do not fancy that the Chinese play any part with these, except that of coolies and fetchers and carriers in the hangars. (Though I should not be surprised if they came to be even better than we are at camouflage if they are allowed to try their hand. It is a game that would exactly suit them, and once they are interested, they always improve on their model.)

Dazed as Sheba's Queen, I wandered on through a long succession of these hangars, filled with innumerable multitudes of parts and pieces, all to me alike unintelligible. But the huge, massive orderliness of the whole scene is in itself overwhelming. You might take it as a microcosm of the war itself. The long, high-arched dimness of each hangar is full of life: trolleys come and go on little rails, Chinese sit singing at their task of tagging camouflage nets, or run errands for some commanding soldier who knows no word of their language. But he gets along with his new allies quite easily all the same; they are a good crowd to handle, these Shantung fellows, as bright and sharp as needles, if they are decently treated and joked with, and allowed to be interested in their work. Here and there, in corners or separate sheds, are invalid tanks themselves, like trunkless sick elephants, waiting to be looked after; on one of them you can still read in Russian its supposed Russian destination, painted on its flank to mislead, in the days when the secret of the tanks and their purpose was still being kept in the dark.

But most of them are outside in the fields, some sheeted and some bare, monstrous and prehistoric in their rows. They really are terrifying things, oppressively evil and ominous. They

daunt one's imagination to such an extent that I should always have the instinct to run away if I saw a tank advancing down upon me, even if I knew quite well that it was a perfectly friendly tank, which was bringing me tea. And I think I realize why it is they are so dreadful.

Humanity has an old ancestral horror of everything that moves otherwise than on feet or wheels. That is the only choice for all respectable decent movables; we hate slugs and snakes and snails, for instance, and everything that goes uncannily on its belly (women, being the older half of us, have that hatred even stronger than men). And it is for the very same reason that one's primitive instinct loathes the tanks. They break the law of foot-or-wheel; it makes them unrighteous and frightening merely in themselves, without a thought of their guns and terrors. In fact, it is obvious to compare them to slugs: neither has anything apparent to move with, yet they do move.

E pur si muove: it is this that makes them so malign.

I do not feel that they waddle, as John Buchan says: their footless advance is ponderous, even, and smooth — exactly like the unctuous, inexorable advance of the great bulks that develop upon you in nightmare. As one climbs inside, however, one has no such comparisons, but rather feels as if one were prosaically getting into a 'bus. A 'bus not built for passengers, though: one crouches, and clutches, and braces one's feet, and clings passionately to any projection that comes handy (usually it is a boiling-water pipe), as off the thing goes lumbering. Over the ground it monumentally grinds; it is filled with clangor and roar, and emits eldritch screeches as it goes: the pandemonium is deafening, and as it turns it has a sleek, horrible effect of skidding. Anyhow, it is not from inside that you best

appreciate the marvelousness of a tank: there you are merely deafened, dithered, and 'churned to a pummy.'

But imagine some music-hall on Olympus, and the time come for a tank to do its 'turn.' Before it there is a deep trench, or pit, more than thirty feet across, and as many deep. The rounded rhomboidal mass of Behemoth sits leadenly on the far side, lifting his blunted nose. Then, with a jangling roar, the monster starts. 'Without the smallest plunge or caper,' he advances implacably toward the trench; his nose hangs over, his fore-quarters, half his body — more. Behemoth's centre of gravity must lie incredibly far back: for it seems a long age, and a monstrous miracle of magic, as he hangs out across the trench. One shivers in endless anticipation of the critical instant when the inevitable happens, and Behemoth nose-dives into the depths with a cataclysmal crash. And then, slowly, agonizingly, he rootles up again on the near side, horribly like a gigantic, footless beast in agony, entrapped, nuzzling and nosing his way up, and up, and up, until he staggers, half-erect, against the brink; and so, higher and yet higher, and yet higher, till at last once more the centre of gravity is passed, and with a shattering crash, Behemoth falls forward on his belly again, and, after a few wild rockings fro and back, blandly proceeds toward his next trial.

This, let us take it, is a big square pile of built-up earth, walled in and breasted up with wood-balks, till it is the size of a cottage, but many times stronger, being quite solid. Were it a cottage, in fact, it would crumble at the first moment of Behemoth's pressure; as it is, the balks and solid bulk withstand him, as his snout ascends its sides, up, and up, until his mass seems to stand straight, erect in air, and he threatens apparently to fall backwards

at any moment. But at the crucial instant, — just as this appears inevitable, — victory is gained, and Behemoth smashes down square upon the top, and subsides there, rocking. After a moment of sitting poised, however, he crawls forward again — out over the farther edge of the pile, until it is an anguish to see how far he hangs over, yet does not fall. Forward, forward, he still proceeds, though, and with a crash like an earthquake takes a header once more to earth. But the rest of him is still to follow: onward gropes his snout, and onward, till with a far worse crash than the last, his whole bulk falls square to earth again, with wilder, more reverberating rockings than ever.

I tell you, it really is a fearsome sight: and what the Chinese must think of it all, one simply cannot conceive. And even this is only Behemoth at peace. Imagine Behemoth enraged, with tusks of red fire projecting on either flank, drunkenly wallowing across the shell-shattered earth in his implacable advance, and cuddling cottages and shelters into crumbles with the dreadful, smooth rootlings of his snout; and you may begin to form a faint notion of the fear that fell upon the Amalekites when first they saw this new product of evolution.

TOOTH-PASTE AND WHISKEY

THIS is not a treatise on hygiene, oral or otherwise. Neither does it try to prove by statistics that the amount America spends on whiskey, if spent on tooth-paste, would add ten years to the life of the average American. In fact, this has no firm, unwavering mission, no relentless purpose. It seeks merely to relate some of the adventures of a draft-board clerk. The work is new. It offers the imaginative great opportunities for romance, tragedy, or nausea. Nevertheless, one speedily discovers

that the greatest of these is a sense of the ridiculous. A sense of humor has little chance. There are few subtleties to rouse it. But a sense of the ridiculous is an unfailing ally, which somehow keeps one sane and more or less tranquil, even when the Provost-Marshal General sends out eight bulletins in one day.

After weeks of comparing registration cards, of making out lists and then verifying them, we began physical examinations. I was stationed to gain the necessary information from each man and to dispatch him to the doctors. The first day, when I esconced myself at my desk at a quarter before eight o'clock and began to examine the long line of men that filed past me, I discovered that all the world was divided into two classes: the men who gave forth the faint and antiseptic odor of tooth-paste and the men who, not so faintly, smelled of whiskey. Later, I found out that the tooth-paste variety could be addressed in English, while the whiskey class required the fragments of languages which I learned.

At first, however, I knew no tongue but my own. I seized upon Form 14, P.M.G.O., and began conscientiously to read the questions printed thereon.

1. Have you found that your health or habits interfered with your success in civil life? If so, give details.

2. Do you consider yourself sound and well? If not, give details.

3. Have you undergone treatment in a hospital or asylum? If so, for what ailment?

My dismay increased with each question as I read them to that first man. They seemed so very personal, especially the parts about habits and asylums. I really did not see how I could go through them one hundred and eighty times a day. But, lo, after the first half hour, I shortened them to 'Feel good?' and 'Ever in a hospital?'

and recorded the answers with the proper business-like unconcern. I also acquired enough assorted languages to make myself understood. It had a sad effect upon me, however. I caught myself talking broken English at dinner that night.

Before this I had always had a vague idea that women were hypochondriacal and men were not. After dealing with some two thousand men, I have lost that notion forever. They hated to confess that they were well. The poor souls who had no definite ailment would cautiously say, 'I'm not sick that I *know* of,' plainly implying that horrible diseases might be preying upon them secretly. The men who had never 'undergone treatment in a hospital' seldom said no to that question. Instead, they replied, 'Not yet,' and explained that they had sometimes had a doctor. It was not an instinct of self-preservation and a longing for discharge on the ground of physical deficiency which moved them. Rather was it the spirit of emulation, which made each man long to be a little more decrepit than the man ahead of him in line. When one poor, deformed creature told me that he had had a broken back, the others looked at him with envy.

The foreigners described their ailments in most expressive pantomime, and then looked disgusted when the interpreter turned to me and said, 'He's all right.' One of them proudly boasted that he had once been in a hospital for three days after a fight, but that he had stabbed two men in the fray. One man in a new and obvious wig whispered, 'Do they take bald-headed men in the army?' I thought that I had listened to so many grievances, real and make-believe, that nothing further could surprise me; but one day, a man of whom I asked my usual question, 'Do you consider your health good?' looked

around for a chair, drew it up beside my desk, sat down, crossed his knees, and began, 'Well, I'll tell you —'

When they came down after the examination, and I told them that they had passed, great was their astonishment. One man sighed lugubriously and confided to me, 'Those doctors never felt my pains or they would n't have passed me.' Another gasped and said, 'This is what I call robbing the grave.' But some men left with renewed self-confidence and vigor. Mayhap their wives will always be grateful to the benevolent government which devised selective service.

Having safely passed the doctors, the men were asked whether they wished to claim exemption or discharge. Most of them did, but some of them were apologetic or explanatory about it. One little Italian beamed at me when I asked him whether he wanted to go and fight or stay home and said, 'Too much babies.' It was beautiful, by the way, to see how devoted the children of the foreigners were to their fathers. After the first day many men brought their wives, children, and witnesses with them, in order that they might fulfill all formalities at once. The children ran to meet their fathers when they came downstairs after their physical examination. Men proudly claimed discharge when they held a child in their arms.

Some married conditions were not so felicitous, however. One man said, 'Sure I got to claim exemption. My wife's nervous. Why, she has n't taken in a washing for two years now.' I found myself sympathizing with him. Marriage had turned out so differently from his roseate dreams. On the other hand, one youth declared with an oath that nothing should prevent his going. Startled at his vehemence, I asked whether he was married.

He said that he was, but nonchalantly disposed of his wife with the statement, 'She has her mother.'

The men's names never ceased to interest us. Boleslav and Wladyslaw conjured up vague recollections of John Huss and the Holy Roman Empire. Ksawery Roman sounded like a picturesque tale by George Borrow. Orcow Kornel, Curchi Lausa, and Fidos Windunk had a charm entirely apart from the men they represented. Pronunciation became a tremendous gamble — a man was so unlikely to recognize his name when he heard it. The strange beauties of many names were not due, however, to sponsors in baptism so much as to clerical errors. Lists were many and handwritings eccentric. We trust that the men were properly grateful to the typist who made them sound like Homeric epithets.

So the work hurried on, until the other day half our men went to camp. And the men who had been sure that their health was wrecked, and the men who insisted that they were supporting wife, child, and mother in England on ten dollars a month, went gayly with the rest, devoutly hoping, perhaps, that their past aberrations were forgotten. Men fairly fought to be allowed to go out of their turn. Two thirds of them were aliens, proud to fight for 'U-nited States' — even the little Armenian who had said to me with Eastern courtesy, 'I am a Turkish subject. The privilege of fighting for this country is not mine.' The men hung out of the train windows, waving their hats, calling out good-byes, and singing 'Over There' — not the ancient hymn, but the latest success of Mr. Cohan. The women and older men stood on the platform, many of them weeping silently. Yet it is an ancient saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'